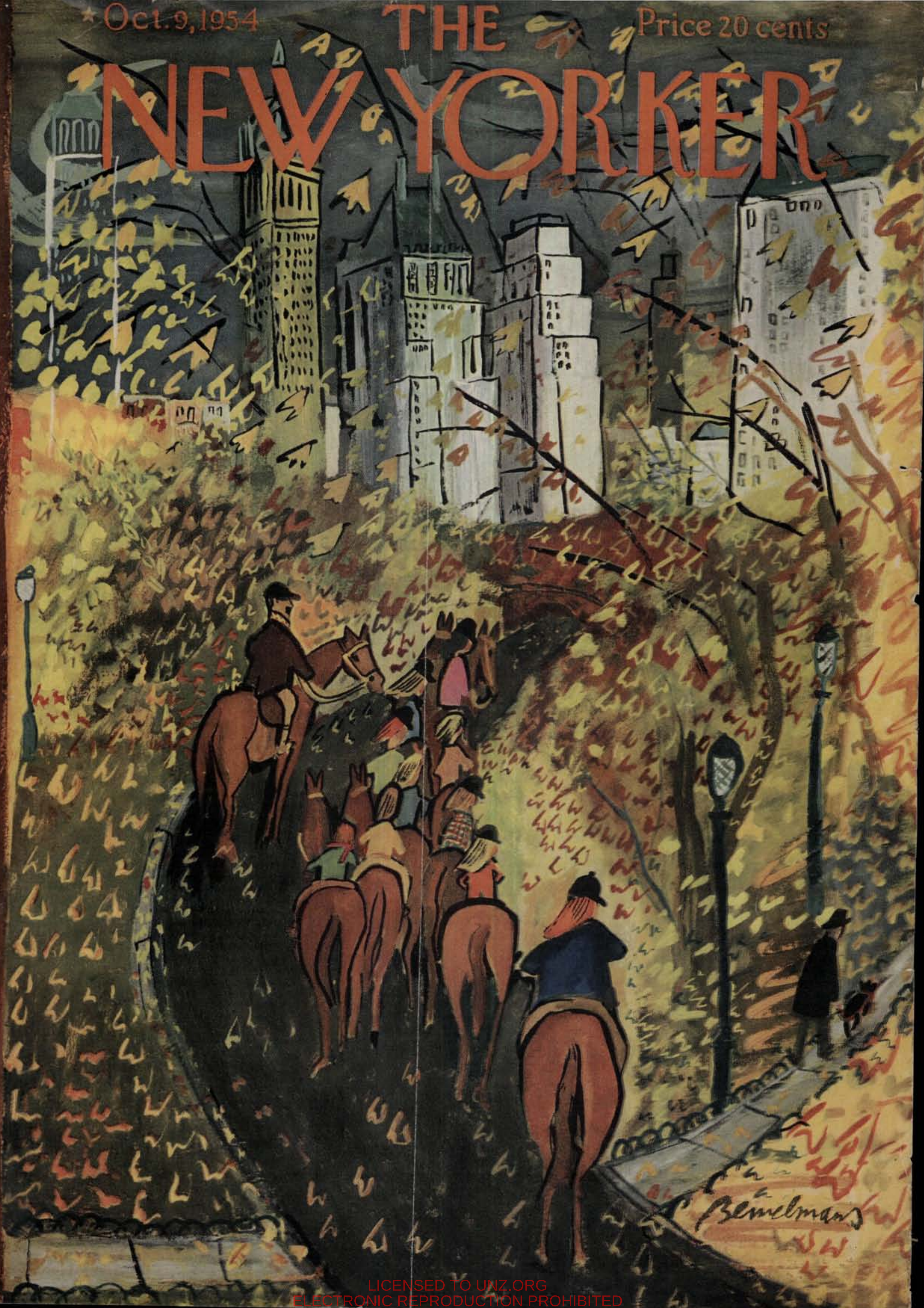
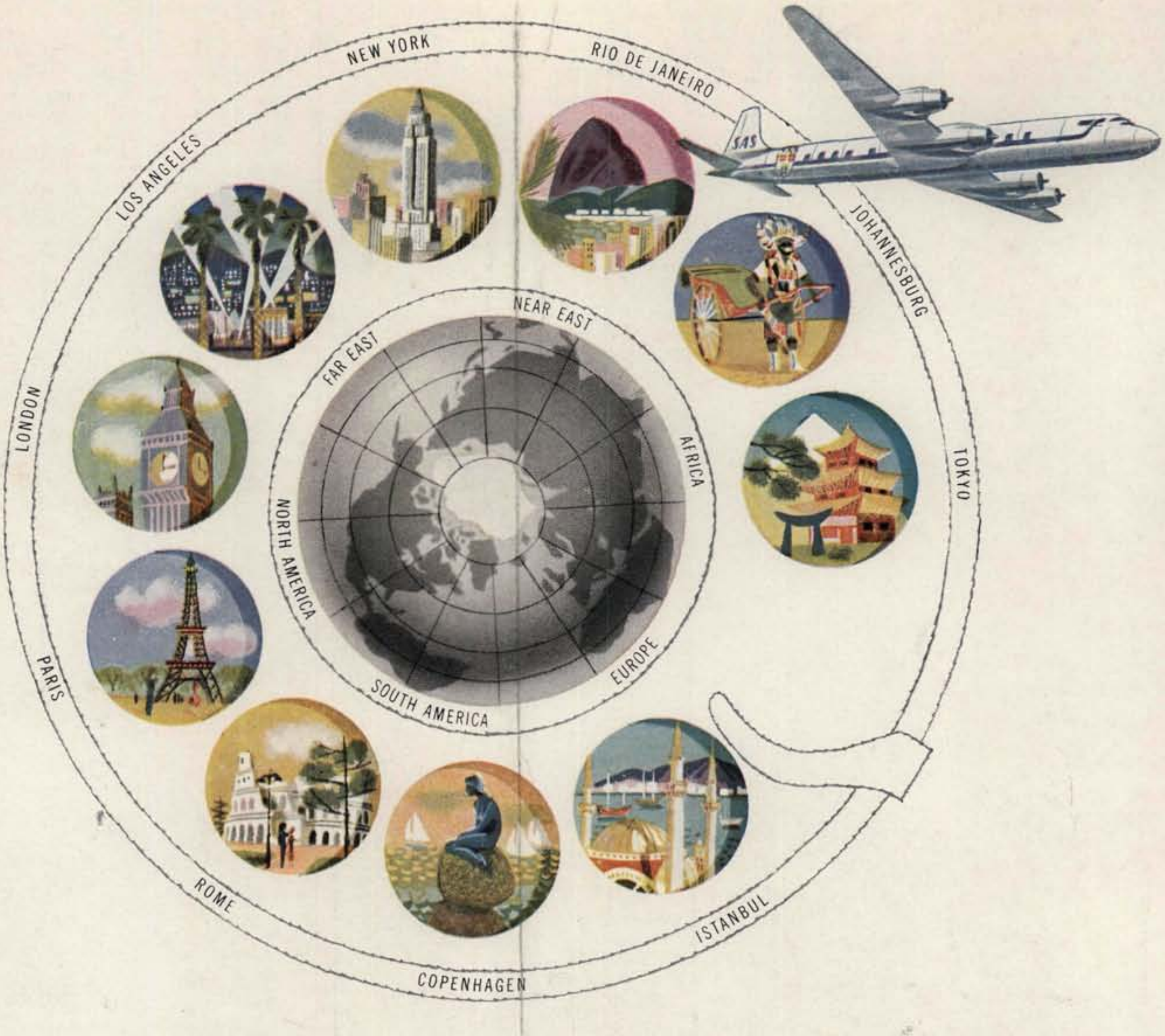
Oct. 9, 1954

THE NEW YORKER

Price 20 cents




NEW YORK
RIO DE JANEIRO
JOHANNESBURG
TOKYO
ISTANBUL
COPENHAGEN
ROME
PARIS
LONDON
LOS ANGELES
NEAR EAST
AFRICA
EUROPE
SOUTH AMERICA
NORTH AMERICA
FAR EAST
SAS

for the best in world travel...
make your first call **S·A·S**

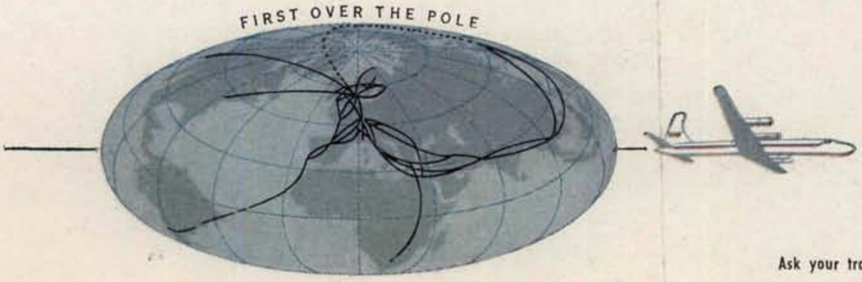
S·A·S SERVES MORE CITIES in Europe than any other transatlantic line, serves 42 nations on five continents in all. And on S·A·S you may visit extra cities at no extra fare . . . ten or more cities for the fare to one alone.

En route, you relax like royalty on the Royal Viking. You enjoy meals by master chefs, wines of vintage years, the pleasure of travel with the Scandinavian touch.

Europe, Africa and Near or Far East, specify S·A·S, first in first class luxury . . . famed for real tourist comfort.

Visit 7 Countries, 14 Cities
for the Rome Fare Alone

LONDON • PARIS • NICE • ROME • GENEVA • ZURICH
MUNICH • FRANKFURT • DUSSELDORF • COLOGNE • BREMEN
HAMBURG • COPENHAGEN • EDINBURGH


FIRST OVER THE POLE

S·A·S
SCANDINAVIAN
AIRLINES SYSTEM
30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York

Ask your travel agent about the S·A·S Signature Travel Plan — Go Now, Pay Later.

This is the day-long DACRON look . . .

crisp, fresh, carefree

AT THESE AND OTHER FINE STORES:

Lord & Taylor, New York
Burdine's, Miami
Seidenbach's, Tulsa

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

DU PONT makes fibers, not fabrics or garments.
**Trade-mark for Du Pont's polyester fiber*

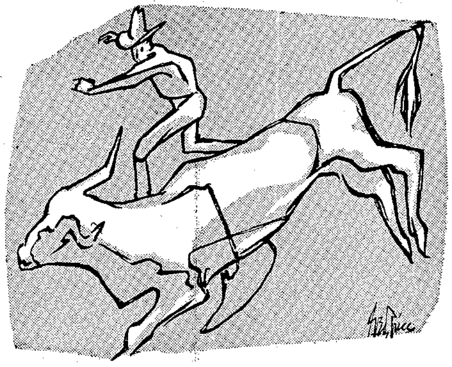
Smooth performance is built right into this dress by Adler and Adler, thanks to the easy-living extras of "Dacron".

At work, travel, or play, the invisible stamina of "Dacron" helps fashions stay morning-fresh throughout the day . . . wake up rejuvenated after an overnight rest on the hanger. And this talented fiber helps keep fashions looking lively through cleaning after cleaning.

Here, "Dacron"* polyester fiber is blended with acetate and cotton in a lightweight woven jacquard. In tones of gray, cognac, rose. Sizes 10 to 20. About $45. Look for this and other fine fashions of "Dacron" when you shop.

DACRON®. . . *one of Du Pont's modern-living fibers*

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All Summer Long—The second installment of Robert Anderson's story of the war between sensitive youth and corrupt age. It is of somewhat higher quality than his "Tea and Sympathy," but it is still not a very mature play. John Kerr and Clay Hall are both admirable as the representatives of the younger generation, and June Walker and Ed Begley do nicely as their elders. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Anniversary Waltz—Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey do what they can with this comedy by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, but the remarkably primitive nature of the humor is against them. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Caine Mutiny Court Martial—Herman Wouk's dramatic version of a section of his novel is a highly impressive achievement, and Charles Laughton's direction of it is illustrious. Lloyd Nolan, John Hodiak, and Barry Sullivan currently head the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Dear Charles—Tallulah Bankhead roistering her way through a new version of a 1944 comedy about illegitimacy. She sees to it that the play, which hasn't improved with age, never gets in her way. With Fred Keating, Hugh Reilly, Werner Klemperer, and Robert Coote. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Home Is the Hero—Walter Macken is the author of and the leading actor in this interesting but slightly incoherent play about an Irish bully who has killed his best friend and is doing his best to destroy his family. Peggy Ann Garner, Glenda Farrell, and J. Pat O'Malley are among his innocent victims. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

King of Hearts—Maybe this unobtrusive item by Jean Kerr and Eleanor Brooke lacks substance, but it has enough real comedy to compensate for its defects. It's about an egocentric comic-strip artist, Lord help us. Donald Cook, Cloris Leachman, and Jackie Cooper are in the cast. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Oct. 10.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—Some rather distressing scenery and old-fashioned acting operate heavily against the Old Vic's rendering of one of Shakespeare's most difficult comedies. Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, and Stanley Holloway are prominent in the cast, which was directed by Michael Benthall. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-2165. Nightly, except Monday through Thursday, Oct. 11-14, at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:15. Closes Sunday, Oct. 17.)

Long Runs—the fifth season: Fun among the denizens of the Seventh Avenue garment belt, with Chester Morris and Joseph Buloff now in the main roles. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 23.) . . . **oh, men! oh, women!:** Lloyd Bridges is currently playing a psychoanalyst who gets caught in his own net, and Joan Gray, Dody Heath, Tony Randall, and Larry Blyden are among those who conspire to complicate his life. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the seven year itch:** Elliott Nugent at the moment has the leading role in George Axelrod's comedy concerning a man who gets mixed up with a beautiful girl (Sally Forrest) while his wife is away for the summer. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the solid gold cadillac:** A satire by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann, on the business world of today. Josephine Hull is still out of action, but Loring Smith is around at the head of the cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **tea and sympathy:** At present, Joan Fontaine is playing the part of the understanding older woman and Anthony Perkins that of the sensitive boy accused of homosexuality in this play by Robert Anderson. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the teahouse of the august moon:** John Patrick's comedy about Okinawa under the American Occupation. Just now, Burgess Meredith, Scott McKay, Paul Ford, and Mariko Niki are importantly involved. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The Boy Friend—This satire on 1920 musical comedy is one of the funniest and liveliest of our imports from London. Sandy Wilson and Vida Hope are mainly responsible for the form and content of the entertainment, and Julie Andrews is wonderful as the blond heroine of the preposterous story. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

By the Beautiful Sea—Although Shirley Booth is entrancing and Wilbur Evans and Mae Barnes are a big help, too, the show's book is a serious handicap, and Arthur Schwartz's music is by no means memorable. Helen Tamiris provided the dances, and Jo Mielziner designed the pleasant, nostalgic Coney Island setting. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Pajama Game—A comedy about romance and confusion in a pajama factory, and one of the best musicals visible in town. John Raitt, Janis Paige, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Carol Haney have leading roles; George Abbott and Richard Bissell wrote the book; Richard Adler and Jerry Ross handled the music and lyrics; the scenery and costumes are by Lemuel Ayers; and Bob Fosse worked out the dances. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—can-can: Cole Porter did the music and lyrics for this spectacle set in the Paris of 1893, and Norwood Smith and Lilo are among those in the cast. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **comedy in music:** Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **kismet:** Alfred Drake is the vagabond poet in this adaptation of Edward Knoblock's comedy-melodrama, and his leading associates include Doretta Morrow, Richard Oneto, Joan Diener, and Henry Calvin. Robert Wright and George Forrest pieced together a score from the music of Alexander Borodin, and Jack Cole did the choreography. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Blues, Ballads, and Sin-Songs—Libby Holman, accompanied by Gerald Cook, in a six-night engagement. (Bijou, 45th St., W. CO 5-8215. Nightly at 8:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 9.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Reclining Figure—A comedy by Harry Kurnitz, with Percy Waram, Georgiann Johnson, and Mike Wallace. Produced by Martin Gabel and Henry M. Margolis in association with Peter Cusick, and directed by Abe Burrows. Opens Thursday, Oct. 7. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

On Your Toes—Vera Zorina, Bobby Van, and Elaine Stritch in a redo of the 1936 Rodgers and Hart musical. Presented and staged by George Abbott. Opens Monday, Oct. 11. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fragile Fox—A play by Norman A. Brooks, with Dane Clark and Don Taylor in an all-male cast under the direction of Herbert Swope, Jr. Produced by Paul Vroom in association with Barnard Straus. Opens Tuesday, Oct. 12. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU

	Page
BOOKS	160
THE CURRENT CINEMA	64
FOOTBALL	114
LETTER FROM HAMBURG	116
LETTER FROM PARIS	142
MUSICAL EVENTS	155
POPULAR RECORDS	156
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	132
THE RACE TRACK	62
TABLES FOR TWO	150
TELEVISION	148
THE THEATRE	58

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

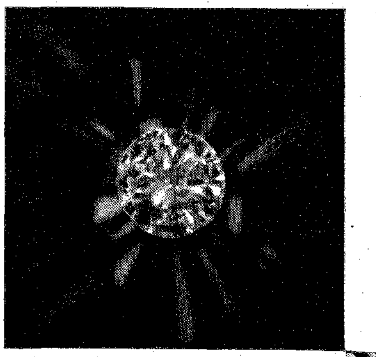
It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXX, No. 34, October 9, 1954. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1954, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.

a man's great moments

Out of the sum of a man's experiences, the moments which, more than any others, define for him the true worth of his life, are those he shares with the woman who loves him. How appropriate it is, then, that on an anniversary, he may express his remembered feelings at the altar . . . or on the birth of a child, the thoughts that stirred him in a hospital corridor . . . in the clear, bright flames of diamonds. Diamonds are his most imperishable records of his love and pride and devotion. They reflect, for many generations, the great moments of his life for all to see. He seeks, of course, the counsel of a trusted jeweler in making his selection.

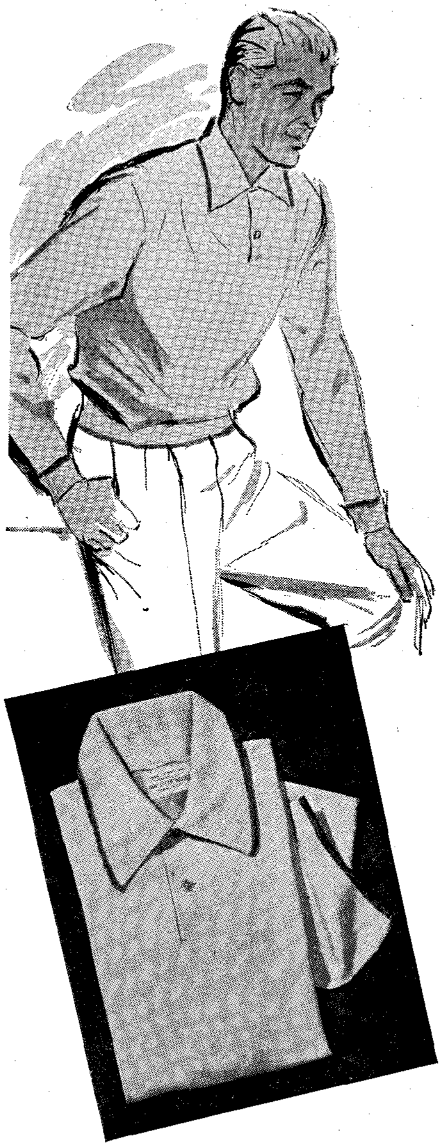
The value of a diamond is determined by color, cutting, and clarity, as well as carat weight. A two-carat diamond, for instance, ranges from $1365 to $3315, plus tax, at representative jewelers. Exceptionally fine stones are higher priced.



De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

Most treasured gift—the diamond ring that marks an anniversary, or other great occasion.

a diamond is forever



Made only for Saks: — the

BRITISH *Knit* *Wool* **SHIRT**

Fine jersey-like knitting of superb English wools, followed by some of England's best tailoring of the leisure shirt. A lightweight warmth that's never out of season in blue or white with navy, yellow or black with grey, oatmeal with brown, navy with copen, grey with yellow. Long sleeves, **13.50.** Short sleeves, **12.50.** Mail and phone orders.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK • WHITE PLAINS
CHICAGO • DETROIT • BEVERLY HILLS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

6-9750. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

The Tender Trap—Robert Preston, Kim Hunter, and Ronny Graham in a comedy by Max Shulman and Robert Paul Smith. The producer is Clinton Wilder, the director Michael Gordon. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 13. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

Amato Opera Theatre—Starting Friday, Oct. 8: "La Bohème." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Barbizon-Plaza Theatre—A three-week return engagement of "The World of Sholom Aleichem," with Morris Carnovsky and Jacob Ben-Ami. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CO 5-7845. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Saturday, Oct. 23.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Congreve's "The Way of the World," with Louis Edmonds and Gerry Fleming. Directed by Warren Enters. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—"Sing Me No Lullaby," a play by Robert Ardrey, with a cast headed by Beatrice Straight, Richard Kiley, and Jessie Royce Landis. Directed by Paul Stewart, and presented for a five-week engagement by T. Edward Hambleton and Norris Houghton. Opens Thursday, Oct. 14. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Provincetown Playhouse—Jacqueline Brookes in David Garrick's Restoration comedy "The Clandestine Marriage." (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

BALLET

Hurtado de Cordoba and His Ballet—Flamenco, bolero, gypsy, and other Spanish dances. A four-week engagement that will open Sunday, Oct. 10, and run through Saturday, Nov. 6. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Rodeo—Every thing but coyotes on this range. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Tuesday, Oct. 12, at 2. Through Sunday, Oct. 17.)

Salzburg Marionette Theatre—Saturday, Oct. 9, at 3 (a performance primarily for children): "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8:30: "Fledermaus," in English. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

American Savoyards—A week-long Gilbert and Sullivan repertory, under the direction of Dorothy Raedler. Monday evening, Oct. 11: "The Mikado."... ¶ Tuesday matinée, Oct. 12: "H.M.S. Pinafore."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 12: "The Pirates of Penzance."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 13: "Patience."... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 14: "The Mikado."... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 15: "H.M.S. Pinafore."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 16: "The Mikado."... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 16: "The Pirates of Penzance." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, the newest addition to the *toujours-la-politesse* circuit, will open its doors on Friday, Oct. 15. There'll be Viennese dinner music by Jani Sarkozi's band until eleven; then dance music by it and the orchestra of the veteran Chauncey Gray. Closed Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Friends, Romans, and countrymen gather in profusion in the Palm Court at the cocktail hour to listen to soft music every day but Sunday, and for the same purpose in the Madison Room from seven to nine Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Some of our proudest peacocks and peahens preening themselves beneath the ageless palm trees. Dancing to Charles Holden's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Hildegarde, noted translator of ballads into pidgin French, now has a man on the string—Jack Whiting, a fine figure of a singing, dancing, top-hat *boulevardier*. Two seem to be much better company, at least in the Cotillion Room. As usual, Stanley Melba's and Chico-Relli's bandsmen are sounding off, too. Only a dinner show Sundays; closed Mondays.... ¶ A small orchestra, almost always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the sedate Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Julie Wilson is giving a party in the Persian Room, where she spends all her time singing out loud. It would all be entertaining even if she weren't a very pretty girl. Ted Straeter's band, whose dance measures are vintage *vin rosé* and whose vocal interludes are full of bounce, is her guiding star. Mark Monte's instrumentalists are also on hand. Closed Sundays.... ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is to the manner born, Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras sprint from one familiar tune to another.... ¶ At cocktails, Leo LeFleur's music embellishes the Palm Court. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill has dancing to Guy Lombardo's orchestra, which, in accord with its custom, carefully observes all speed restrictions. Closed on the Sabbath.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette (the glory that was Rome, the grandeur that was Greece, and far more than all the comforts of home), Constance Moore, a sleek and sibilant credit to Hollywood, gives her songs a nice easy workout. The bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari do the dance music. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance music pervades the Café Lounge every afternoon and evening.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey's crew of jazzmen bow out of the Café Rouge on Thursday, Oct. 7. Next evening, Vaughn Monroe's voice will start coming up like thunder, and Richard Hayman's orchestra will be looking after the dancing. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—An endless reunion of people who are never going to let go of their first childhood and people who are deeply entangled in their second or third. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band dish up the music.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The retrospective show of Howard Dietz-Arthur Schwartz music in residence here suggests that people just don't write songs like that any more. The interspersed humor, such as it is, is well handled by Paul Gray, who's been around a long time (mostly at Lindy's, on a guess), and Louise Hoff, and the interspersed dancing is well handled by Tommy Wonder and a snub-nosed hoyden named Rain Winslow. Salvatore's Gioë's band and Salvatore's rumba men dream up dance music after nine and between shows.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Like the King of Spain, Los Chavales de España march up the hill of the Empire Room's bandstand and march right down

Walking is Pure Joy

when shoes are elasticized with

*Lastex**

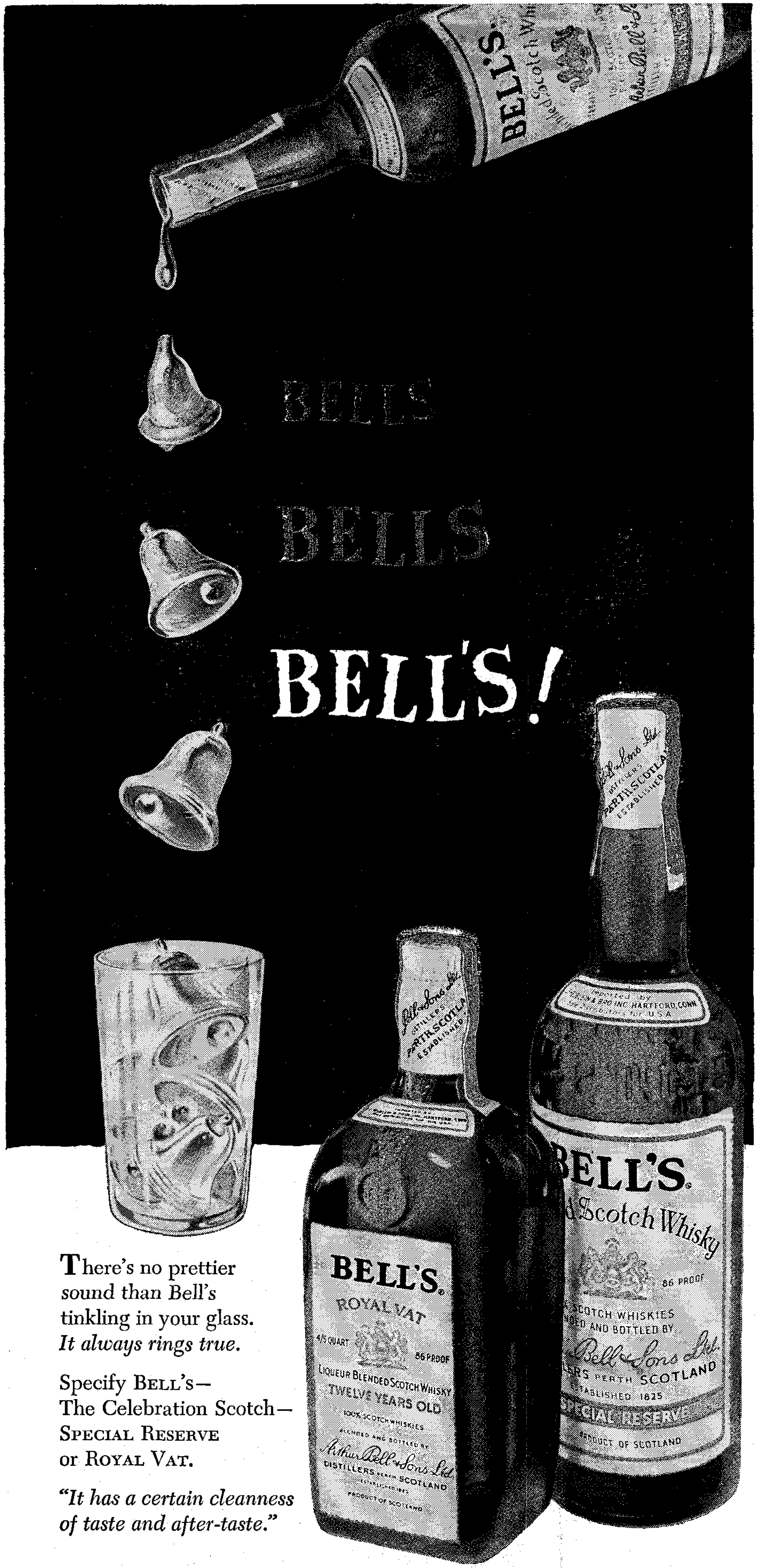
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

the miracle yarn that makes things fit

US RUBBER

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Rockefeller Center, New York

* Lastex yarn, woven into stretchable fabric and used to line leather or fabric "uppers", helps the whole shoe conform perfectly to your foot, especially when you're walking.



There's no prettier sound than Bell's tinkling in your glass. *It always rings true.*

Specify Bell's—
The Celebration Scotch—
Special Reserve
or Royal Vat.

"It has a certain cleanness of taste and after-taste."

BELL'S...*the Celebration Scotch*®

86 PROOF. Blended Scotch Whisky. Arthur Bell & Sons, Ltd., Distillers, Perth, Scotland. G F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn. Sole Distributors for the U.S.A.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

again, singing and playing a wild variety of instruments as they go. Their maneuvers, and the coincidental dancing of Trini Reyes, are all slick showmanship and all pretty exciting. Nat Brandwynne's dance band is still top echelon. Closed Sundays....¶ Alex Fogarty's piano embellishes an alcove of Peacock Alley *from six to twelve, and* Michael Zarin's dance orchestra is at work from eight-thirty to one; on Sundays, Mischa Borr's dance orchestra does all the honors from six to twelve.

Note—The eagle's nest called the Rainbow Room serves (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) as a lounge where, over cocktails and frequent swatches of non-dance music, one may do a comprehensive job of window-shopping midtown Manhattan. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): An olio of the lively days when America was technically dry territory, and done to the life. Except Sundays, there's Continental piano at dinner, and at supper Norbert Faconi, master of the nobody-really-matters-but-you brand of tableside violin, prowls the room. Bud Gregg makes quiet piano music at supper on Sundays.... **WEYLIN ROOM**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): The piano recitals of Cy Walter, which run from six to eight and from ten to two every evening but Sunday, manage to be crisp and cool and at the same time full of joy.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An ornate assortment of armchairs in which to listen to the calm, collected piano of Addison Bailey during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Sunday is his day of rest.... **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): The lays of that ancient minstrel Eddie Davis and his helpmeets take care of the dancers after nine. Closed Sundays.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A sort of permanent picnic (Latin-American style), with all the appropriate words and music. Dancing. Closed Sundays. ... **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Herman Arminski softly strokes a piano at cocktails and Rudy Timfield does the same at dinner and supper in the bar, which is decorated in a pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey manner. Closed Sundays.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): An old favorite of the small fry that is a mixture of restaurant and off-Broadway theatre workshop. Someone or other always seems to be at the piano, or singing, or both.... **ELBOW ROOM**, 203 E. 45th St. (MU 2-4505): In a neat little upstairs corner of the exemplary Baccara Restaurant, Bud Redding sings and plays his own songs from nine to two every night but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

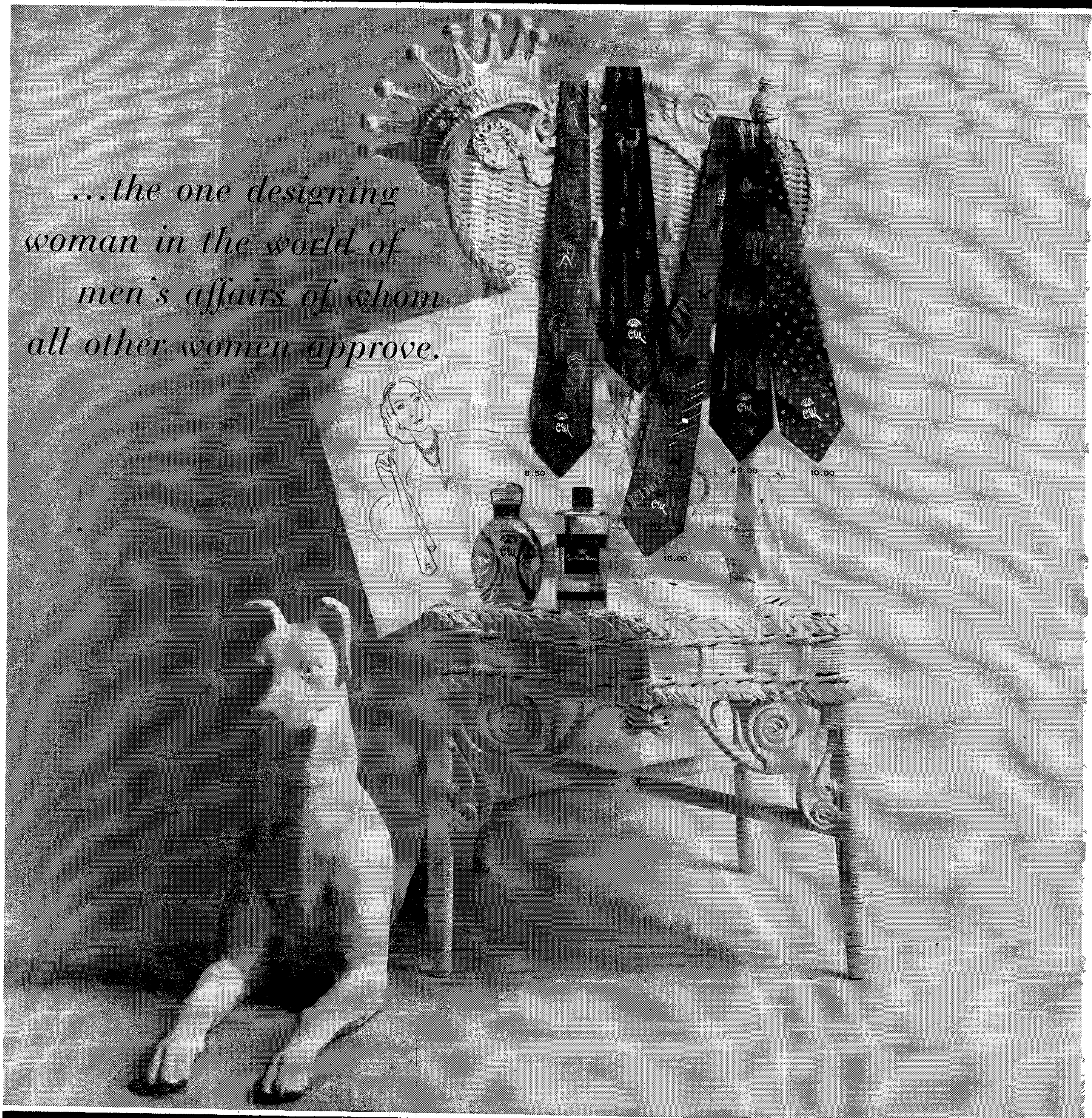
COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The trick is to check in just as Joe E. Lewis, who knows almost as much as Simone de Beauvoir about women and a great deal more about Belmont and Aqueduct, begins his seminar. Otherwise, you might fall asleep too soon. Dancing.... **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): People who like to remember when may wish to know that Mae West, dowager queen of the *commedia-dell'-arte* industry, will be inserted into the meandering revue in this gaudy coliseum on Monday, Oct. 11. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

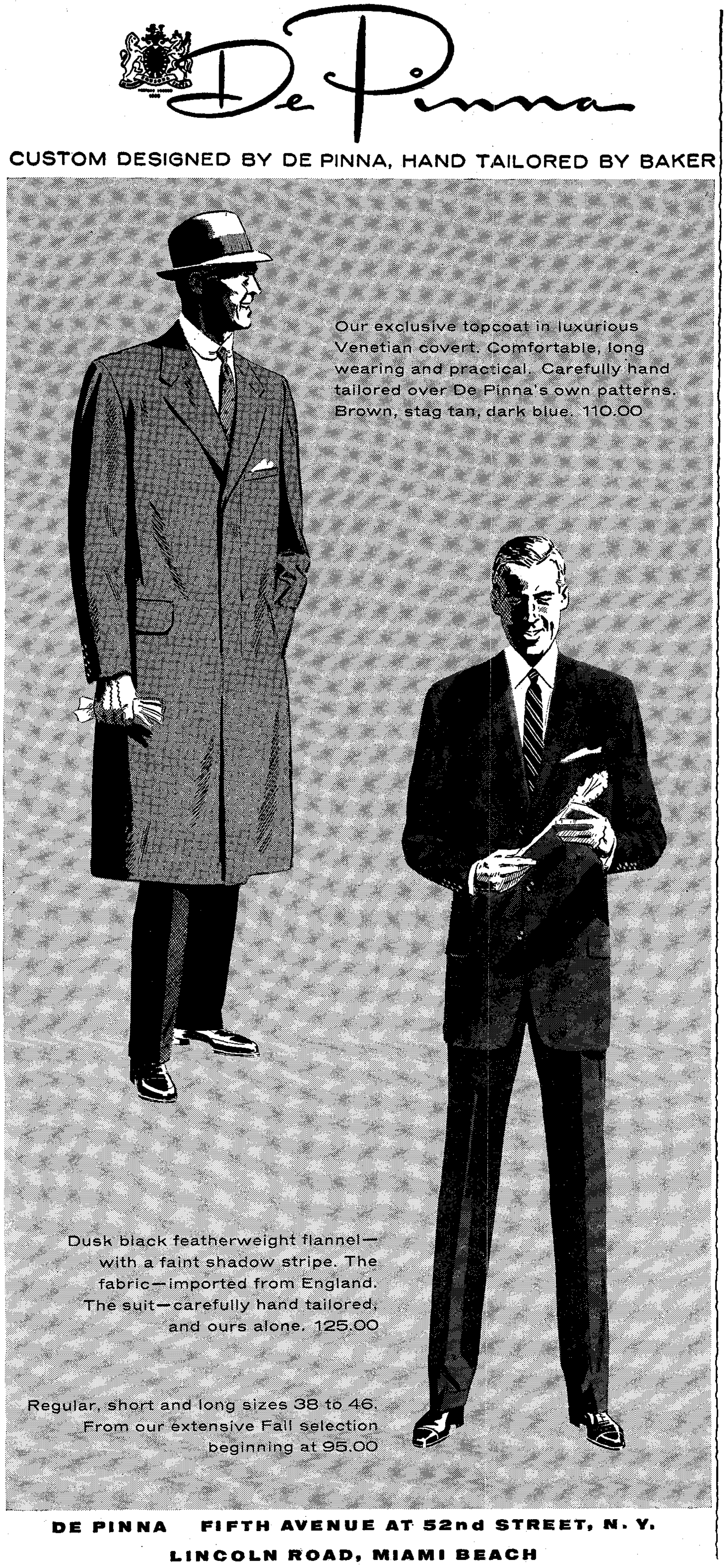
BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): George La Faye's little people (it's hard to believe that they're just puppets) begin with some quiet folklore and wind up with a real surprise ending. There are big people here, too—Dwight Fiske, whose *contes drolatiques* have a Richard Brinsley Sheridan flavor; Susan Johnson, a girl who should be among the finalists in the singer-of-the-year awards; and Dick Drake, a strolling guitarist of humorous persuasion. The fervent background music is the work of Bart Howard, Otis Clements, and Jimmy Lyons' trio....

the Countess...


...the one designing woman in the world of men's affairs of whom all other women approve.
8.50
20.00
10.00
15.00

Countess Mara

Illustrated: exclusive Countess Mara Italian silks from a fabulous new tie collection for the current season. Countess Mara Masculinities: After-shave lotion . . . in presentation flagon, $10.00 . . . regular bottle, $3.50. Cologne . . . in presentation flagon, $12.50 . . . regular bottle, $5.00. Add Federal and Local Tax when ordering. Available at stores of pre-eminence including the Countess Mara Shop: 338 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.



De Pinna

CUSTOM DESIGNED BY DE PINNA, HAND TAILORED BY BAKER

Our exclusive topcoat in luxurious Venetian covert. Comfortable, long wearing and practical. Carefully hand tailored over De Pinna's own patterns. Brown, stag tan, dark blue. 110.00

Dusk black featherweight flannel—with a faint shadow stripe. The fabric—imported from England. The suit—carefully hand tailored, and ours alone. 125.00

Regular, short and long sizes 38 to 46. From our extensive Fall selection beginning at 95.00

DE PINNA FIFTH AVENUE AT 52nd STREET, N. Y.
LINCOLN ROAD, MIAMI BEACH

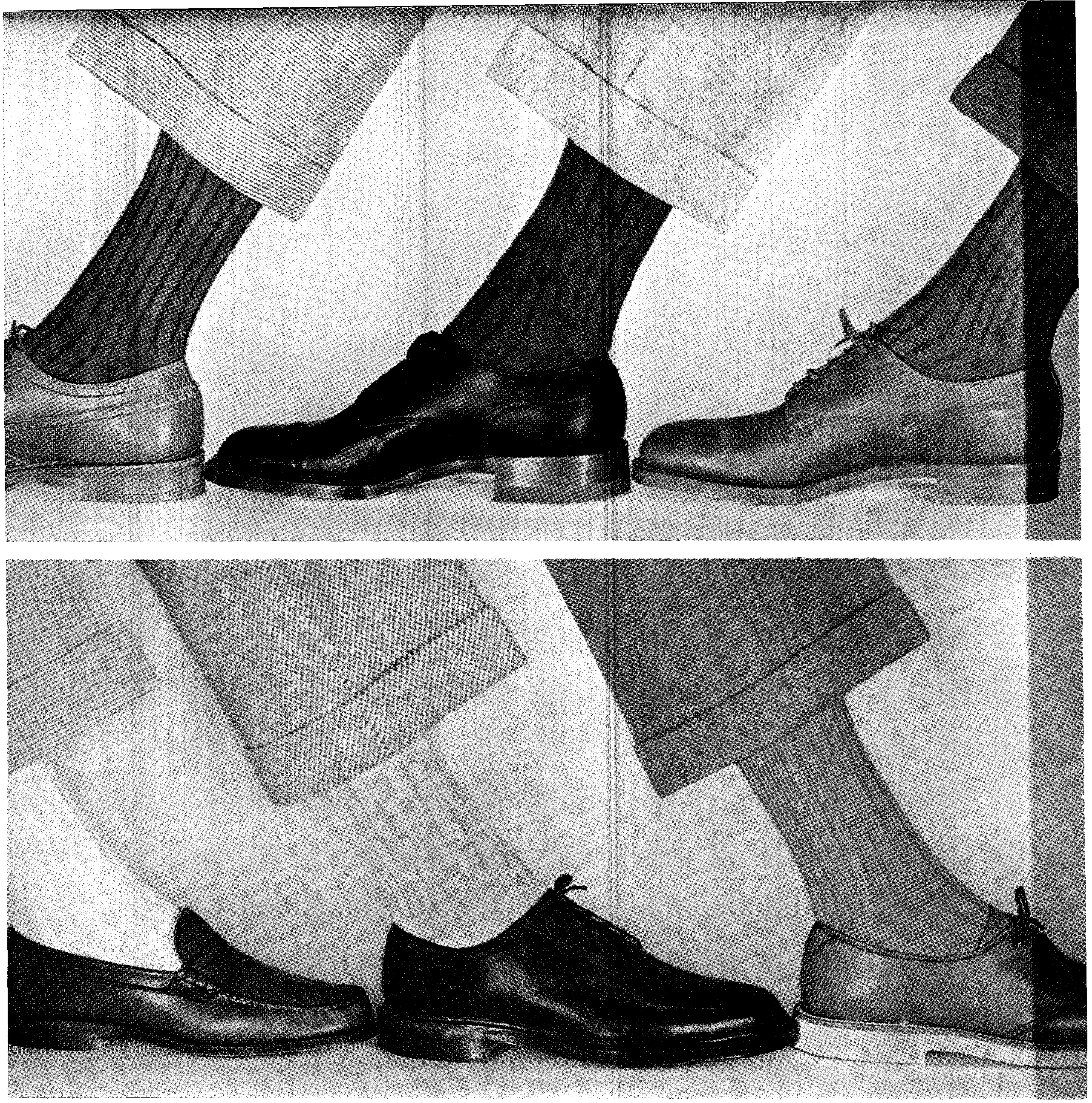
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

LE RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Irwin Corey's footnotes on Shakespeare offer an eerie insight into the Bard's collected works; Dorothy Loudon, a healthy blond mockingbird, takes some Hit Parade ballads for a ride; and Marshall Izen does an expert demolition job on several world-famous operas. The cajoling music of Julius Monk, master and mentor of this merry household, and the unique Norman Paris Trio bring out the best in all parties. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The minuscule Robert Clary, champion of the bantamweights, flashes some dazzling footwork as he boxes a few popular ballads silly. Ada Moore, a fine, rangy jazz singer, is only a beginner, but a promising one. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for kicks and for dancing. Closed Mondays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The humor, largely contained within a familiar frame of reference, is by Patricia Bright; the baritone is by John Juliano. His last night is Sunday, Oct. 10; hers is Monday, Oct. 11. There are also vigorous double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, and solo piano by Hazel Webster. Bygone movies are added Sundays; Mondays are amateur nights.... **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8324): Mabel Mercer's peaceful at-homes, which occur every night but Sunday, are monologues on the place (if any) of love in the great metropolis. The words are those of the brightest of the young composers; the music is Sam Hamilton's piano. Miss Mercer's salon is over the often restless Show Spot Lounge, where Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner, is trotting forth agreeable piano every night but Monday.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Perhaps the funniest girl in town (junior misses' section, anyway) is Ceil Cabot, who rewrites the nation's songs to suit herself. The other merriment ranges from pseudo-romantic (the songs of Jimmie Daniels, Thelma Carpenter, and Norene Tate) to full-blown rumpus (the music of Tiger Haines and the Three Flames, plus the mimicry of Tony and Eddie, whose performance seems to have picked up a bit too much salt on its recent ocean voyage). Closed Mondays.... **JORIE'S PLAYGOERS CLUB,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Practically all the problems womanhood is heir to are mordantly discussed in this Left Bank cellar by Jorie Remes as she engages in a Laocoön waltz with an amazingly alive stole. The mood and surroundings are air-conditioned Jean-Paul Sartre. Closed Tuesdays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

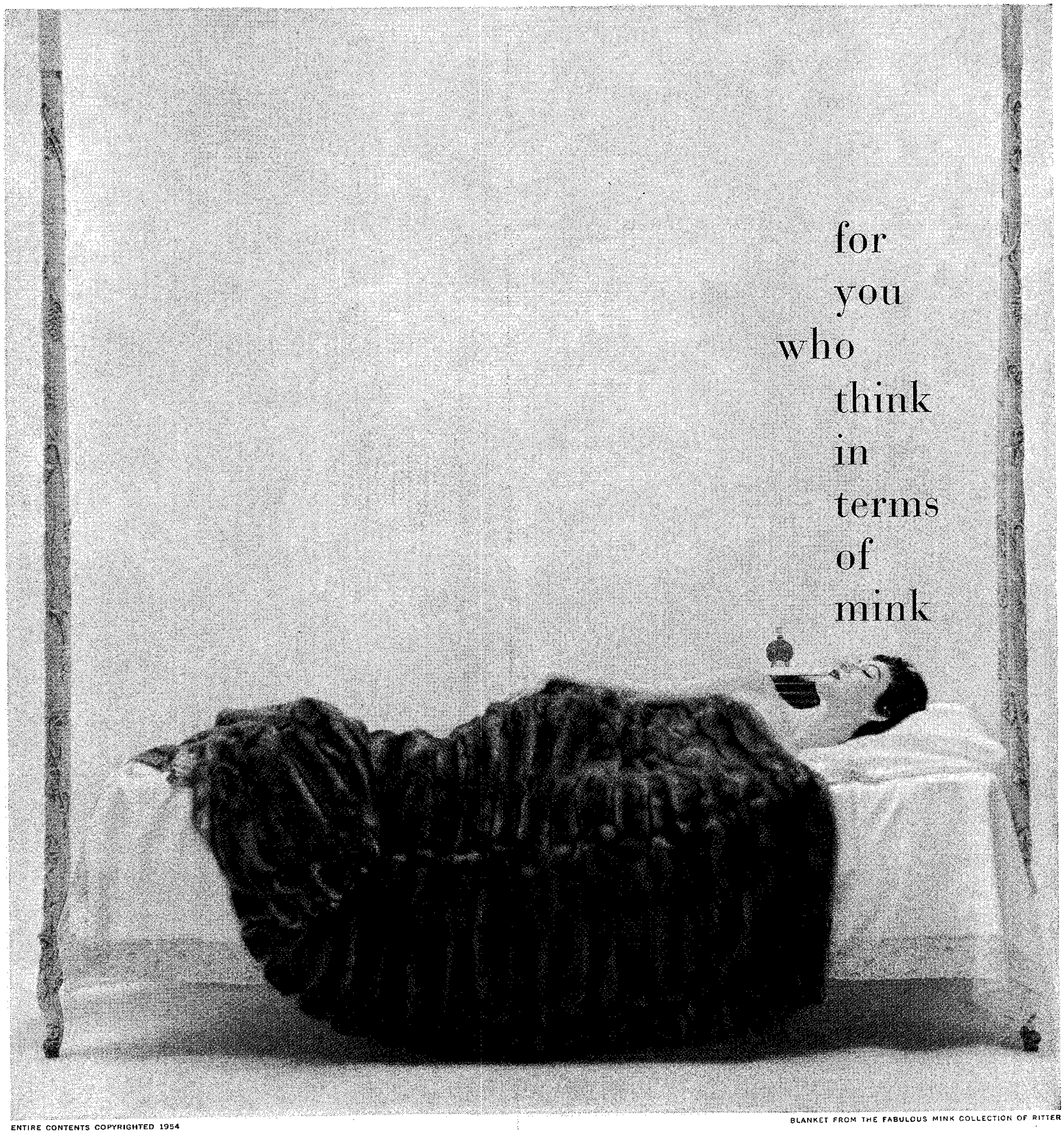
EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The New York sales office of a long-established Dixie enterprise in which Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, George Wettling, Edmond Hall, Walter Page, and Mr. Condon are anything but silent partners. Ralph Sutton is at the piano during intermissions. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by a group of guest hot shots. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The Don Shirley duo—piano and bass—give a chamber-music reading of the jazz classics from seven to one. After nine, they alternate with the trios of Alex Kallao (modern in moderation) and Dorothy Donegan (hot in moderation). The Donegan group stays home Sundays, the Shirley group Mondays, the Kallao group Tuesdays. Hank Jones' piano is their alter ego.... **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Just about the best of the West Side foxholes. A practically perfect quartet features Dave Brubeck, whose piano is an astonishing synthesis of all sorts of art forms, from Gregorian chants to bop. The newcoming Matt Matthews quintet (oddly armed with concertina and flute, among other things) has, despite its youth, some interesting things to say, and so has handsome Carmen McRae, its soft-voiced jazz singer. The Earl Bostic group belongs on a circus wagon. The Bostic boys leave on Sunday, Oct. 10; the Brubeck group on Thursday, Oct. 14. Friday, Oct. 15, Lionel Hampton's marauders will be re-



Yellow and light blue in short socks only.

Why do the cognoscenti wear Viyella® socks?

YOU CAN always judge a man's connoisseurship from his socks. The socks shown in our photograph are Viyella, and the men wearing them are automatically connoisseurs. Viyella socks look *gentlemanly*—such subtle ribbing, such opulent colors, such perfect restraint. They are knitted in England—with superb craftsmanship. The yarn is Viyella's famous mixture of lamb's wool and long-staple cotton, spun in the vales of Derbyshire. This wonderful yarn makes your socks soft, warm and *light*. One of the most extraordinary things about Viyella socks is that they never lose these qualities, however often they are washed. (Our wife bought us six pairs more than a year ago. So far she hasn't had to darn a single hole—something of a record, surely?) Last, but not least, every pair of Viyella socks carries a remarkable guarantee: "If it shrinks, we replace." If your Viyella socks shrink, take them back to your haberdasher, and he will replace them. The price is $1.50 for the short length with elastic tops, or $1.75 for the regular length as illustrated. A great value, at better stores everywhere, or write William Hollins & Company, Inc., 347 Madison Avenue, New York 17. Telephone Murray Hill 4-7330.


for
you
who
think
in
terms
of
mink

ENTIRE CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED 1954

BLANKET FROM THE FABULOUS MINK COLLECTION OF RITTER

toujours Moi
CORDAY
PARIS
FRANCE

toujours moi

(ALWAYS ME)

Conceived, born and bred in Paris for you whose instinct leads to the most alluring in everything you wear. No other perfume lingers so long and lovingly, especially on your furs . . . so seductively adds a new dimension to your charm. $125* to $5.50*. Purse size, $3.00*. Other famous Corday perfumes: Fame, Toujours Toi, Jet, Zigane and Possession. *plus 10% tax.

Parfums CORDAY *Paris*

turning. Closed Mondays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band leaves no stone unturned in its pursuit of a solid beat. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Those who are willing to accept no substitutes for the real original jazz may as well settle for the band of Wilbur de Paris, which includes Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, and Eddie Gibbs. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays.... **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): A new, comfortable, and reasonably sedate music room, offering, after ten, a mixture of old (the illustrious Eddie Heywood's restrained but hep piano) and new (an experimental group in which young George Wallington's progressive piano floats lightly above the sweet sighs of a four-man choir of stringed instruments). Mr. H. is away Sundays, Mr. W.'s group Mondays.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): On lodge nights, you can't always tell the players from the customers, even with a score card. Almost everyone, though, will recognize Count Basie's pulsing rhythm section, one of the finest. The Bill Davis Trio is on the roster, too. Mondays, when these operators are at rest, are jam-session nights.... **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Once more, it's ragtime instead of blossomtime down in the Grill. Some newcomers—Turk Murphy and his San Francisco Jazz Band (Wally Rose, Bob Helm, Bob Short, Frank Haggerty, and Everett Farey)—get to work early (six-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, five-thirty Sundays). This Sunday, Oct. 10, the Riverboat Jazz Six, which includes Elmer Schoebel, will be the afternoon guest. Dancing evenings after nine-thirty. No music Mondays. On Tuesday, Oct. 12, the Dixieland All-Stars (such as Henry Goodwin, Vic Dickenson, and Marty Napoleon) will replace the Murphy gang.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): After nine, Marian McPartland, one of the least showy but most imaginative of the girl pianists, applies a light touch to some progressive gymnastics. She's backed by a two-man rhythm section. No action on Mondays.... **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): A weekend gathering place for the topnotch hot-shot musicians. On Friday, Oct. 8, such pitchmen as Bobby Hackett, Buck Clayton, Billy Butterfield, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Snub Mosely, Ken Keresy, and Keg Purnell are expected. Dancing.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another all-year weekend resort. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 8-9, a welkin-ringing contest between (so says the grapevine) Charlie Shavers, Cecil Scott, Jimmy Archey, Willie the Lion Smith, Gene Sedric, Art Trappier, Danny Barker, and Sonny Greer.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

José Guerrero—A first one-man show in New York of new paintings by this Spanish artist; through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Tomás Harris—Oils and a large group of drawings of Majorca make up the artist's first New York show; through Oct. 23. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

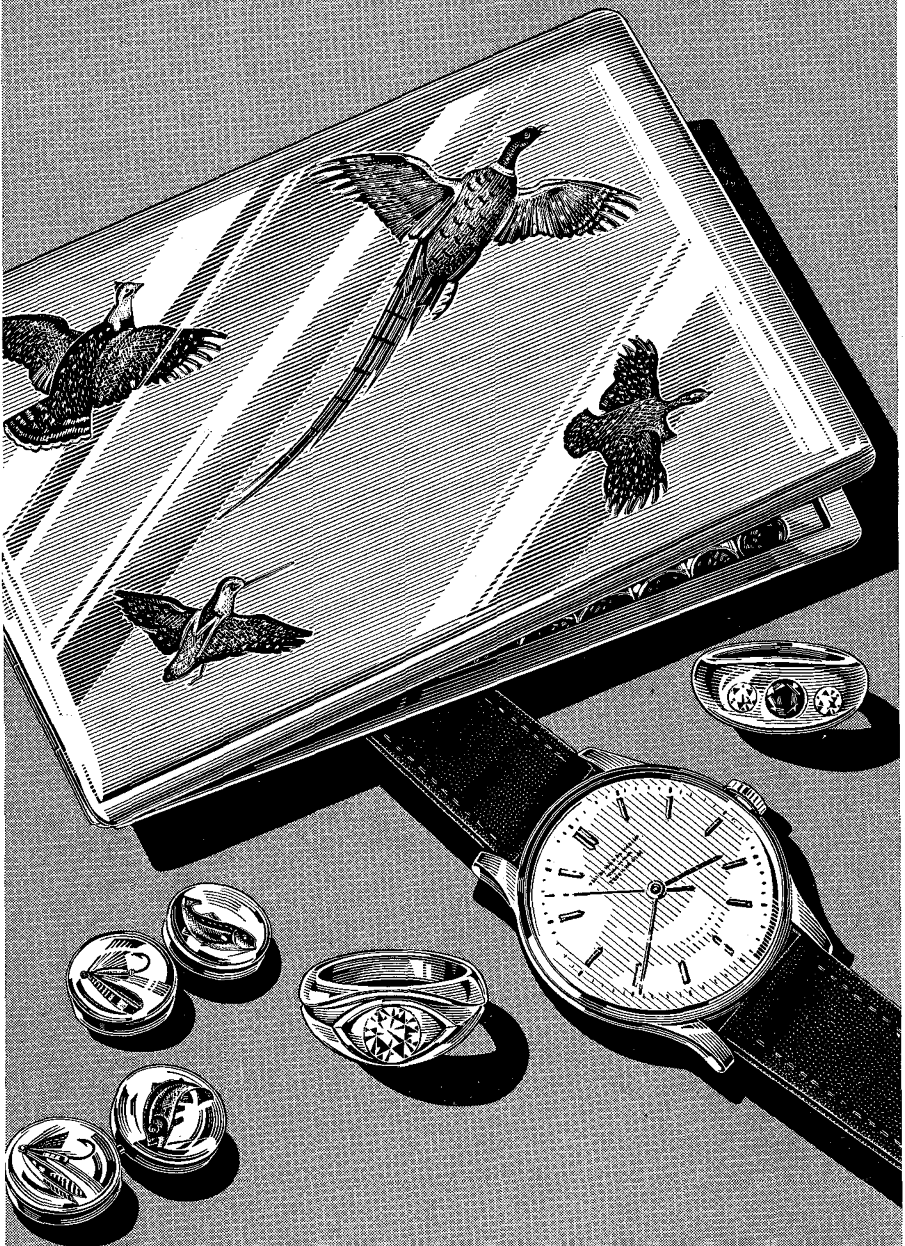
Mervin Jules—About twenty encaustics, varying in style from representational to semi-abstract, executed during the past two years, and shown for the first time; through Saturday, Oct. 16. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Herbert Kallem—Recent sculptures, mainly in bronze and lead; through Oct. 23. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St.)

Mariska Karasz—An exhibit of some of this artist's superb needleworks; through Oct. 23. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Herbert Katzman—Still-lifes, landscapes, and figures are the subjects of these oil paintings, which, for the most part, have never

Gifts from Tiffany's that are happily appropriate for the man with a flair for sports.



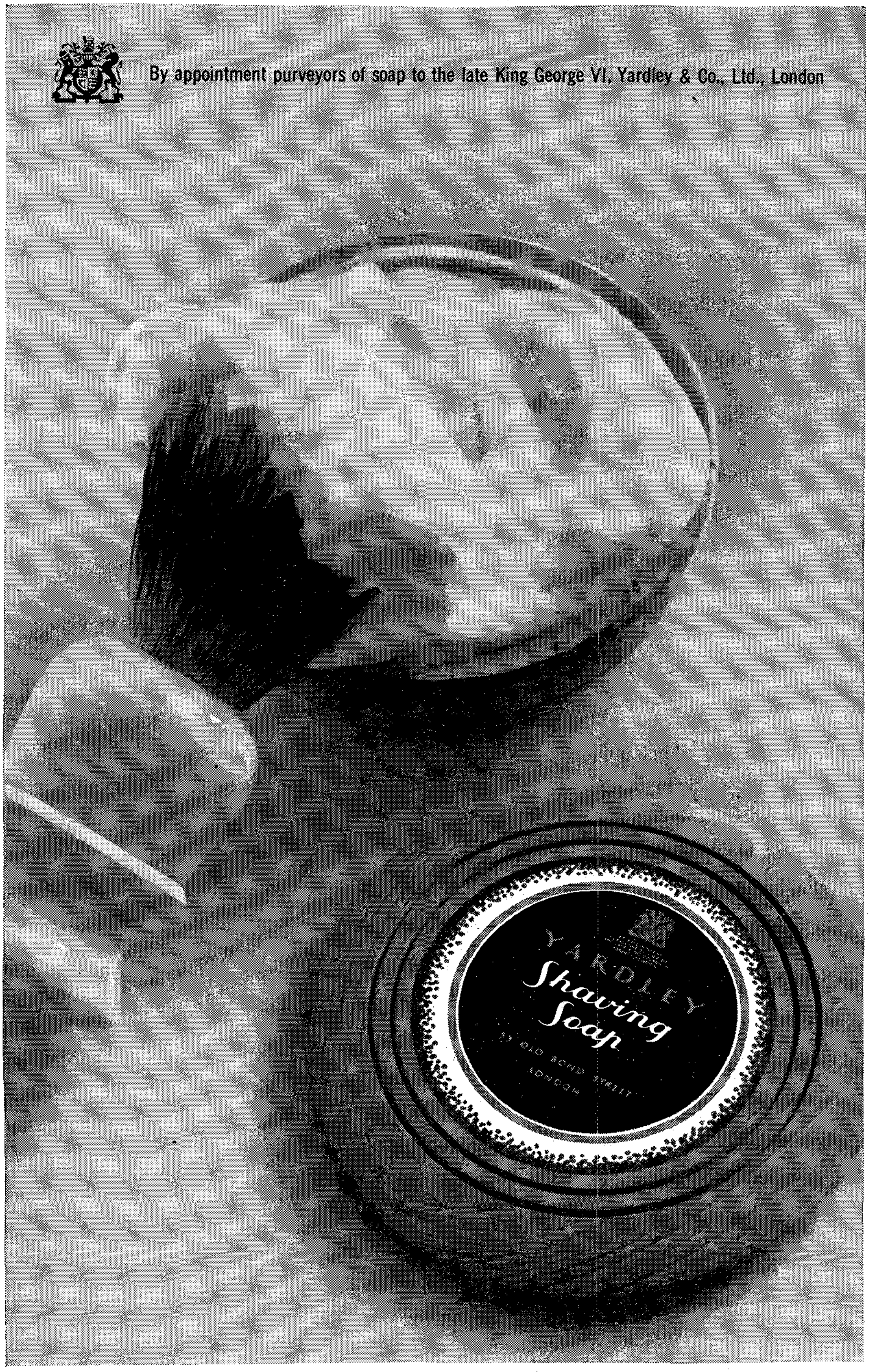
Sterling Silver Cigarette Case with enameled game birds	$ 55.
Ring of 14 Kt. Gold set with a Sapphire and two Diamonds	365.
18 Kt. Gold Wrist Watch, 18 jewel Audemars Piguet	410.
Diamond and Platinum Ring	1925.
Cuff-links of carved and painted Crystals and 14 Kt. Gold, for the fisherman	170.

Prices include reduced Federal Tax

Mail and Telephone Inquiries Receive Prompt Attention

TIFFANY & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22 • PLAZA 5-8000


By appointment purveyors of soap to the late King George VI, Yardley & Co., Ltd., London
YARDLEY
Shaving Soap
33 OLD BOND STREET
LONDON

How to enjoy six months of English luxury

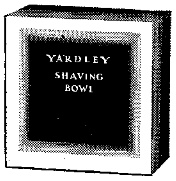
(for only 9 shillings*)

One Chicago man we know purchased a Yardley Shaving Bowl in London on October 24, 1952, and received his last shave from it on January 24, 1954. Six months of luxury shaving, however, is more the average.

This pure soap originates in England—home of so many of the best things for men. You sense the English authority when you stir your brush over the creamy surface. A rich, heavy lather forms, without bubbles, giving a close, luxury shave and leaving the skin soft and soothed. The wooden bowl absorbs excess moisture so that the soap remains firm and in its original condition for the next shave. The soap, in consequence, outlasts others.

No finer shaving product can be bought. And it's yours to enjoy, for only nine shillings*.

*$1.25, in American terms
At good stores everywhere



Make a fresh, clean start with **Yardley** for Men

Makers and distributors for U.S.A., Yardley of London, Inc., New York

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

been shown before; through Oct. 23. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

FREDERICK KIESLER—Oil paintings, sometimes single canvases and sometimes grouped together to form a single unit; through Oct. 19. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

PICASSO—A group of oils, water colors, and drawings done between 1900 and 1952; through Nov. 20. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.)

DUTCH AND FLEMISH MASTERS—A selection of drawings and water colors by Rembrandt, Pieter Brueghel the Elder, and other old masters, all loaned by the Royal Museum of Belgium; through Oct. 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

AMERICAN; GROUP SHOWS—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: A mixed-mediums show by a large group of artists, including both old and new members of the gallery; through Friday, Oct. 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.) . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: The twenty-ninth annual exhibition of new paintings and sculptures. Georgia O'Keeffe, William Zorach, and three other members of the gallery are represented, and there are also a few examples of American folk art. Through Oct. 30. . . . **GANSO**, 125 E. 57th St.: Bruce Currie, Edward Chavez, and Reginald Wilson are some of the gallery members contributing to this show; through Saturday, Oct. 16. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: The Thirty-second Annual Founders' Exhibition, composed of paintings and sculptures by Anthony Thieme, Robert Brackman, Paul Manship, Gordon Grant, and many others; through Nov. 4. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Louis Bouché, John Heliker, and Robert Laurent are three of the six painters and sculptors who have items on display; through Friday, Oct. 15. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: A new painting apiece by eighteen artists, including Stephen Etnier and Ogden Pleissner; through Oct. 23. . . . **DE NAGY**, 206 E. 53rd St.: Seven artists, among them Robert Goodnough, Harry Jackson, and Larry Rivers, each with one old and one new painting on view; through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: "Summer Harvest," an exhibition of oils that were painted during the summer by Gerrit Hondius, Harold Baumbach, Louis Ribak, and other gallery members; through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS: GROUP SHOWS—At the **KOOTZ**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Pierre Soulages, Ibram Lassaw, and David Hare are a few of the artists who have both paintings and sculptures on exhibit; through Saturday, Oct. 9. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings by Modigliani, Klee, Soutine, and other contemporaries, from the collection of the late William March; through Nov. 13. . . . **VALENTIN**, 32 E. 57th St.: The present show, in memory of Curt Valentin, is made up of about thirty paintings and sculptures loaned by various museums throughout the country and includes works by Auguste Rodin, Juan Gris, and Oscar Kokoschka; through Oct. 30.

FRENCH; GROUP SHOW—Twentieth-century French paintings, some never before seen in this country, by Soutine, Matisse, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

VILLAGE ART CENTER, 44 W. 11th St.—The Ninth Annual Graphic Art Exhibit, comprising etchings, lithographs, and monotypes; through Oct. 22. (Daily, 1 to 6; Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings, 8 to 10.)

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Alexander Archipenko; starting Saturday, Oct. 16. . . . **JACKSON**, 22 E. 66th St.: Barbara Hepworth, Francis Bacon, and William Scott; starting Tuesday, Oct. 12. . . . **JACOBI**, 46 W. 52nd St.: Ernest Guteman; starting Friday, Oct. 15. (Weekdays, noon to 5.) . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: Charles Shaw; starting Monday, Oct. 11.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Tuesday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred prints by twentieth-century North and South American artists, including John Marin, George Bellows, and Posada; through Nov. 14. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Cézanne, Bonnard, and Degas are a few of the artists represented in a show of French Impressionist paintings from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Tuesday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Fifty photographs of New York City today by Andreas Feininger, along with some of the Museum's prints of New York in the past; through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Tuesday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The fourth selected display of paintings and sculptures owned by the Museum, done for the most part between 1907 and 1914; through Oct. 24. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Ben Shahn, Jacques Lipchitz, and Adolph Gottlieb, in an exhibition to commemorate the three-hundredth anniversary of Jewish settlement in the United States; through Oct. 20. (Daily, except Thursday, Oct. 7, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Thursday evening, Oct. 7: "Falstaff," in English. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 8: "Faust.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 9: "La Cenerentola.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 9: "Tosca.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 10: "La Traviata.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 10: "Aïda.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 12: "Aïda.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 13: "The Love for Three Oranges," in English. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 14: "Falstaff," in English. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 15: "The Tales of Hoffmann.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 16: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 16: "Die Fledermaus," in English. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Oct. 31.)

ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, April 17: Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8:45; Friday, Oct. 8, at 2:30; and Sunday, Oct. 10, at 2:30 (all with Astrid Varnay, soprano; Ramon Vinay, tenor; and Luben Vichey, bass); and Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8:45, and Friday, Oct. 15, at 2:30 (both with Mischa Elman, violin).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting the opening performance of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam—Eduard van Beinum conducting the first of two concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Bessie Mayle—Soprano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 5:30.)

Juilliard Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Marjorie Hamill—Soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 10, at 5:30.)

Richard Kay—Cello. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

Perry O'Neil—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 8:30.)

Jean Graham—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 3.)

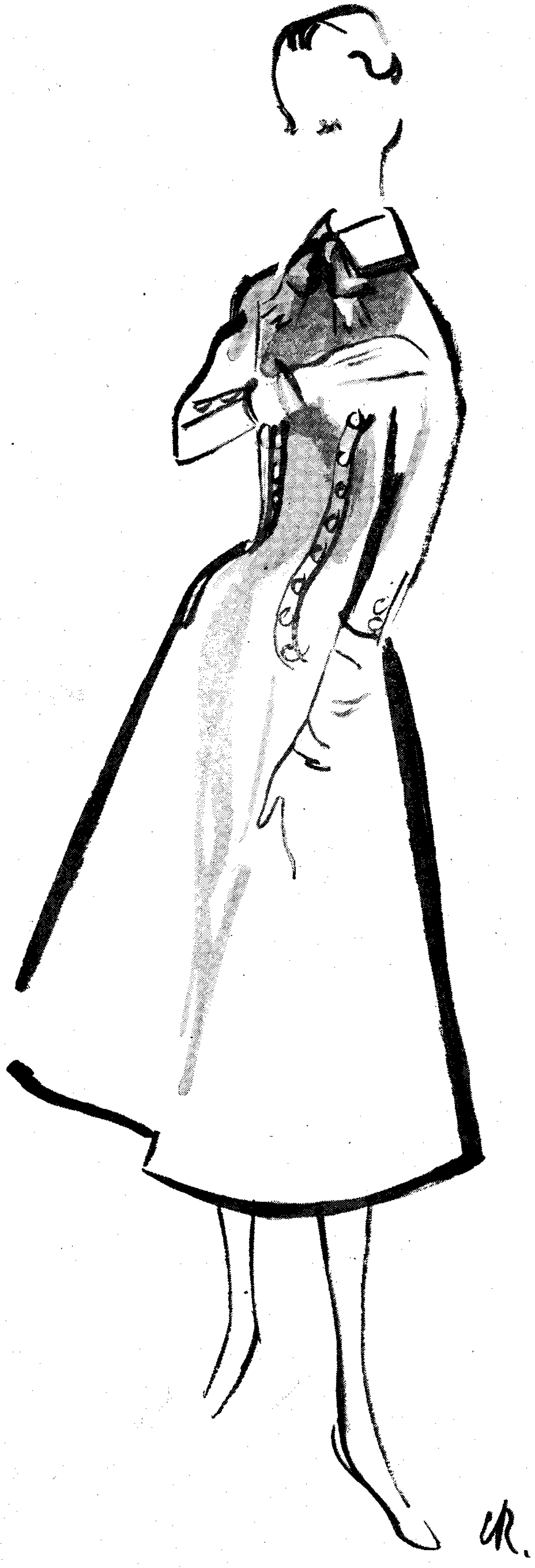
Kroll String Quartet—With Artur Balsam, piano. (Washington Irving High School,

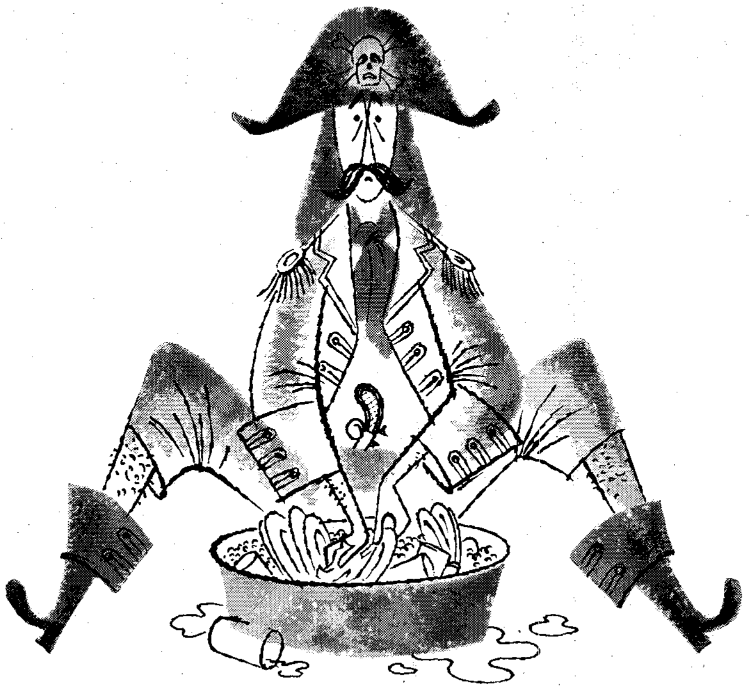
Young-Timers transform the worsted tailleur-dress into a "high fashion princess." Linen over-collar tied with a flourishing satin bow... bone buttons in a double-line march down the front, at above-bracelet sleeves.

39.95

Young-Timers
Fourth Floor
Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

Charcoal, navy, brown ...sizes 8 to 16.





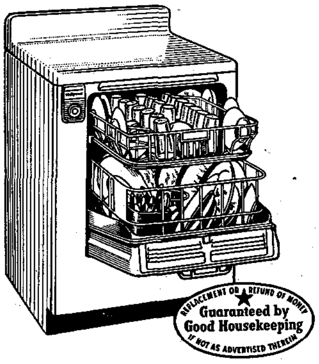
We make felicity rhyme with domesticity

Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur S. collaborated on a sprightly patter song for *The Pirates* that hymned "the felicity of unbounded domesticity" for persons "conjugally matrimonified."

But of course they didn't note that domesticity, *un*bounded, has certain drawbacks. Like pan-washing dishes, for instance. Where's the felicity *there?*

Bring on our Hotpoint Dishwasher, though, and there's domestic felicity to fill the air. For ours is the *one* dishwasher that double-washes, double-rinses, and dries electrically—china, glass, silver, pans. They come out sparkling like one of Sullivan's tunes.

Any Hotpoint dealer offers you this first-rate opportunity.


Replacement or refund of money
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
If not as advertised therein

Hotpoint

The only **DISHWASHER** that washes everything twice

Hotpoint Co. (A Division of General Electric Company), Chicago 44.

Enjoy "Ozzie & Harriet" on Television Every Week

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Quartetto Italiano—Chamber music. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—A benefit for the Symphony of the Air (formerly the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra), with Emanuel Vardi as violist and as conductor of an Ernest Bloch program played by a chamber orchestra made up of members of the Symphony, plus Suzanne Bloch, singing, and playing virginals; Miron Kroyt, piano; and the WQXR String Quartet. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Oct. 10, at 8:40.)

Jazz Concerts—At Carnegie Hall—Stan Kenton's orchestra, Art Tatum's trio, Charlie Ventura's quintet, and others. (Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8:30 and at midnight.) . . . ¶ Duke Ellington's orchestra, Dave Brubeck's and Gerry Mulligan's quartets, and Stan Getz's quintet. (Saturday, Oct. 16, at midnight.)

Massie Patterson Carib Singers—A group of West Indian singers, dancers, drummers, and musicians in a calypso program. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 9 (all at 2): Army vs. Dartmouth, at West Point. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Rutgers, at Hamilton. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton. . . . FRIDAY, OCT. 15: Fordham vs. Boston College, at the Polo Grounds, at 8:15. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 16 (all at 2): Brown vs. Princeton, at Providence. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Colgate, at Hanover. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. William and Mary, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven.

Dog Show—Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 9.)

Horse Show—Farmington Hunt Horse Show. (Charlottesville, Va. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 8-9.)

Hunt Racing—Rose Tree Fox Hunt Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 16.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury.

Racing—At BELMONT PARK: Weekdays at 1:15; through Wednesday, Oct. 20. The Lawrence Realization, Thursday, Oct. 7; the Futurity and the Manhattan Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 9; the Vosburgh Handicap, Monday, Oct. 11; the Ladies Handicap, Tuesday, Oct. 12; the Grand National Steeplechase Handicap, Thursday, Oct. 14; and the Jockey Club Gold Cup and the Champagne Stakes, Saturday, Oct. 16. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Saturday, Oct. 9, through Saturday, Nov. 6. (A train will leave Penn Station at 9:30 and connect with a train for the track in North Philadelphia.) . . . LAUREL, Laurel, Md.: Weekdays at 1:45, from Saturday, Oct. 16, through Wednesday, Nov. 3.

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Opening children's concert of the season by the Philharmonic-Symphony, Wilfrid Pelletier conducting, with Paul Tripp, narrator. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 3.)

Play—The Playmart Children's Theatre, presenting "Pinocchio." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15 and Sundays at 3:15. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.)

Salzburg Marionette Theatre—A performance, primarily for children, of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 3.)

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Tuesday, Oct. 12, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted every weekday to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ United Nations meetings are shown Mondays through Fridays, on WCBS-TV from 5 to 5:30. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

New York Antiques Fair—Well, everything is old, and there's a lot of it. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Monday through Friday, Oct. 11-15, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 16, from 1 to 6.)

Treasures of the New-York Historical Society—A special hundred-and-fiftieth-anniversary exhibition, featuring paintings (including an original Audubon water color), old silver, prints, rare books, manuscripts (among them that of James Fenimore Cooper's novel "Precaution"), and a letter from General Ulysses S. Grant to General Robert E. Lee; through Dec. 31. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Vagabonds of the Solar System," deals with asteroids, comets, and meteors; through Nov. 30. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays, Sundays, and Tuesday, Oct. 12, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Oct. 8, at 1:45: English furniture and silver of the Queen Anne and Georgian periods, in addition to English paintings and decorative objects; owned by Mrs. John Ward and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century American cabinetwork, including several clocks, a carved mahogany block-front secretary, and a chest-on-chest, as well as Early American silver, and glass paperweights; the property of Maurice Rubin. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 13-14, at 1:45: A collection of first editions, autograph letters, and manuscripts from the library of the late George A. Zabriskie. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 13-14, at 1:45: Chinese and Japanese lacquer ware, ivories, carved jades and other semiprecious stones, plus a few examples of Oriental furniture, bronzes, and porcelains; owned by James G. Radhe and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 15-16, at 1:45: Meissen, Sèvres, and other old porcelains; eighteenth-century French furniture, including a Louis XVI acajou commode and a Louis XV inlaid *poudreuse;* and some eighteenth-century French paintings. The property of several collectors, among them Mrs. Frank V. Storrs and Marie D. Stransky. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 9.

Election Registration—The final days of the registration period for the Nov. 2 elections are Friday, Oct. 8, from 3:30 to 10:30 and Saturday, Oct. 9, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

Note—Columbus Day is Tuesday, Oct. 12, and there will be a parade up Fifth Avenue, from 44th Street to 84th Street, starting at noon.

Distinctive Town Hat...
it's the DOBBS
Sheffield

Wherever well-dressed men gather, you'll find the new Dobbs Sheffield being worn. With crown and brim dimensions smartly proportioned, it is available in the newest Fall colors to complement your wardrobe. $10 and $15. At finer stores.

Other Dobbs hats to $40 Also available in Canada

Dobbs Hats, New York's Leading Hatter, Park Ave. at the Waldorf N. Y. 22, N. Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

The Trinity
The Trinity
STAGE ENTRANCE
GETZ

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Bread, Love and Dreams—Vittorio De Sica and Gina Lollobrigida in a diverting Italian film dealing with the frustrations of a middle-aged marshal of the police as he goes about wooing a bumptious peasant girl who has little respect for anybody, let alone amorous elders. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Dial M for Murder—Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams in Alfred Hitchcock's adaptation of the melodrama about a tennis player who wants to lob his wife to eternity. Not too long on movement but frequently absorbing. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 8-9.)

High and Dry—A group of carefree Scottish mariners making a hash of the plans of an American shipping magnate whose cargo of household effects is accidentally entrusted to them. Alex Mackenzie, Paul Douglas, James Copeland, Abe Barker, and Tommy Kearins figure pleasantly. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Little Kidnappers—A delightful team of small fry, aged five and eight, make this story of Nova Scotia in 1904 a memorable item. Vincent Winter is the younger of the pair and Jon Whitely the older, and they are ably supported by Duncan Macrae, Jean Anderson, Adrienne Corri, and Theodore Bikel. An English film. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday—A French film in which the very funny comedian Jacques Tati runs through some reliable old silent-film techniques, often to advantage. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

New Faces—Rather larger than life in CinemaScope, this intimate revue, with Eartha Kitt, Ronny Graham, Alice Ghostley, Paul Lynde, and Robert Clary, still has a lot of the charm that made it so attractive on Broadway. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Oct. 13.)

On the Waterfront—A fine dramatic interpretation of Malcolm Johnson's Pulitzer Prize-winning report on labor conditions on the docks of New York. Written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan, the picture has as its leading character Marlon Brando, whose performance can't be faulted. Neither can the work of his associates, among them Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Lee J. Cobb. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

Paris Incident—A simple and affecting story of a Parisian telegraph boy and his wild pursuit of a couple of misplaced telegrams. Montmartre, photographed in the raw, provides the background for the search. Gérard Gervais and Pierrette Simonet are outstanding in a large and excellent cast. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 10.)

Sabrina—Audrey Hepburn's celebrated charm is rather overworked in this exercise about a chauffeur's daughter who is anxious to play Cinderella to a Long Island princeling. However, a fine performance by Humphrey Bogart enlivens the film, and there are funny scenes here and there along the line. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796.)

The Vanishing Prairie—The birds and the beasts fighting for survival, as Walt Disney turns his cameras loose on the great American prairie. The animals do pretty well, considering the odds. And the prairie dogs, incidentally, are cute as all getout. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

REVIVALS

A Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals, to very good effect, with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Bitter Rice (1950)—Lady rice harvesters in the Po Valley. An Italian picture, with English dialogue. With Silvana Mangano. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 7.)

Gilbert and Sullivan (1953)—Robert Morley and Maurice Evans as G. and S., with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company rendering excerpts from the operettas in the background. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Oct. 13.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier is the melancholy Dane in this English picture. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock's express train, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Oct. 9-12.)

The Ox-Bow Incident (1943)—A lynching out West. With Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Oct. 9.)

A Run for Your Money (1950)—A garden specialist (Alec Guinness) involved with a pair of Welsh miners on the loose in London. A British film. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

The Seventh Veil (1945)—A dash of psychiatry and an earful of classical music. An English picture, with James Mason and Ann Todd. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 7.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—More Hitchcock mystification, taking in a shooting in a theatre, a man hunt in Scotland, and so on. A British film, with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Oct. 9-12.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Viva Zapata! (1952)—Marlon Brando, Anthony Quinn, and revolution in Mexico. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Oct. 13.)

The Young and the Damned (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency. A Mexican film, with a cast of amateurs. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Oct. 9, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Oct. 10: "A Vitagraph Romance" (1912), with Clara Kimball Young; "Goodness Gracious" (1914), with Miss Young and Sidney Drew; "Mabel's Dramatic Career" (1914), with Max Sennett and Mabel Normand; and "Hoodoo Ann" (1916), with Mae Marsh. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 11: "Once in a Lifetime" (1932), with Jack Oakie and Aline MacMahon. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
ON THE WATERFRONT.

Broadway, B'way at 53rd. (CI 7-7992)
From Oct. 10, at 2:30: "Hansel and Gretel," a film with a cast of electronically controlled puppets. (Première for the benefit of the Mary MacArthur Memorial Fund for the Greater New York March of Dimes. Regular continuous performances start at 5.)

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Barefoot Contessa," Humphrey Bogart, Ava Gardner, Edmond O'Brien.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
SABRINA.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Oct. 7: "Jesse James' Women," Peggie Castle, Donald Barry, Jack Beutel.
From Oct. 8: "The Adventures of Hajji Baba" (in CinemaScope), Elaine Stewart, John Derek, Thomas Gomez.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Suddenly," Frank Sinatra, Sterling Hayden, James Gleason.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Brigadoon" (in CinemaScope), Gene Kelly, Van Johnson, Cyd Charisse.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Oct. 10: "Naked Alibi," Sterling Hayden, Gloria Grahame, Gene Barry.
From Oct. 11, at 8:30: "A Star Is Born" (in CinemaScope), Judy Garland, James Mason, Charles Bickford. (Opening-night seats reserved.)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Rear Window," James Stewart, Grace Kelly, Wendell Corey.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Woman's World" (in CinemaScope), Clifton Webb, June Allyson, Van Heflin.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Black Shield of Falworth" (in CinemaScope), Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh, David Farrar.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Oct. 10: "Dragnet," Jack Webb, Ben Alexander, Ann Robinson.
From Oct. 11, at 8:30: "A Star Is Born" (in CinemaScope), Judy Garland, James Mason, Charles Bickford. (Opening-night seats reserved.)

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The French Touch" (in French), Fernandel, Renée Devillers.

Like many of the world's finest cars . . .

TRIUMPH T. R. 2

rides on **DUNLOP TIRES**

The makers of the Triumph, one of the newest sports cars to be introduced in America, know that quick get away, good cornering, fast, dependable braking, put heavy demands on tires. That is why they specify Dunlop Tires as original equipment.

The next time you need replacement tires for your sports or family car, follow the lead of car makers the world over. Ask for Dunlops. *The Dunlop Tire and Rubber Corporation, Founders of the Pneumatic Tire Industry, Factory and General Offices, Buffalo 7, New York.*

THE FACE AND VOICE AND HEART OF ENGLAND . . . No 8 in a Series

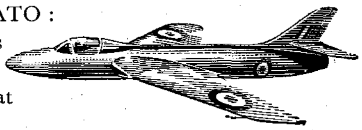
" Our Watchword is Security."

WM. PITT, *Earl of Chatham.* 1708-1778

Security is a word that goes well with a picture of a British merchant seaman. Bill Jackson, captain of a Welsh trawler, is typical of the men who defied death on the high seas when the enemy sought, in two wars, first to destroy Britain and then to starve her.

Bill understands better than most the life-and-death need . . . even now . . . for an air power that will make security a reality.

The Hawker Siddeley Group of Companies is dedicated to national security and, with it, the defence of freedom. Group aircraft like the Hawker Hunter, the Gloster Javelin and the Avro Vulcan are the sinews of air supremacy, while Armstrong Whitworth are pioneering rockets and guided missiles to revolutionise ground defences. In the Hawker Hunter, the R.A.F. has the finest single-seater fighter in service anywhere. In addition to full-scale super-priority production orders for the R.A.F., the Group is meeting a huge demand for Hunters from NATO : the recent $182,000,000 order is the largest U.S. off-shore order yet placed for aircraft. This great fighter is also on order for Holland, Belgium, Sweden and Denmark.



Hawker Siddeley Group

18 St. James's Square, London, S.W.1

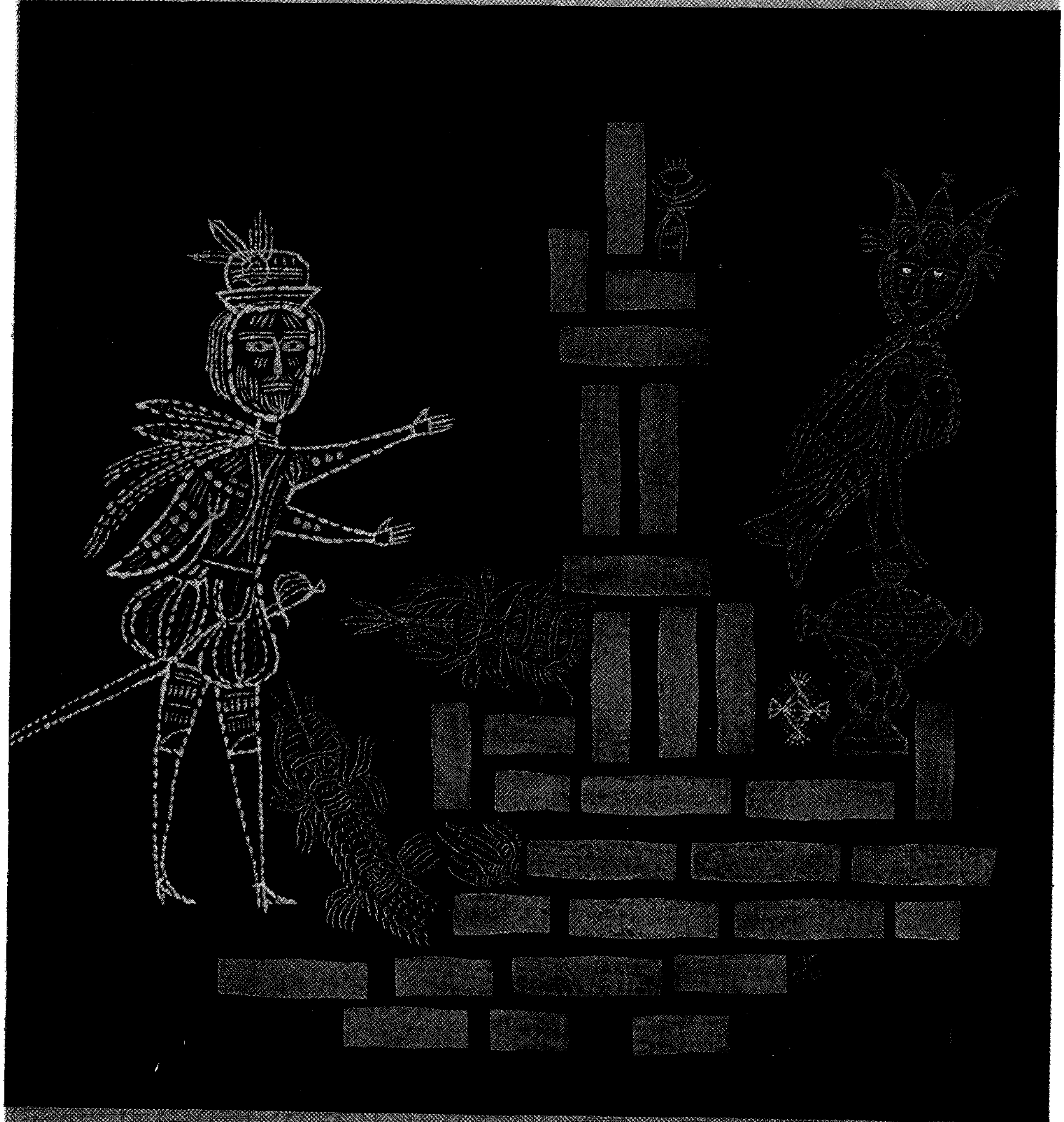
PIONEER . . . AND WORLD LEADER IN AVIATION

A. V. ROE • GLOSTER • ARMSTRONG WHITWORTH • HAWKER • AVRO CANADA • ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY
HAWKSLEY • BROCKWORTH ENGINEERING • AIR SERVICE TRAINING • HIGH DUTY ALLOYS

Shakespeare ON CONFIDENCE & COURAGE

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

(MEASURE FOR MEASURE / 1604)



GREAT IDEAS OF WESTERN MAN *one of a series*
artist: JOSEPH LOW

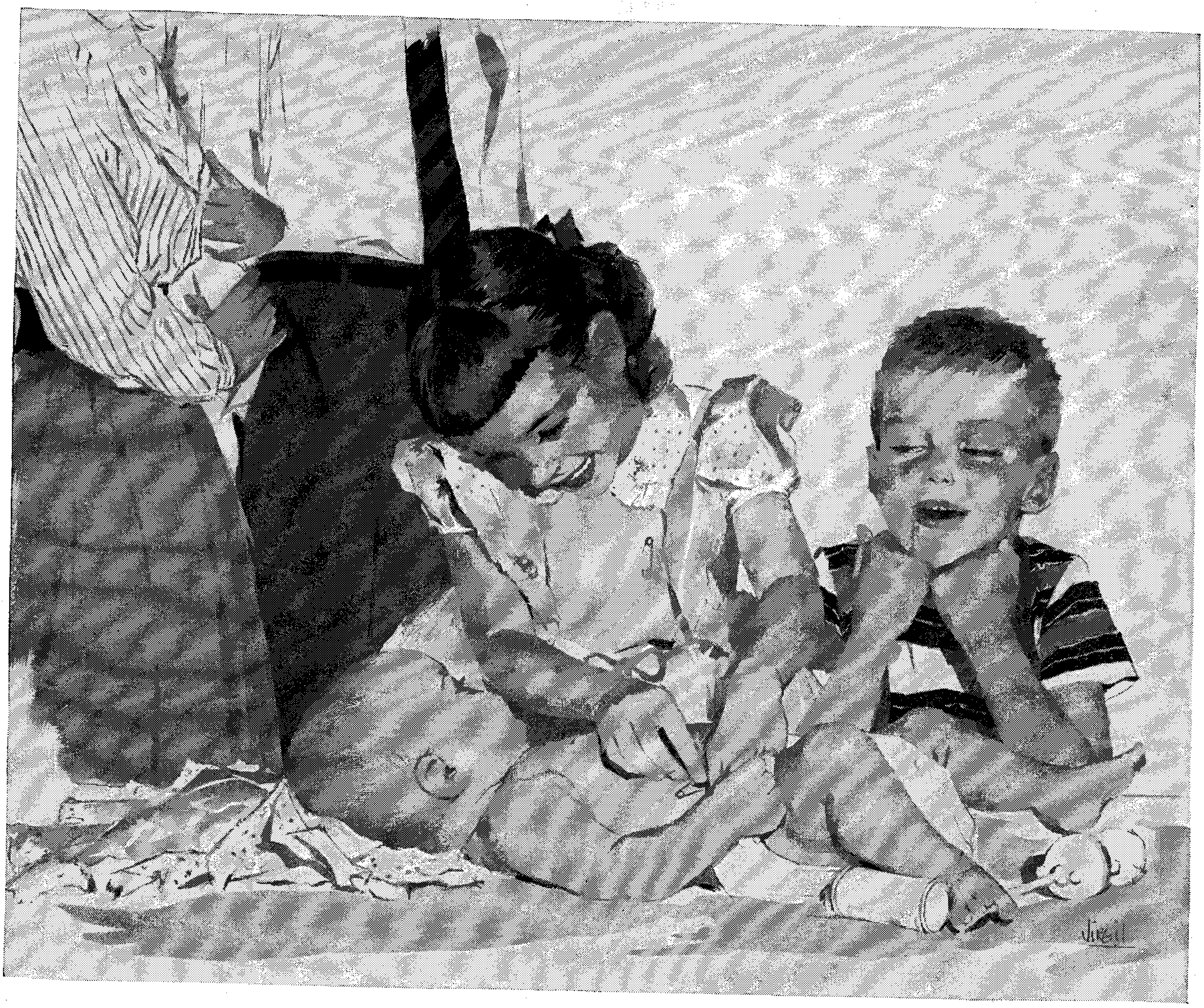
CONTAINER CORPORATION *of* AMERICA

wonderful Worumbo

Wonderful
Worumbo
Woolen

© Worumbo Mfg. Co. '54
Accessories by Saks Fifth Avenue

W . . . stands for wonderful
—just ANYthing
labeled "Worumbo"!
Witness this plush wool . . .
mink-collared elegance . . .
tailored by **Krull Brothers.**
At all fine stores or
write to Worumbo,
1407 Broadway, N. Y. 18.



Nowadays, the bees are strictly for the birds

In former days, when parents were
inclined to be tyrannical,
The facts of life, tradition held,
were told in terms botanical.
(And, when disclosed, quite seldom brought
about effects galvanical.)

Today, there's little subterfuge—
no talk of bees or featherness.
The family climate's healthier, with
a warm and sunny weatherness
That comes from interests shared—from what
might best be termed "togetherness."

To face the economic facts
of life with some profundity
And build a selling volume that
develops real rotundity,
You now must reach the *family* as
the source of sales fecundity.

Today, one magazine—McCall's—
is edited exclusively
To comprehend all interests of
the family unobtrusively
(Which may be why its advertisers
praise it so effusively!)

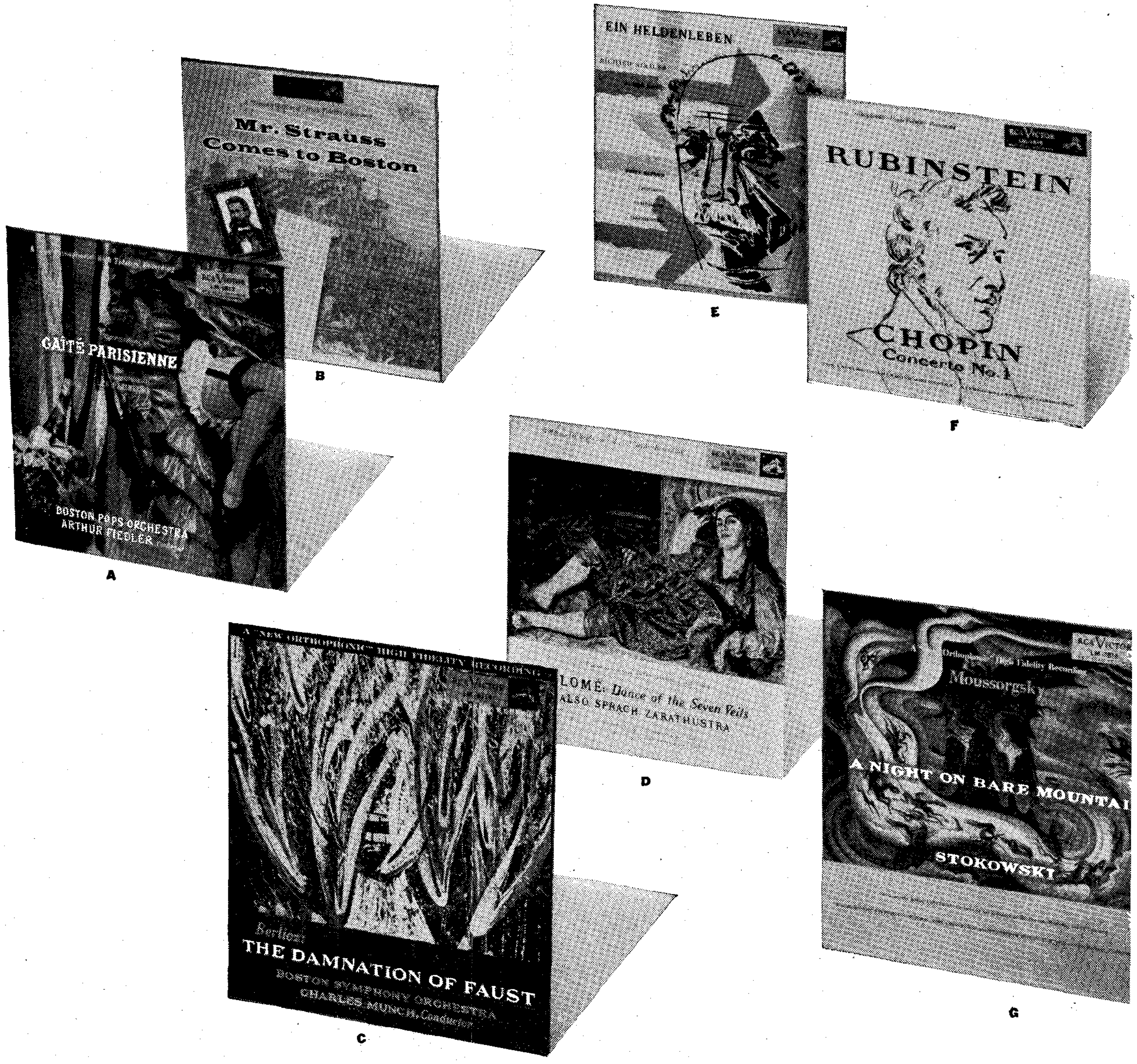
McCall's

Greatest news in the world of music!

NO SOUND ESCAPES YOU

on RCA Victor
High Fidelity recordings

Now you can hear *all* the music . . . in all of these albums. Most are recorded with exclusive "New Orthophonic" sound—the highest fidelity ever achieved on records. Hear them . . . you'll never be satisfied with less.


Mr. Strauss Comes to Boston
B
GAÎTÉ PARISIENNE
BOSTON POPS ORCHESTRA
ARTHUR FIEDLER
A
EIN HELDENLEBEN
E
RUBINSTEIN
CHOPIN
Concerto No. 1
F
LOME: Dance of the Seven Veils
ALSO SPRACH ZARATHUSTRA
D
A NEW ORTHOPHONIC HIGH FIDELITY RECORDING
Berlioz
THE DAMNATION OF FAUST
BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
CHARLES MUNCH, Conductor
C
Moussorgsky
A NIGHT ON BARE MOUNTAI
STOKOWSKI
G

M
TOSCANINI
Plays Your Favorites
L
ARTURO TOSCANINI
SCHUBERT SYMPHONY No. 9
K
THE BALLET
N
TOSCANINI
CONDUCTS WAGNER
J
Pictures at an Exhibition
With Love from a Chorus
O
A HIGH FIDELITY RECORDING
VERDI : FALSTAFF
ARTURO TOSCANINI
H
An Adventure in High Fidelity
A "New Orthophonic" High Fidelity Recording
P

A. *Offenbach: Gaîte Parisienne. Meyerbeer: Les Patineurs. *Boston Pops, Fiedler. Long Play, $5.95*

B. *Mr. Strauss Comes to Boston. *Boston Pops, Fiedler. Long Play, $5.95*

C. *Berlioz: Damnation of Faust. *Boston Symph., Munch. Long Play, $17.85*

D. *R. Strauss: Salomé: Dance of the Seven Veils. Also Sprach Zarathustra. *Chicago Symph.; Reiner. Long Play, $5.95; "45 EP" $5.72*

E. *Richard Strauss in High Fidelity: Ein Heldenleben. *Chicago Symphony, Reiner. Long Play, $5.95; "45 EP", $5.72*

F. *Chopin: Piano Concerto No. 1. *Rubinstein: Los Angeles Phil., Wallenstein. Long Play, $5.95; "45 EP", $5.72*

G. *Moussorgsky: A Night on Bare Mountain. Prelude, Dance of the Persian Maidens, Entr'acte (Khovantchina). Glière: Russian Sailors' Dance, Rimsky-Korsakoff: Russian Easter Overture. Borodin: In the Steppes of Central Asia. *Stokowski and his Symph. Orch. Long Play, $5.95*

H. Verdi: Falstaff *(complete). NBC Symph., Toscanini. Long Play, $17.85*

I. *Moussorgsky: Pictures at an Exhibition. Franck: Psyché and Eros. *NBC Symph., Toscanini. Long Play, $5.95*

J. Toscanini Conducts Wagner. *NBC Symph., Toscanini. Long Play, $11.90*

K. *Schubert: Symphony No. 9. *NBC Symph., Toscanini. Long Play, $6.95*

L. *Toscanini Plays Your Favorites. *NBC Symph., Toscanini. Long Play, $5.95*

M. *The Great Music Themes of Television. *Hugo Winterhalter's Orch. Long Play, $4.19*

N. The Ballet. *Boston Pops, Fiedler; Stokowski and his Symph. Orch., Toscanini, NBC Symph.; Boston Symph., Munch; Members of the Boston Symph., Monteux. Long Play, $19.95*

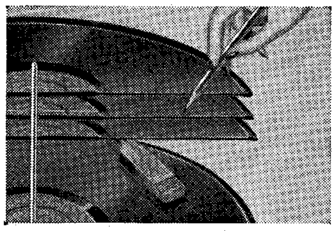
O. *With Love From a Chorus. *Robert Shaw Chorale, Shaw. Long Play, $5.95*

P. *An Adventure in High Fidelity. *Members of NBC Symph., Bennett, Long Play, $6.95*

*"New Orthophonic" High Fidelity
Prices shown suggested list, incl. Fed. Excise Tax. Add local tax.

GRUVE/GARD

EXCLUSIVE RAISED RIMS AND CENTERS PROTECT THESE RCA VICTOR RECORDS

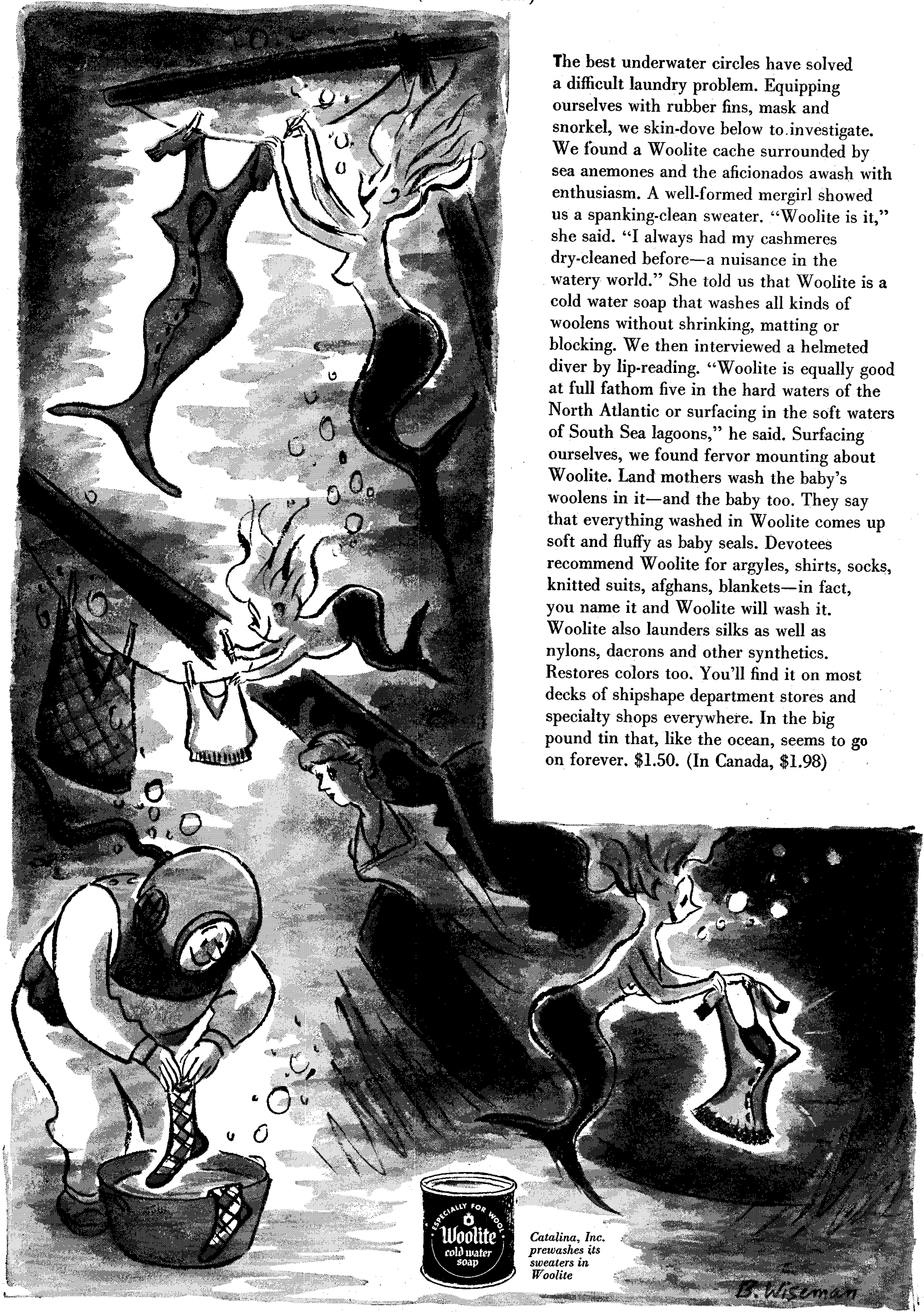


Protects on the player when records are stacked • Easier and safer to handle • Protects grooves in and out of sleeves. You'll recognize Gruve/Gard by the raised rims and center on Long Play . . . raised centers on "45's" and "45 EP's"

RCA VICTOR
FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC

RCA ®
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

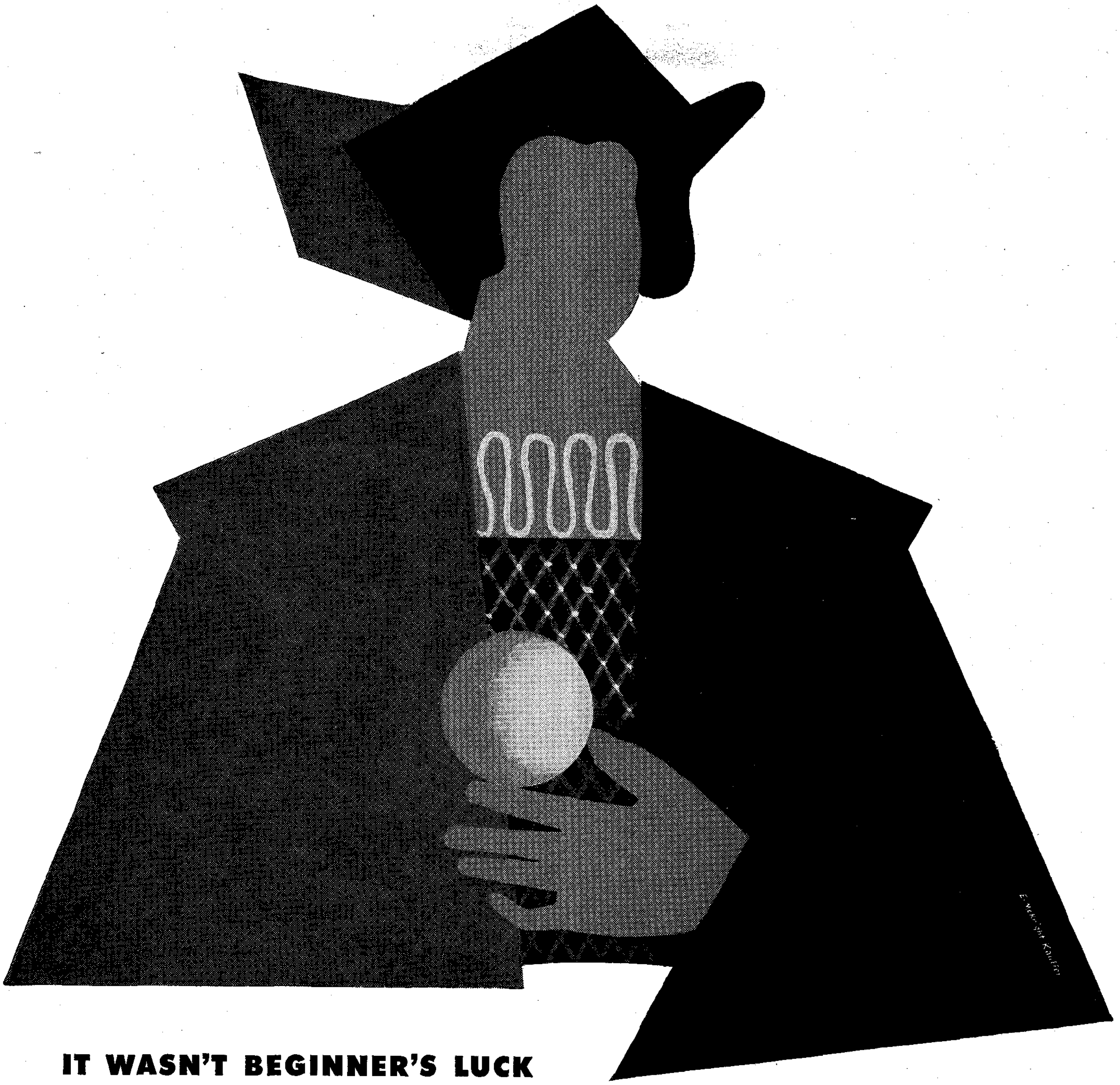
(*Advertisement*)



The best underwater circles have solved a difficult laundry problem. Equipping ourselves with rubber fins, mask and snorkel, we skin-dove below to investigate. We found a Woolite cache surrounded by sea anemones and the aficionados awash with enthusiasm. A well-formed mergirl showed us a spanking-clean sweater. "Woolite is it," she said. "I always had my cashmeres dry-cleaned before—a nuisance in the watery world." She told us that Woolite is a cold water soap that washes all kinds of woolens without shrinking, matting or blocking. We then interviewed a helmeted diver by lip-reading. "Woolite is equally good at full fathom five in the hard waters of the North Atlantic or surfacing in the soft waters of South Sea lagoons," he said. Surfacing ourselves, we found fervor mounting about Woolite. Land mothers wash the baby's woolens in it—and the baby too. They say that everything washed in Woolite comes up soft and fluffy as baby seals. Devotees recommend Woolite for argyles, shirts, socks, knitted suits, afghans, blankets—in fact, you name it and Woolite will wash it. Woolite also launders silks as well as nylons, dacrons and other synthetics. Restores colors too. You'll find it on most decks of shipshape department stores and specialty shops everywhere. In the big pound tin that, like the ocean, seems to go on forever. $1.50. (In Canada, $1.98)

Catalina, Inc. prewashes its sweaters in Woolite

HONEY HARBOUR CO., LTD., 175 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK. 10732 RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA



IT WASN'T BEGINNER'S LUCK

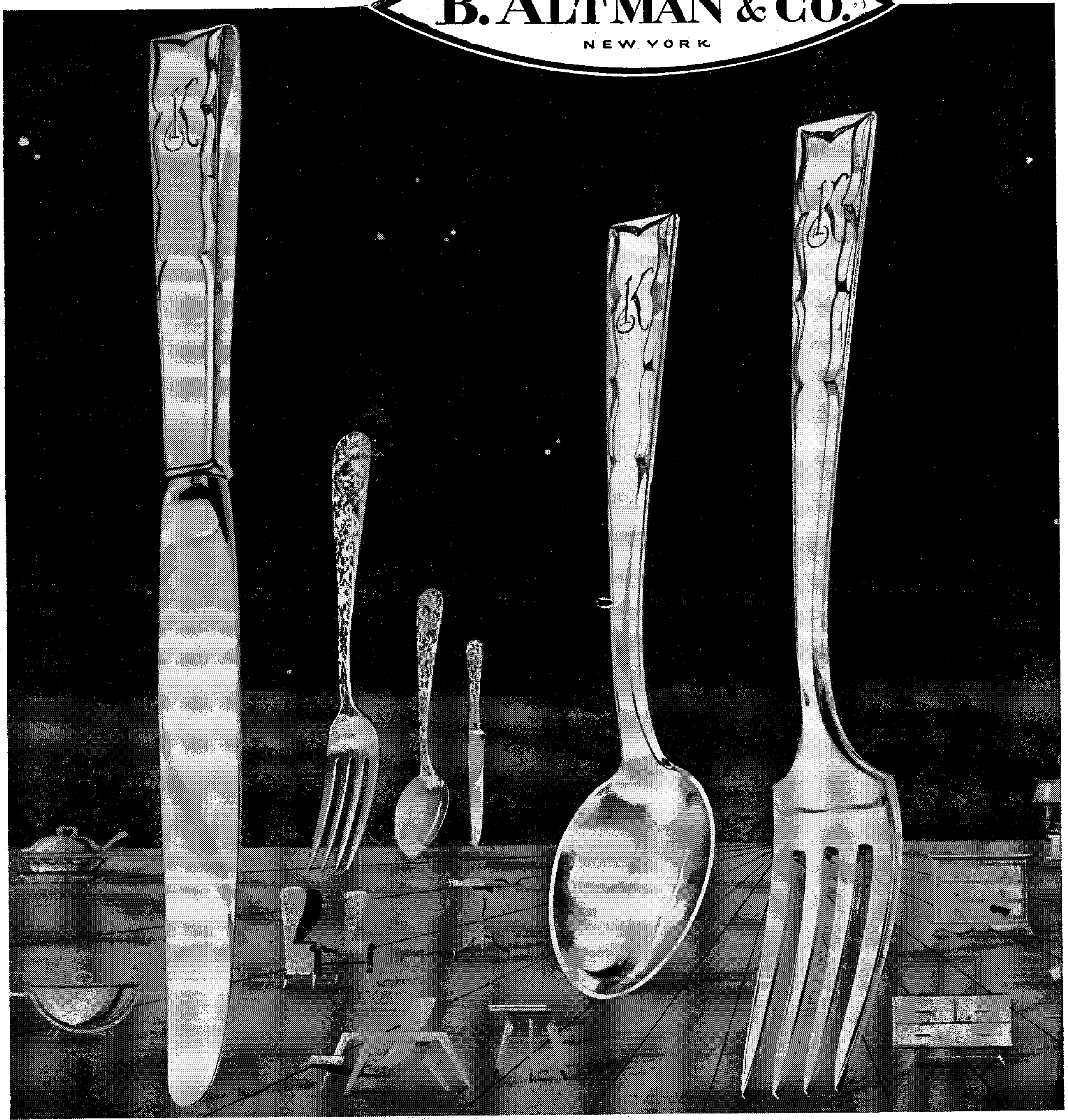
What made Columbus suddenly change his course just before sighting the New World? If he hadn't, he'd have missed San Salvador completely. Whatever it was, we have proof that Columbus was more than just a lucky sailor. Witness his feats of navigation with only a primitive compass. Or the astonishing accuracy of his landfall on the trip home in 1496.

Accuracy, as Rand McNally knows well, isn't luck. It's a matter of experience and skill. The many years we've spent as expert map makers are reflected in the accuracy of all our printing services. In our catalogs and works of reference for banks. In our authoritative textbooks. And in our delightful books for boys and girls.

RAND McNALLY

PUBLISHERS • PRINTERS • MAP MAKERS • ESTABLISHED 1856 • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • NASHVILLE • SAN FRANCISCO • WASHINGTON

FIFTH AVENUE
B. ALTMAN & CO.
NEW YORK



Skylark by Kirk . . . the newest pattern by America's oldest silversmith . . . fine, heavy sterling, beautiful in quality and design.

Altman's sees it as an important contemporary fashion and heirloom of tomorrow, just as the famous Kirk Repousse, a fashion for over a hundred years, is a classic of today. Skylark 6-pc. place setting, 29.75 including 10% Federal tax. Skylark serving pieces, magnificent gift ideas, in a range of prices.

Altman silver, fourth floor . . . and at White Plains and Manhasset

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

OUR recent paragraph on Martini-mixing has caused a doctor to send in word that he mixes his in a chemical device known as a volumetric apparatus, which shows measurement in cubic centimetres. He uses 200 cc. gin to 50 cc. vermouth on weekday nights, and 250 cc. gin to 50 cc. vermouth on weekends. Birthdays, wedding anniversaries, and days on which children of the household sprout new teeth go at the weekend rate. The children get 250 cc. ginger ale to 50 cc. grenadine.

Paper Tide

THE first Annual Conference on Records Management was held here a couple of weeks ago, under the auspices of the New York University Graduate School of Business Administration and the National Records Management Council, both of which are distressed by the amount of paperwork that American business has got bogged down in of late years and both of which are determined to do something to cut down and control all that weedlike white stuff. Having got bogged down in paperwork ourself, we missed the conference, but we managed to show up a few days afterward at the Council headquarters, where we were given a bracing lecture by Robert A. Shiff, president of the National Records Management Council and adjunct professor of Records Management and Archives Administration at New York University. (We were too polite to say "Physician, heal thyself" to Shiff, but we thought it. *Our* first step in cutting down paperwork would be to cut down titles.) A cheerful go-getter, fourteen years out of graduate school at Columbia and just reaching his full paper weight, Mr. Shiff let us have the bad news the moment we sat down. "The trouble with us is we're a nation of squirrels," he said. "Always collecting bits and scraps of paper and always afraid to get rid of them. Always hoarding and boarding millions of dollars in useless paper. Let me give you a few statistics. Do you know that there are eight million clerical workers in the country today? That the clerical population of the country is growing five times as fast as the total population? That since 1940 the clerical population has jumped sixty-four per cent? That a hundred and seventy-five billion pieces of paper are used annually by office workers? That there are an estimated trillion two hundred and fifty billion pieces of paper in storage today?" To each of these portentous questions, we meekly shook our head, and then we asked Shiff what he and his Council intend to do about the problem. "We've embarked on a paperwork-control crusade," he said at once, in a voice so vibrant that a nearby light fixture suddenly started to sway. "Scientific records management is a brand-new concept. There probably aren't five hundred people in the country trained and equipped to stem the tide of paper that threatens to swamp us. It's the Council's aim to train more and more of these skilled lifeguards. They're not just clerks or office managers, mind you. They're executives, they're topside management, they're men who keep the big dollar in mind."

When we had finished drawing a big dollar sign in our notebook, Mr. Shiff went on to say that the Council was formed in 1948, as a nonprofit organization. The Rockefeller Foundation gave it a leg up at first, but it has since become self-sustaining. "Better this way," Shiff said. "Gives us initiative. Not that there's anything wrong with getting a Rockefeller grant. Great family, the Rockefellers." The Council's task force consists of two clerical workers and twenty-six records experts and archivists, who are farmed out to conduct records surveys, and do research and counselling. Two experts are currently in Venezuela, straightening out the files of an oil company there; two are straining Campbell's Soup; and three others have just emerged from a three-month-long safari through the dusty files of C.B.S. "Our people actually go into attics and basements and do the dirty work of clearing out records," Shiff said. "They stay there till the last excess piece of paper has been thrown away. Then they work out systems for either storing the vital papers that remain or filing them electronically or putting them on microfilm. It's astonishing what turns up in some of these old files—stockings, pop bottles, stale doughnuts. One of our archivists handed in a report on the files of a local title company, and listed among the items in the files was 'Body, one, human, dead.' Gave me a terrible turn. I learned later that the archivist had come on an old coffee can full of human ashes, which had been left among the records of an estate. Sometimes it happens that a company doesn't know the exact date of its founding until we run across it somewhere. In making a survey for a big chemical company, we discovered the first cashbook kept by the founder, back in 1802. That kind of record we recommend preserving, of course. We hate idle paper, but we respect history." Shiff said that the recent conference endorsed half a dozen top-level, big-dollar suggestions for reducing paperwork, in-

cluding a plan to keep certain records from coming into being in the first place. He showed us a letter of congratulation on the conference; it was signed by an executive of the Newport News Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Co., and we swear on a stack of India-paper Bibles that the fellow's last name was Files.

•

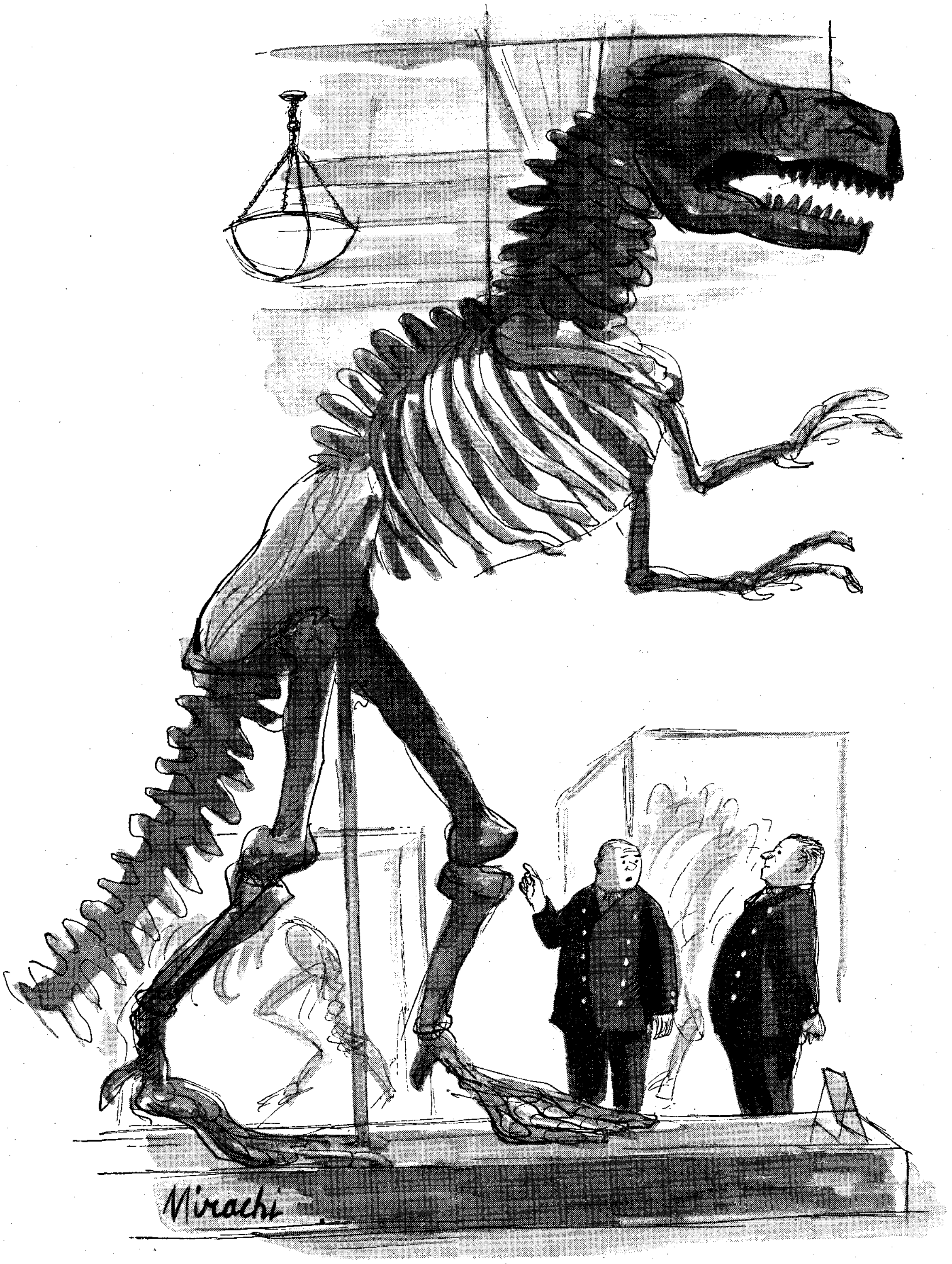
TERRITORIAL INTELLIGENCE: On the escalator of Liberty House, one of the largest department stores in Honolulu, is a sign that says, "Persons with pets, baby carriages, or bare feet please use the elevator."

Producer

WITH another theatrical season happily upon us, it seemed fitting to have a chat with Roger L. Stevens, the real-estate man, who was Broadway's busiest producer last year, as well as chairman of the executive committee of the Empire State Building, and who recently sold out his Empire State holdings to be able to devote more time to the stage. We cornered him last week at 1545 Broadway, a building on Duffy Square—right opposite the Orpheum Dance Palace—that shelters the Playwrights' Company, of which Stevens is a member; the Producers' Theatre, of which he is president; the City Investing Company, a theatre-owning corporation, of which he is a director; ANTA, of which he is treasurer; and the Victoria Theatre, a movie house owned by the aforementioned City Investing Company.

At the moment of our call, Stevens' many-faceted hat was hanging in the Producers' Theatre office, on the sixth floor and down the hall from the Playwrights' headquarters. He told us he'd take up the shows he's now a producer, or part producer, of, in some kind of orderly fashion, provided he could remember them all. The first, of course, is "All Summer Long," a Playwrights' venture already unveiled. (Stevens, a man noted for his diffidence, mislaid his topcoat at its première and was too shy to raise a fuss about it, but a theatre employee found it, and he got it back a day or two later.) Next on his agenda—his Playwrights' agenda, to keep things reasonably straight—will be "The Traveling Lady," which is due in town October 27th. "I think it's going to be a real sleeper," he said. "I hope it'll do for Kim Stanley what 'Come Back, Little Sheba' did for Shirley Booth. We're about to go into rehearsal with Max Anderson's adaptation of 'The Bad Seed.' And after that comes 'Once Upon a Tailor,' a natural for Oscar Karlweis if I ever saw one. Only he won't be available till December, so we have to wait.

"Now for the Producers' Theatre shows. Let me see. First, there's the Jean Arthur 'Saint Joan.' We've already opened that in Washington, but we've got a cross-country road tour



"On rainy days, I always get this pain right through here."

set up before we bring it to New York, and it won't reach here till spring, probably. It's going to be quite a sensational deal. And after that comes the new Odets play, 'The Flowering Peach,' which is supposed to go into rehearsal sometime this month. I don't know too much about that one, because I haven't had time to read the script yet. It's a very long script. All these are definites. The Producers' Theatre is likely to put on one or two other plays this year, but those are definitely indefinites."

The phone rang, and Stevens excused himself. "I understand you're the richest man in the world," we heard him say to the party on the other end. "Is the deal still cooking? . . . Any change in the figures? . . . Is the million-dollar mortgage available? . . . I might make the deal. Goodbye."

We asked if there were any other indefinites. "Well, you never can tell about Elmer Rice," Stevens replied affectionately. "Elmer's liable to walk in here any day and say, 'I've just written a play,' and lay it down in front of you. There *is* another definite, though. On my own, I'm co-producing Christopher Fry's 'The Dark Is Light Enough,' with Katharine Cornell. I thought it was by far the best thing I saw in London this spring, so I picked up the rights, and then it turned out she wanted to do it, too, and we got together on a deal. We're putting that in rehearsal on October 17th, but there's a long road tour scheduled and we won't hit Broadway till around February. I guess that about covers it."

A dark-haired girl stuck her head in the door, and Stevens snapped his fingers. "What am I saying!" he said. He introduced the girl, Miss Lyn Austin, and went on, apologetically, "The Producers' Theatre is also co-producing a show with Lyn, who works with me, and with *her* co-producer, Tom Noyes. It's 'Portrait of a Lady,' with Jennifer Jones, at the ANTA Playhouse, which is owned by the American Academy of Dramatic Arts."

"You involved in *that*?" we asked hoarsely.

"I'm a trustee," he said.

"Any big new real-estate deals on the fire?" we asked.

"Unfortunately not," he said, apparently having dismissed his phone conversation as small-time. "I've been too busy frittering my time away."

Miss Austin said, "Somebody was saying to me that if a bomb dropped on 1545 Broadway, where would the theatre be?"

Stevens grinned wanly and escorted us to the foyer. "My major preoccupation now is trying to get the elevator here converted to self-service," he said.

A gray-haired, matronly woman, presumably an actress, grabbed his sleeve and asked if she couldn't please make an appointment with him for an audition.

"I'm afraid I don't handle casting," Stevens told her, with obvious relief.

Identical Twins

GOING out to a dinner party, the parents of eleven-year-old twins, Helen and Isabelle, left them unattended for the first time and told them to write a report of the evening's activities before they went to bed. This netted the old people the following communication:

DEAR MOM AND DAD:
Isabelle ate up all the ice cream in the freezer and didn't give me any. There is a scratch on the new table. Isabelle scratched it with her skate key. I did my homework but Isabelle didn't. Isabelle put on your black evening gown and tore the bottom. I was a good girl.

HELEN

and, at the bottom of it:

DEAR MOM AND DAD:
Vice versa.

ISABELLE

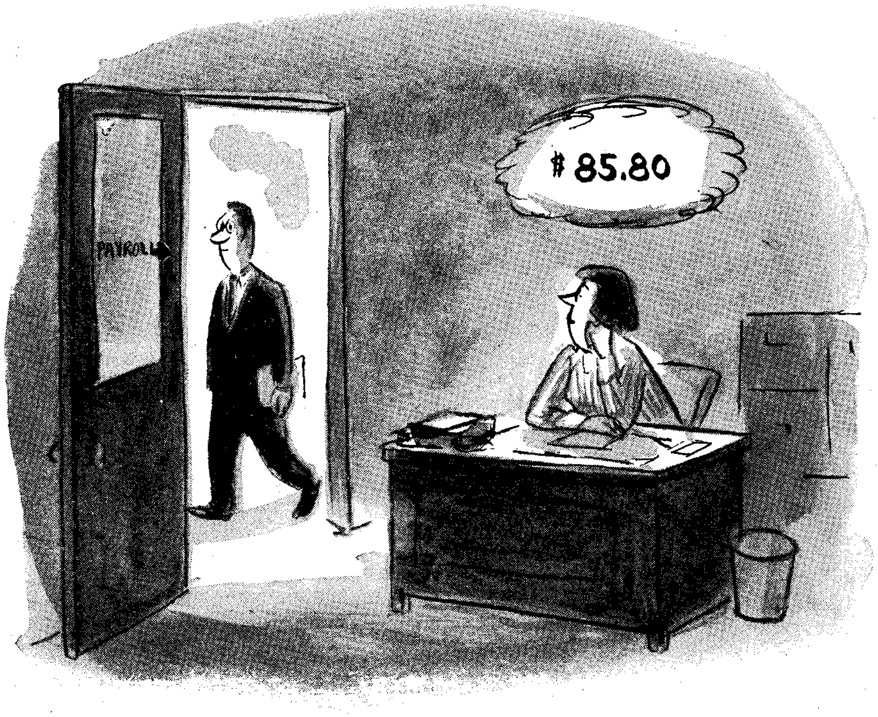
Bond

G. S. HARVALE & Co., we discovered recently, is a local firm specializing in the manufacture and sale of old-school ties, but, there not being enough tie-conscious old-school men to keep a firm solvent, Harvale also makes club, university-club, fraternal-organization, corporation, trade-association, and labor-union ties. Indeed, if Harvale had its way, every man in the land would be going around with the badge of some group or other proudly adorning his shirt front. One afternoon last week, we visited Harvale, which has its executive offices at 100 Fifth Avenue and its factory in a building right across the street, and in an anteroom, one wall of which was covered by rack upon rack of meaningful haberdashery, we were greeted by George A. Finck, Harvale's president. Mr. Finck said he was Yale '41, and that his partner when he went into the business, in 1949, was Sheldon Dietz, Harvard '41—whence the name Harvale. Mr. Dietz has since dropped out. Almost before we knew it, Mr. Finck had informed us that some of his regular customers are Groton, St. Mark's, the Brook, the National Association of Watch and Clock Collectors, almost any club or fraternity you could name at any of the Ivy League colleges, the Teamsters Union, the Carlstadt (New Jersey) Pistol Club, the Marine Midland Trust Company of New York, General Electric, the Players, Socony-Vacuum Oil, the Gulph Mills Golf Club, of Philadelphia, and *Look*—as bewildering a variety of old schools as we could have imagined. "Our idea is to democratize the old-school tie," said Mr. Finck. "Of course," he added, shooting us a sober look, "we never sell any of these ties to an individual who does not have proper authorization to wear it. You can be *too* democratic."

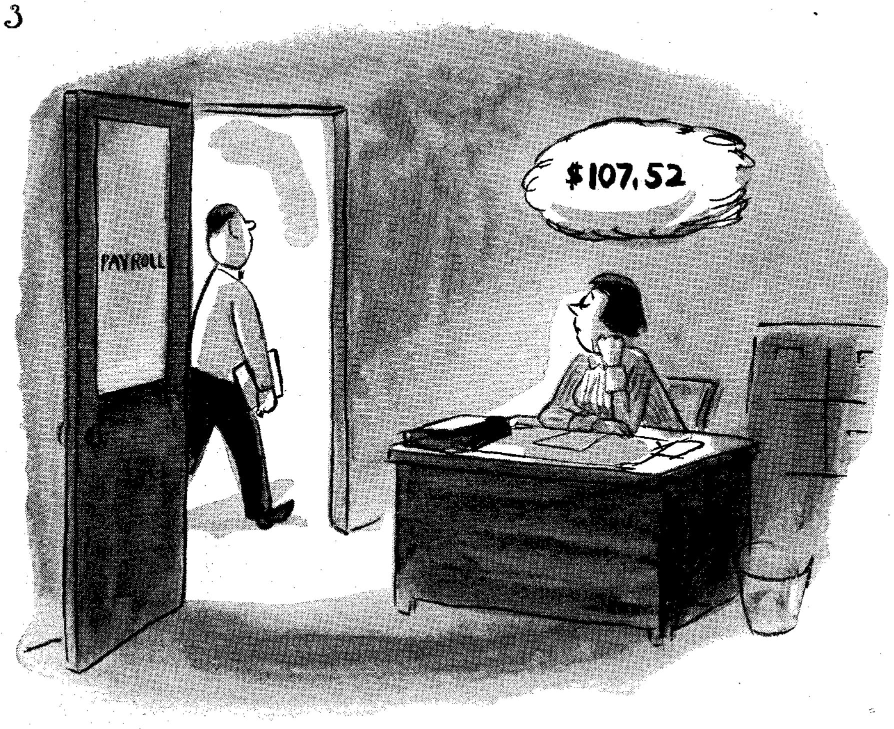
Mr. Finck told us that breaking into the business of supplying ties to conservative clubs, university clubs, and preparatory schools had not been as sticky as one might suppose. "Perfectly frankly, a good many clothing manufacturers give that trade a wide berth," he explained. "It's inclined to be rather troublesome. You've got to get your dyes just right, and no mistake. Accidentally vary one color the slightest shade from the way it's always been, and you've got a board-of-directors meeting on your hands. Colonial Club, at Princeton, for example, insisted—as it has a right to—on a certain dull gold for one of the stripes on its tie. When we finally hit the right gold, after about a year's experimentation and over a hundred phone calls back and forth, Colonial was so delighted that we gave it a huge, uncut swatch of the material, and Colonial stored it away in a dark room, for posterity." Mr. Finck told us that practically all clubs, undergraduate or otherwise, want the traditional striped design. One of his hardest recent jobs was to reproduce the striped tie of Cheltenham, which is the old school of Arthur Tuckerman, author of a current book entitled "The Old School Tie." Macmillan, Tuckerman's publishers, wanted it in order to help promote the book, and the difficulty was that the only model on hand was Tuckerman's own tie, which was badly frayed and faded from long and loyal wear. "We finally made it," Mr. Finck said.

We pressed Mr. Finck for information on industrial firms' "school" ties. Who designs them? Who wears them, and under what circumstances? Well, he said, Harvale's art department designs most of them, in consultation with the companies. Reaching over to one of the racks, he handed us several industrial ties, including du Pont (dark blue, with small red ovals bearing the company's name); Socony-Vacuum (blue, with a repeating motif of flying red horses); R.C.A. (black, with a repeating motif of the His Master's Voice dog in gold); and *Look* (an open magazine, with the imperative word "LOOK" here and there). Only one industrial firm—Scovill, a brass-fabricating outfit in Connecticut—has ever demanded the traditional stripes, instead of some more progressive design. Why Scovill hewed to the old line, Mr. Finck doesn't presume to guess. As for the uses of industrial ties, Mr. Finck said that they are widely worn at sales conventions and district meetings, and are often used by company executives as Christmas presents for good customers, and even friends. The reception they get from the friends varies. "We keep hearing stories that our ties, by being noticed on trains and airliners, have served as the entering wedge for important business deals," Mr. Finck said. "It pleases me to think that we're increasing the amount of good will in the world."

1



3



Portent

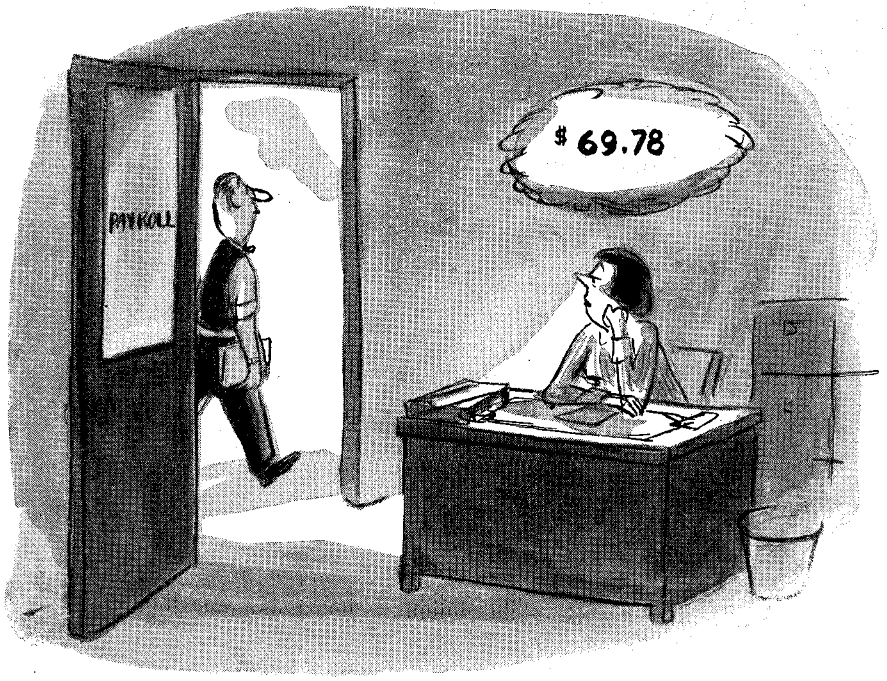
A LADY taking an afternoon stroll in the Village the other Sunday stopped to look in the window of one of those jewelry shops whose merchandise is made of wire, twisted bits of metal, colored glass, and the like. The window was given over to a variety of wedding rings of unusual shapes and sizes. An elderly gentleman walked up to it, gazed briefly at its contents, and remarked, "Those marriages won't last."

Van Kleffens

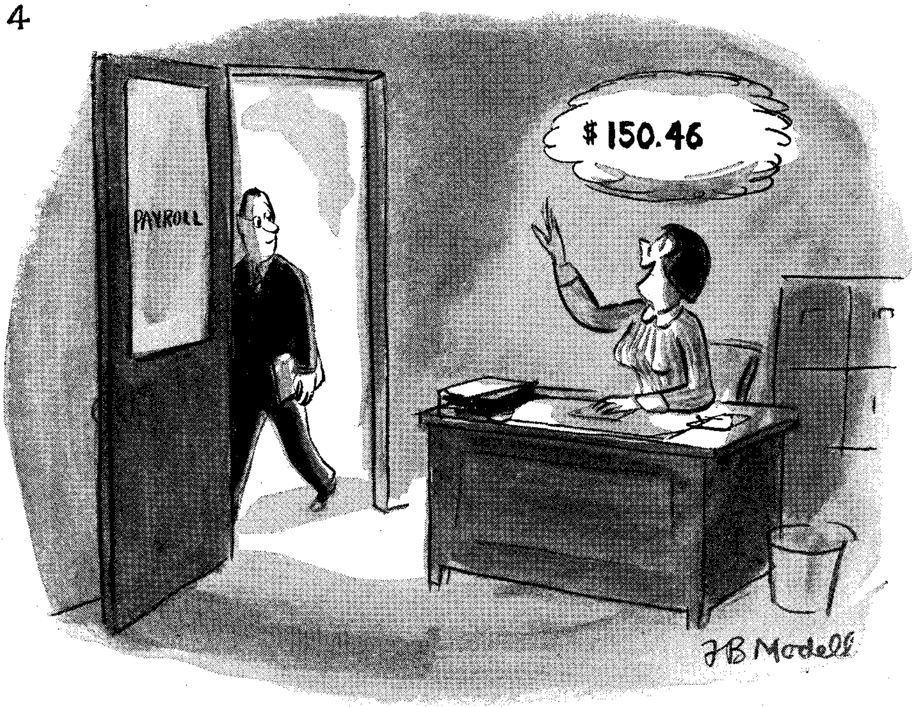
DR. EELCO NICOLAAS VAN KLEFFENS, the new president of the United Nations General Assembly, is an agile, slender man with china-blue eyes, an aquiline nose, long, aristocratic fingers, a high forehead, and a quick, penetrating gaze. We called on him last week in his office, overlooking the East River. "Would you call it plush?" he said. "I call it plush. It's the plushest office I've ever had." We sat down on a sofa with him, and learned that he hails from the village of Heerenveen, in Friesland, a northerly province of Holland whose original settlers were mentioned by Tacitus in the first century. "Friesland is to the Netherlands what Scotland is to England—a separate ethnic element," he said. "It has its own language and literature. Frisians came down the coast from Sweden. Some landed on the Danish islands in the North Sea. Others crossed the North Sea to the Lowlands of Scotland, where you find many of the same geographical and family names as in Friesland. The Earl of Wemyss and March, in Scotland, who is also Baron Elcho, belongs to the family from which I got my first name. We're not related, though. Frisians are stubborn, tenacious, and, if I may say so, intelligent and persevering. I think they are even honest. There has never been a Frisian of genius, but the general I.Q. is high."

We asked whether the Frisian language is similar to the Dutch, and Dr. van Kleffens asked us to be the judge. " 'Saturday' is '*Snjeon*' in Frisian and '*Zaterdag*' in Dutch," he said. " 'Horse' is '*paard*' in Dutch and '*hynder*' in Frisian. Our people are bilingual. They are trying to get the

2



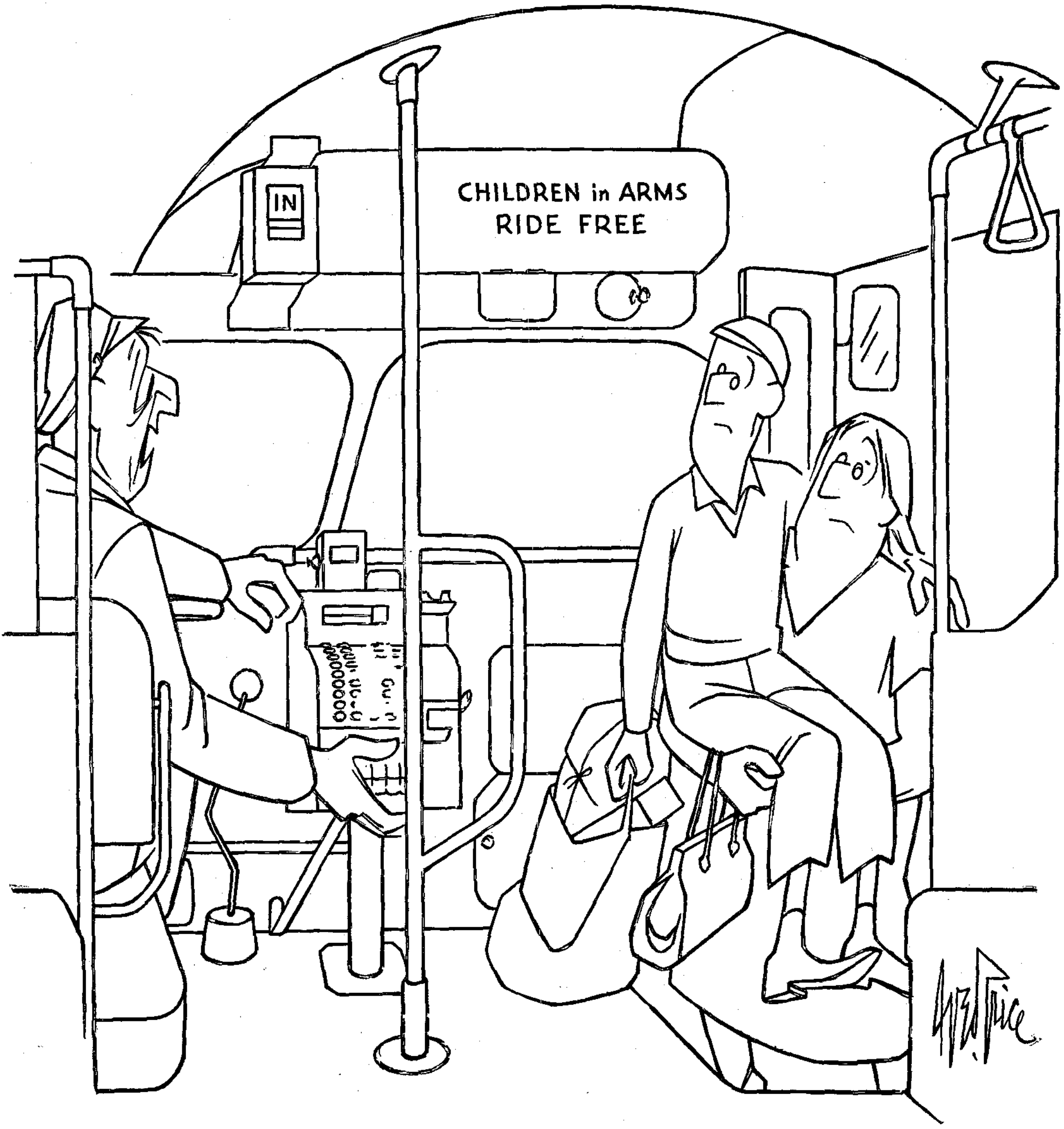
4



right to depose in court in Frisian." Dr. van K. comes of a legal family. His father, Henricus Cato van Kleffens, was Advocate General of the Arnhem District. The Doctor took a law degree at the University of Leyden in 1918, when he was twenty-four, with a thesis entitled "Relations Between the Netherlands and Japan, 1605-1918." "Years later, when I was in our Foreign Office in The Hague, the Japanese Minister invited me to lunch," he said. "I expected the usual well-attended diplomatic affair, but when I got there I found only the Minister and his wife. We had a drink of something or other, I kept looking for other guests, but we sat down *à trois*. I thought what the devil do they want—am I going to be adopted, or what? Well, at dessert the Minister coughed, mentioned my 1918 thesis, and asked whether I would permit it to be translated into Japanese. I said yes. He then pressed a button, and a servant came in with a translation. 'We have already done it,' the Minister said."

Before going into the Foreign Office, Dr. van Kleffens served in the Secretariat of the League of Nations and, for a couple of years, as secretary to the directorate of the Royal Dutch Shell Company, in London. "My friends were astonished when I gave up this job, which might have led to a fortune, for diplomacy, which doesn't," he said. "I said to myself, 'You live only once, and if you feel that something is better for your general happiness, why not do it?' In the summer of 1939, I was appointed Minister to Switzerland—a position I held for exactly ten days. I never got to Switzerland. For ten days, I packed my trunks and said goodbye to people. There was a Cabinet crisis during this period, and two hours before I was to start motoring to Berne the new Prime Minister said he and the Queen wanted me to be Foreign Minister." In 1945, he attended the San Francisco United Nations Charter Conference as chairman of the Netherlands delegation; the following year, he resigned as Foreign Minister to become the Dutch representative on the Security Council; eighteen months later, he became Ambassador to Washington. In 1950, in the interests of his wife's health, he asked to be relieved from this post, and he was transferred to a quieter one in Lisbon, as Minister to Portugal. This he still is, and there he will return in December, when the General Assembly ends its current session. "We have a little house in the country, twenty-five miles out of Lisbon," he said. "Weekends, I work in the garden and catch snails. I give lectures on sovereignty in Lisbon and at The Hague, and I got interested in the derivation of the word 'sovereign.' I traced it to '*superanus*,' late Latin and vulgar, which originally meant 'in a higher place.' Then it changed from geographical to having to do with social status and public authority. I had to do quite a lot of detective work to establish this. The Lisbon job leaves me with some time on my hands, and I hope to be put on an elastic that takes me to other places and snaps me back to Portugal from time to time." Besides being on the General Assembly presidency elastic, Dr. van Kleffens is his country's Minister of State, a lifetime office whose occupant acts as adviser to the Throne, and this snaps him to The Hague from time to time.

Dr. van K., who is at home in French, German, English, and Portuguese, as well as Dutch and Frisian, likes to read biography. He told us that he rather enjoys reading upside down in various languages. "My mother read


IN
CHILDREN in ARMS RIDE FREE

"Now look, lady, I've had a tough day."

• •

to me when I was a child," he said. "Like all small children, I made her read the same things over and over. I sat opposite her, checking on whether she did it right, and so I learned to read upside down, and I can still do it. When I was six, I read all about the Boer War in the newspapers upside down and from right to left. It gave me an interesting perspective on the war."

An assistant entered Dr. van Kleffens' office, and we rose to leave, but he motioned us back. "I used to love to sail," he said. "In 1929, some friends and I were sailing a thirty-five-foot boat in the Kattegat, off the coast of Sweden. We were riding at anchor behind a little island one midnight when a Swedish customs cutter approached us. Its officers thought we were smuggling liquor. We gave them each a tot of gin and a cigar. They left, and presently a second cutter joined us. We gave *its* crew a tot of gin and a cigar. Then a third cutter came, and we got the idea. We gave the crew a cigar apiece but no gin. A fourth boat joined us and we gave the crew nothing. The next morning, a more stylish-looking cutter appeared, and the head of the Swedish Customs Office stepped aboard. He apologized for the freeloaders, and asked us to dinner at the Swedish village of Stromstad. It was a splendid meal, with plenty of gin and cigars."

Dr. van Kleffens' assistant murmured something to him, and he told us he was due at a reception at Mr. Vishinsky's. "I went to Russia in 1913, when I was an impecunious law student," he said. "I'd signed on as carpenter's mate on the Bacchus, a merchant ship that took wine from Algiers to St. Petersburg and wood from St. Petersburg to Algiers. I spent six weeks in St. Petersburg and had a marvellous time." Before leaving, we besought him for a presidential word, and he said, "It cramps my style to be president, because I have opinions on many things and am by nature outspoken, but my first duty to the Assembly is impartiality and objectivity. I try to be brief in my speeches. I don't believe in chewing a thing over and repeating the same idea in several forms. Choose your words and you get much more impact. I like music and the theatre, but all these receptions don't leave me much time for them. I like the Italian kind of opera. I do not like Wagner. A set of expensive noises."

Grab Bag

WE don't ordinarily report illegal activities in this department—at least, not with admiration—but here's one that frankly fills us with awe. A Connecticut householder and the father of two, who is a Wall Street man accustomed to devise efficient production methods for big industry, tells us that he was faced some months ago with the challenge of demonstrating his efficiency as a Friday-night shopper in a suburban supermarket when his wife, busy with the children, begged him to assume this chore. For several weeks, he struggled up and down past the shelves and bins, wasting precious man-hours. Then, a few Fridays ago, inspiration seized him. He now enters the market and strides importantly up one aisle and down another like a bustling and busy officer of the company, judiciously surveying numerous shopping carts filled in varying degrees with groceries and parked untended by lady shoppers roaming distant reaches of the store. "When I find a cart filled with what I judge to be a week's groceries for a family of four, I'm off like a shot with it," he says. "Of course, I make certain that the coast is clear and that one of the check-out lines is short enough to get me out of the market without hazard or unpleasantness—being caught, for instance. It's a capital timesaver, and there's a tremendous element of surprise in what you buy that way. Damned exciting."

AN OLD COLLEGE CHUM

THE cab I took at Seventy-second and Second was driven by a lean, easy-smiling man of about my own age, which is getting along up there. Although he was not forcibly gabby, as so many hackies and quite a few passengers are, we did start talking. Perhaps I started the talk, making some remark about the Giants, because I'd been watching them on television alone in the house a few minutes before. I'd had nobody to make remarks to about some of the more startling plays, and it is almost impossible for me to watch a ball game, on television or in real life, without making remarks to somebody. There's no "perhaps" about it, I *did* start the talking, going over west on Seventy-second.

When we got down to Park and Fifty-fourth or Fifty-fifth, somewhere in there, a red light pulled us up, over near the island that's in the middle of Park, and there was a traffic policeman on duty there. It was drizzling some, and he had on his heavy black raincoat and his black rain hat. We were the front car in the stopped line of traffic, and so not far from the cop.

He was a fairly grim-faced cop, but when he glanced over and saw the man driving my cab he gave a big grin. "Hi!" he hollered to my cabby, as the crosstown traffic drifted by easy for a moment.

"Hi!" the hackie answered, leaning relaxed out the left-hand window. "How you doing?"

"O.K.," the cop answered. "How you making out these days?"

"Not too bad, not too bad," the cabby answered, and then the light went green, the cop waved us all on, and we started down Park again.

I could see the hackie looking at my reflection in the rear-vision mirror. I got the idea he was expecting me to say something.

"Friendly kind of cop," I said.

The driver laughed. He had an unobtrusive, easy laugh. "He's an old college chum of mine," he said.

I hadn't heard the expression "an old college chum" for years and years. It's an old-timey expression, but then, as I said, the driver and I seemed to be about the same age, neither one of us a kid.

"College?" I said.

"Well, that's a kind of a gag," the driver said. "I mean we graduated from the Police Academy together. Way back in 1923. Never forgot each other."

THAT stopped me for a few seconds, not wanting to be nosy. But I could see the hackie was still watching me in the rear-vision mirror, so I asked him how come he wasn't on the cops, too, or did he go on and retire or what?

"No," he said. "I almost got on the cops but I didn't." He quit smiling and laughing. He seemed to be figuring whether to go on or not, far as I could tell in the mirror, and then he half turned around as we stopped at another red light.

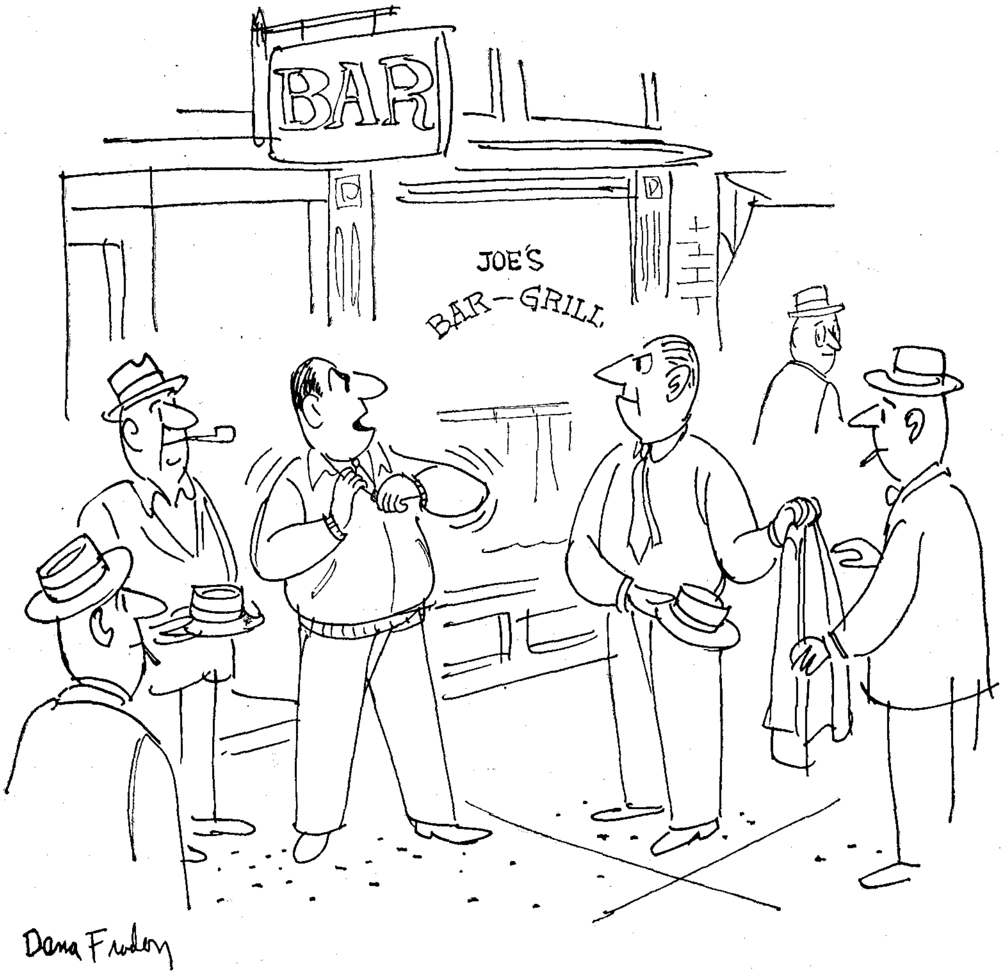
"You went into something else, huh?" I asked.

"I had to go into something else," he said. "But I wanted to go on the cops, like him. I lost out on going on the cops. It's a funny thing, what happened. I think of it every time I see him, and I guess he thinks about it, too. One day we talked about it, one dopey day, Labor Day I guess it was, hardly any traffic and I was riding empty. No use making any bones about it, it doesn't make any difference any more anyway. What happened was they found out I had a petty-larceny rap. A black mark on me. That ended me with them."

The way he talked, the hackie seemed neither resentful nor regretful either, merely thinking about it, brought to mind by the cop hollering "Hi!" The light changed, and we went on.

"I was only a kid and I was delivering groceries," the hackie said. "I went in a house with groceries, and there was nobody in the kitchen and I saw a watch on a table and I took it. Might as well say the truth, I stole it. It doesn't make any difference any more.

"I don't understand what small things a guy remembers when he gets to be our age," the driver said. "I remember it was what they call a 'gold-filled watch.' Course, I know that means the case was gold-filled, what I mean, only part gold. Why I remember is after they caught me and the time came they read out the charge on petty



"We'll have to settle this another time. My zipper's jammed."

larceny, the guy read out 'gold-filled watch' and I remember thinking then, kind of daffy, about a watch filled inside with gold instead of works.

"Well, that had nothing to do with it, it's only that I never forget about the gold-filled part. What the hell, I was only a kid when I did it.

"Thing was, when I took the examinations for the cops, I didn't put it down about the petty-larceny rap. I was a man then, and honest to God I forgot all about the watch thing that happened when I was only a kid.

"That was it. Maybe if I had put it down, they would have overlooked the whole thing. But they found out on their own hook, they look you up matter of routine, and they found out about the watch. From then on, it was no go with me. I made a good mark, too. I got an eighty-eight and two-tenths, it was. That cop you saw on Park, he got the highest in the class, or pretty near it, he got a ninety-two and something."

IT seemed to be my turn to speak, so I said, "And he's still on traffic, with a ninety-two and on the cops all this time since 1923?"

"That's the way it works out," the driver said. "Still on traffic, him, and still pushing a hack, me. That's what we were talking about that Labor Day or whenever it was we talked.

"Still and all, we aren't so bad off, either one of us, that's what we said that Labor Day or whenever it was. Funny thing, after all these years he seemed more sorer than I was after all these years about them holding that watch against me and not letting me get on the cops the way I wanted to get on. He said a couple of times it could have happened to any kid. Kids don't have to be bad to do a thing like that all of a sudden, take a watch from a kitchen table delivering groceries.

"You don't have to believe me. It doesn't make any difference whether you do or not. But honest to God, that watch was the only thing wrong I ever did in my whole life. No, I don't mean that, I did plenty things wrong, I mean that was the only thing illegal, stealing, I ever did in my whole life before the watch or since the watch. That cop up there'd tell you the same thing, never was in a jam, I mean a criminal jam you might say."

We were getting near where we were going in the cab, and the hackie stopped talking for a minute or so. I could see him grinning again in the rear-vision mirror.

"Oh, what the hell, it work out all right after all," he said, before we stopped at the curb, on West Forty-first. "That's what we said that Labor Day or whenever it was. He asked me did I still wished I had got on the cops and I told him sometimes I did, and what does he say but he sometimes see me go by and wished he was a hackie. Turns out I got a wife and family, two good kids, both boys growing up and I make out all right, and he got a wife and family, he got two girls and one boy and he says he's doing O.K. It work out all right when all is said and done."

—John McNulty

• •

NEW MUSEUM

Entering the new museum we feel first
The rubbery values of a doctor's walls,
Cinnamon, buff, gunmetal, rose of gray,
But these almost immediately fade away,
Leaving the windowless white light
That settles only on the works of art—
A far cry from the stained cathedrals where
Masterpieces crack in the bad air
Of candle grease, conversation, and prayer.
Ours is the perfect viewing atmosphere.

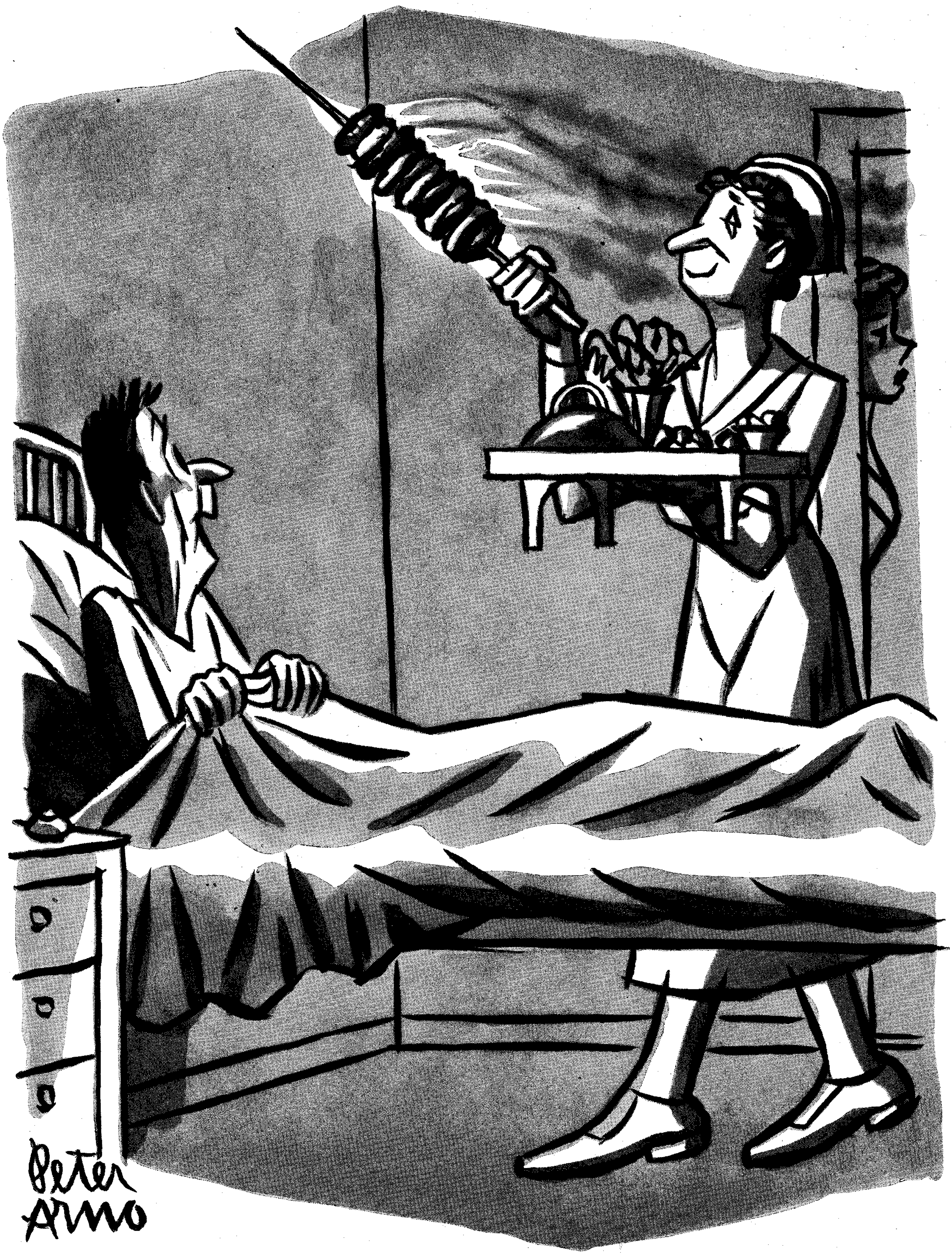
Walking around, we are much quieter here
Than in the great basilicas,
The great basilicas of Christendom.
Those freezing niches were the masters' home;
Our galleries warm us like a hotel room
Of cinnamon, powder blue, eggshell of rose,
And yet our painters paint as from a bruise,
The blues neither transparent nor opaque,
The blacks so dry they seem a dust of black.
These are the patterns which our feelings make.

They paint their images as if through smoke,
With now and then a falling coal of red
And now and then a yellow burst, like shock;
They paint the damaged tissue magnified,
The lower land, the structure of the thing;
They paint the darkened luminous optic lake
Through which our eyes, though blind,
See all the lines of force and points of stress
In the scientific field of dark.
These are the patterns which our feelings make.

There is such light in darkness that we see
Blueprints of dreams, child's play, prehistory,
And caves and Altamiras of the mind;
These painters kiss with open eyes to make
Miles of Picassos and the double nose.
Soothed by the blues and blacks, our eyes unclose
To drink great gulps of darkness in;
O skies that fall away time after time
Where tracers of emotion miss the mark
But leave the patterns which our feelings make!

These images have all come home like crows
That cross the hot wheat of the last van Goghs
And cross everything out;
His sorrow saw the thick-skinned peeling sun
Explode above the terrified sunflowers.
Our painters stumble through his private night,
Follow the weak shout of the electric light
Deeper into the caves and offices
Where doctors hang abstractions, blue and black.
These are the patterns which our feelings make.

—Karl Shapiro



"Does this mean I've been taken off liquids?"

A CHARMED LIFE

John Sinnott cut his hand trying to raise a stuck window in the downstairs bathroom. They had been established in their new-bought house a month, and John was still doing minor repairs. The summer tenant had left a row of cigarette burns on the upstairs-bathroom mantel, a big grease spot on the rug in the dining room (where he had spilled a platter of steak), a broken windowpane, an inkstain worthy, as Martha Sinnott said, of Martin Luther on her white writing desk. The tenant was a bachelor lawyer from New York, with a theatrical clientele, and he had paid a very good rent, Martha reminded John, who was inclined to fly into tempers and feel himself misused. You had to expect some breakage, said Martha virtuously. They, too, had broken things in their day, she pointed out, reciting an inventory of their own sins as tenants. But for John it was not the same thing. He declined to compare himself with a tenant who let his friends drive their cars all over the lawn and shoot at bottles when they had been drinking and fall into Martha's herb box, which she had planted in such a fever that spring, when they came up to get the house ready. John did not think that the fact that the tenant had left some liquor in the cabinet compensated for the damage. Nor did he think that the dining-room rug was the place to carve a steak, even though, as Martha pointed out, the table did wobble.

He was angry and he grew angrier all through September, as he came upon new scars and scratches, which he no longer mentioned to Martha, for it distressed her to be told of the tenant's misdeeds, partly for the tenant's sake and partly for John's—she feared he was becoming unbalanced. Ever since Labor Day—the day the tenant had vacated—things had not been right between them. Martha, it seemed, had constituted herself the tenant's advocate, finding excuses for him, palliating, appealing for clemency with big sorrowful brown eyes, like a regular little Portia. And in order to excuse the tenant she would gently indicate the house's drawbacks—the wobbling table, the erratic stove, the fact that she had not got around to making curtains for the bedroom. This, for John, was indefensible. He was a young man of passionate loyalties and he would hear no word against the house, any more than he would against Martha. He detested her habit of self-criticism; he wished her and hers to be invulnerable.

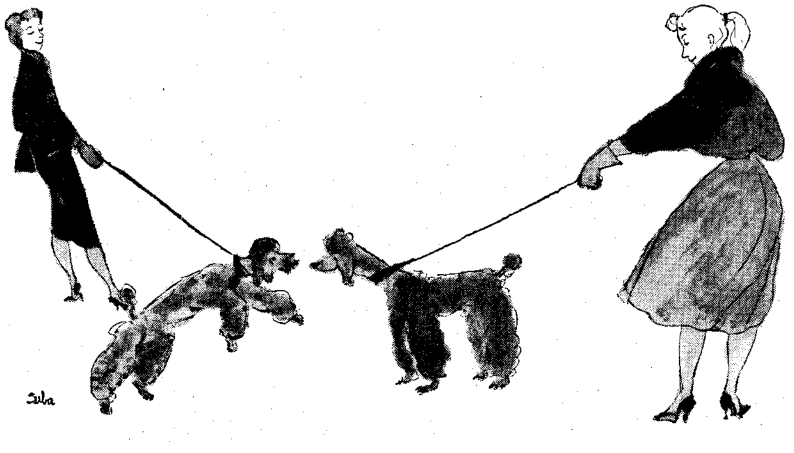
He detested it most of all when she was right, or partly right, as she was, he knew, about the tenant. But she did not understand, as if perversely, that his anger at the lawyer was necessary to him, and principally on her account: he could not bear that her house should be treated with contumely. For Martha was in a delicate situation. She ought never to have come back here—and both John and Martha knew it—to the village of New Leeds, which she had left seven years before, when she had run away with John.

The Sinnotts were a romantic couple. Strangers still glanced after them on the street, wherever they went; waiters smiled; butchers beamed—as if they were morganatic, said Martha, who had begun to find the position ridiculous. It was partly their appearance. Martha was a strange, poetical-looking being, with very fair, straight hair done in a little knot, a quaint oval face, very dark, wide-set eyes, and a small, slight figure; she had been on the stage. John, also, was quite remarkable-looking, tall and small-boned, with high coloring, neatly inscribed features, and dark-brown, stiffly curling hair; he was the son of a military family and was often taken for English. Nobody ventured to guess Martha's origins; in fact she was the child of a Swedish engineer and an Italian music teacher, who had borne her in Juneau, Alaska.

On the afternoon of John's mishap, they were wearing matching white wool sweaters. Martha was sitting in the parlor, on the sofa, with yards of heavy white linen on her lap, making curtains for the bedroom; by her side was a box of brass rings. The scene was just what they had desired when they bought the house—the coal fire burning in the grate, white eighteenth-century panelling, deep window embrasures, the old black horsehair sofa, and Martha sewing tranquilly, like some Protestant pastor's wife in an old tale, her mother's gold thimble on her finger. And like the wife sewing in the fairy tale, Martha was wishing for a child. She wanted a center for their life, something, as she said ardently, to live for. Martha was a purposeful young woman; she sought a meaning for everything. She did not understand, yet, why they had come back to New Leeds, and she was waiting, eagerly, for the answer. She could not settle down in the house, as she told her husband, until she knew *why* they were here.

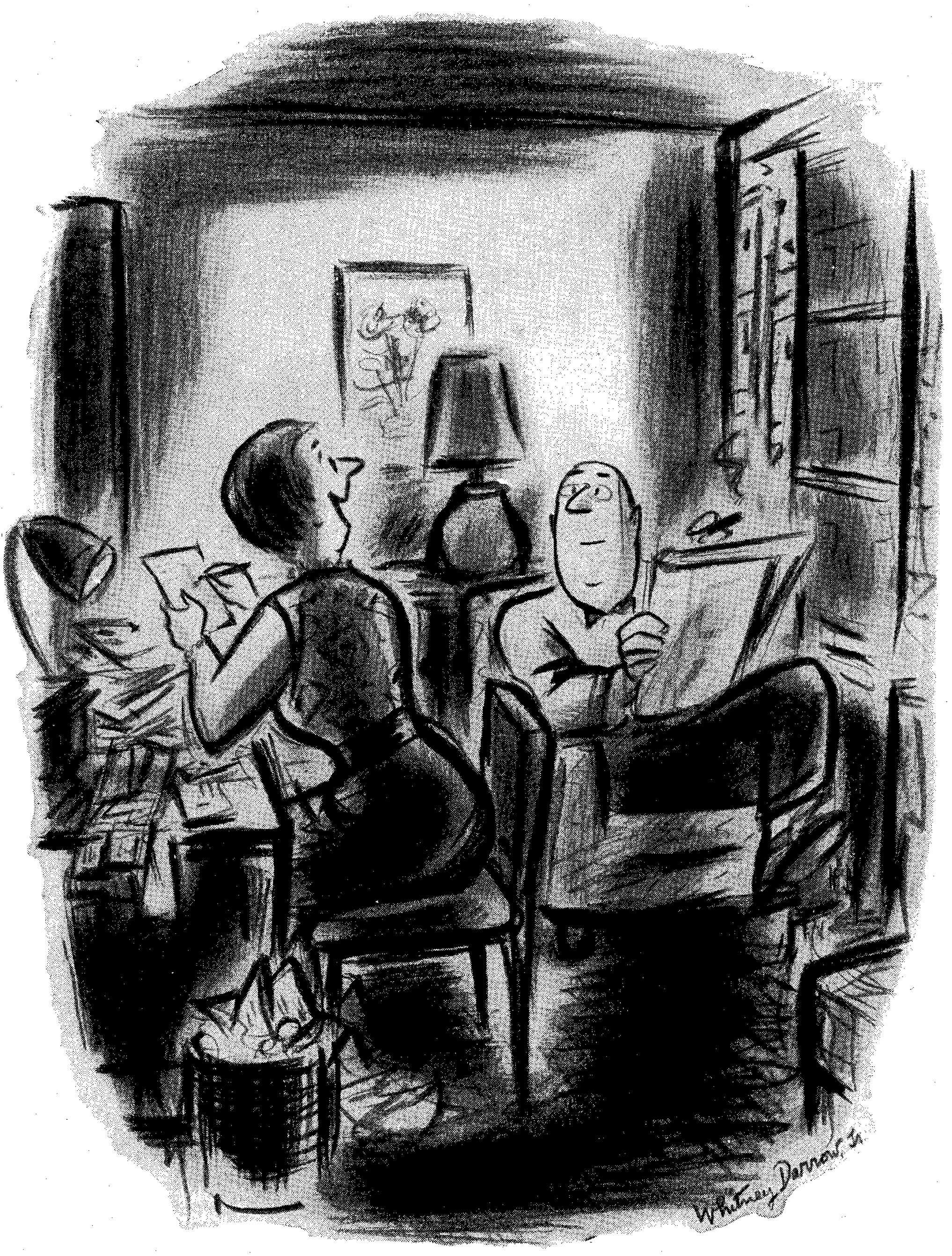
But on this particular afternoon she had decided that it was because they were going to have a child, probably, and her soul drew a breath of relief. John did not want a baby, so he flatly said, but he had never made her do anything to prevent it—he would change, Martha assured herself, if she actually became pregnant. With these thoughts running through her head, she was plying her needle contentedly when she heard a funny sound, a sort of muffled howl, that made her think a wild animal had got into the back of the house. This fantastic surmise permitted her to go on sewing steadily, like a sleeper who dreams an explanation for an alarming noise. She had hemmed nearly half a length before she awoke to the fact that the funny sound was her husband, John, in the kitchen. "What *is* it?" she called out in an angry voice, mechanically fending off the knowledge that something bad must have happened to him. She laid aside the material, stabbing in the needle with the resigned, irritable patience of a person who is used to senseless interruptions. A hollow groan answered: "Hurt . . . [gasp] . . . myself." Then she flew to the kitchen.

It was a fairly deep, crescent-shaped cut in the cushion of the field



of Mars. The blood was spurting into the sink under a stream of cold water from the faucet. In the cellar, the noisy old pump was hammering as if in its death rattle. Martha resisted the impulse to turn the water down. "Let me see," she begged, but John elbowed her sharply away as she hovered on tiptoe beside him, trying to get a second look at the cut. He kept holding it under the cold water and then licking it, dog style—he clung to the belief that the human tongue was antiseptic. "Bandage," he gasped, gesturing her off with a look of ferocious hatred. Martha obeyed; she fetched gauze pads, adhesive tape, and scissors from the upstairs bathroom, taking her time, though she had the impression she was hurrying. She was no good at first aid, and minor injuries flustered her. She felt them as a form of willfulness that imposed on her common sense.

"Poor John," she asseverated, trying to feel some solicitude as she started down the stairs again. "*Poor* John." But as soon as she saw him, scowling, seated at the kitchen table, sucking his hand, annoyance supervened. His moaning and swaying distracted her as she cut the strips of adhesive. When she tried to get the bandage on, she found that the strips were too short. "For God's sake, let me do it!" her husband exclaimed. Martha's heart quivered. Her delicate brown eyes opened wide and a tear stood in each of them. As she began to cut fresh strips, in silence, the two tears dropped, like gentle reproaches, onto the cherry table.

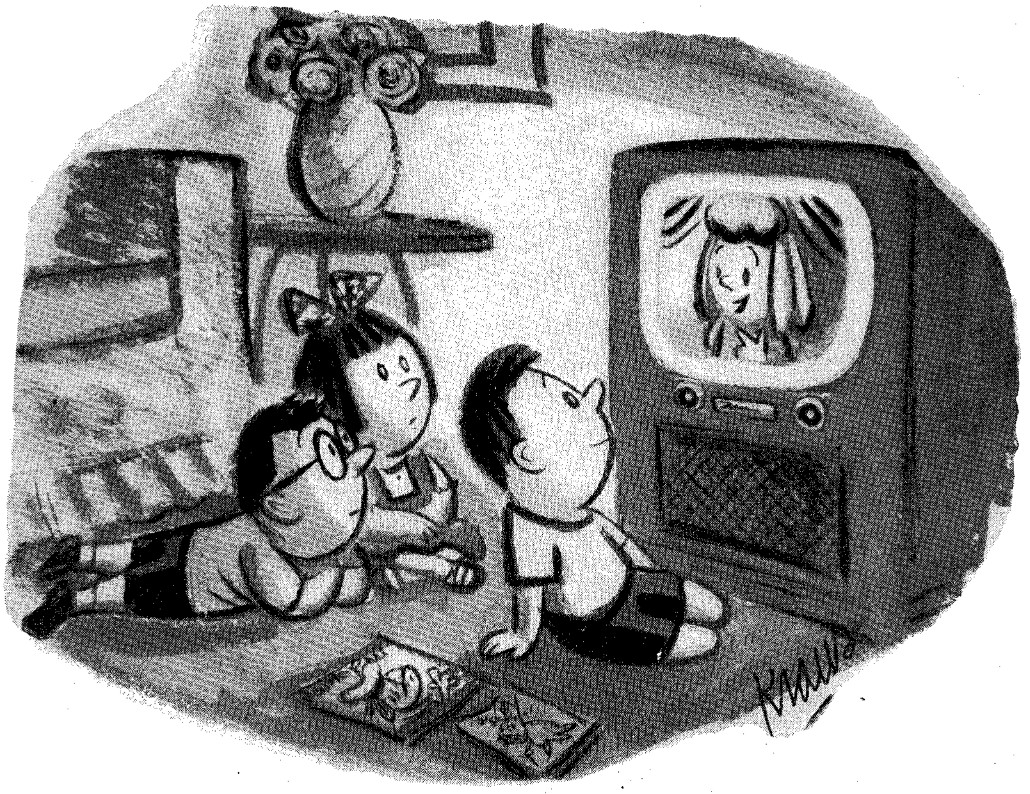

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Why, this is positively eerie! The bank's figures and mine agree to the exact penny!"

• •

John Sinnott watched her sullenly. He knew that he had hurt her feelings deliberately, and he felt no remorse. Another time, Martha's honesty and ineptitude would have touched him: she could not pretend to sympathize with what to her was an unseemly display. Appreciative of this—indeed, it was this straightness he admired in her—John nevertheless was enraged. The cut throbbed; he felt sick at his stomach. And he blamed her. Yes, that was the irrational thing. He blamed her, not only for her childish clumsiness with the bandage (she was clever enough with her fingers when it came to cooking and sewing and could make the prettiest tray for you when you were sick in bed with the doctor!) but for the cut itself. The instant his hand had gone through the window, a frantic rage had seized him. He had tried to discharge it elsewhere—on the tenant, the previous owner, the drunken, irresponsible handyman—but it was Martha's toothbrush and lipstick and pale tortoise combs, lying on the window sill, that claimed the blame. Tears of fury had risen to his eyes. His own toothbrush and hairbrush and toothpaste lay on the sill, too. But he could not see them; all he could see was Martha—*her* lipstick, which rolled to the floor, *her* handyman, *her* tenant, *her* window. And all he could hear now was Martha's voice, clear in his memory, murmuring that they ought to have shelves and a medicine cabinet in the downstairs bathroom. He suddenly stamped his foot on the floor and snatched the bandage away.

THIS was the way affairs had been going ever since they had come back to New Leeds to make a better life. The slightest thing that went wrong made him see Martha in it,



"So tell your mommy and daddy to vote for my daddy—Bertram J. Duffy."

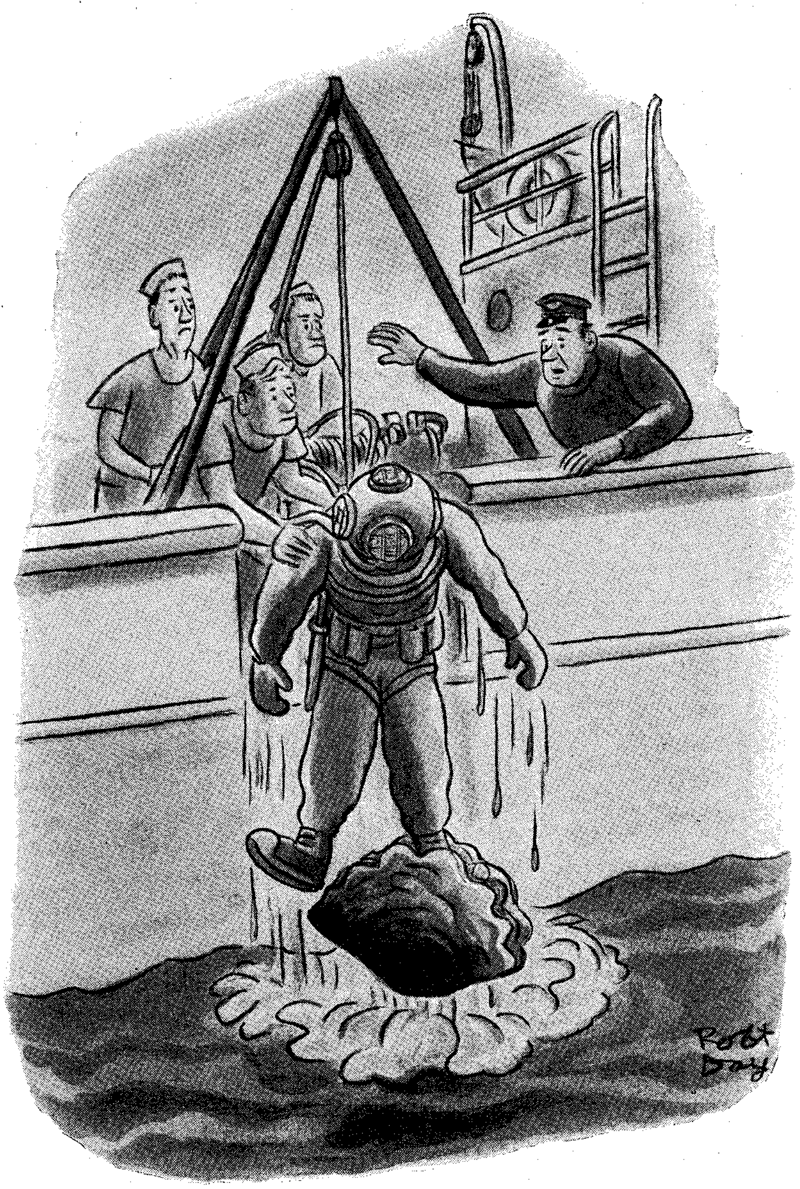
though he would not say so. "I didn't think of you at all," he would demur if she protested that he blamed her, whereas in fact she was always in his mind, concealed under the appearance of a windstorm, a bare patch in the lawn, a piece of broken glass, a defective battery. He dwelt in an anthropomorphic world peopled by her impulsive mistakes. Yet the cardinal mistake, which was to come back here at all, he considered his own responsibility. Martha hated New Leeds—that is, its social aspect. This hatred, John had decided, was her safeguard. They could come back here because the place had no temptations for her; she had no wish to be a part of it again. They had come here, he announced, to be alone, so that Martha could write the play that he believed she could do, if she could get the right conditions.

And what was wrong with that, he furiously wanted to know. He had stern faith in Martha. He had seen her through three years during which she acted on Broadway while studying for her Ph.D. in philosophy, and three more years in which she did odd jobs—writing theatre notices, recording novels for the blind, making a new translation of "The Wild Duck" for an off-Broadway production—and one year that was wasted in false starts on her play. He was used to making decisions and sacrifices on her behalf. He had stuck to a dullish job in the Historical Society, six days a week, so that Martha could be free not to work on radio or television. He had done this voluntarily and over Martha's protests—she did not altogether like to be believed in. They had come to the country because he had decreed that it was time for them both to be serious, which was impossible in the city, with the telephone going all the time.

And, morally speaking, there was no reason John could see why they should not have chosen New Leeds; they had no wish to mingle in the community. Yet ever since Labor Day, from the moment they crossed the threshold, each of them had known that they had blundered, and had known that the other knew. But John's military mentality would not admit of an error once their forces were committed. It incensed him to hear Martha talk blithely of "our" mistake, as she named it. She knew as well as he did that there was no retreat. He had quit his job to come here. Their small capital—the sum of two legacies—was tied up in the house. Every day there were new, unforeseen expenses: yesterday the pump, which Martha had put on the blink by leaving a faucet running; today the window, which would cost a dollar for a new pane, even if he puttied it himself. He had earned no money since they had been here; neither had Martha. She refused to worry about money and kept talking about improvements and additions. After only a month, he was sick at heart and scared. It was ironic for him to think that their seventh wedding anniversary was coming in November; seven years, they had once agreed, was the fatal span for love. At night, he still slept with Martha wrapped tenderly in his arms, but by day, more and more, he sensed that she conspired against him.

What frightened Martha, for her part, was the ebbing of concern. She had caught herself several times forgetting John's existence when he had gone to the village for a few hours. They did not even quarrel the way they used to. Now, for example, once the bandage was on, they were no longer cross, though they had given each other ample provocation. He glowered and she looked sad, but underneath, she knew, neither of them felt a single thing. Martha would have liked to go back to the parlor and pick up her sewing or her book, but it did not seem quite polite to do so while John was in pain. John, she saw, wanted to lie down, away from her insistent gaze. But she could not let him be, because they had once been in love. "Lie down now," she urged, half-heartedly. "I'll put your things away." But he at once smelt a reproach in her offer. "I'll do it," he retorted. "Just go away and leave me alone." Martha glanced out the window. The sun was setting, and wood would have to be brought in for the dining-room fireplace before it got dark; if his tools were not put away, the dew would rust them. She knew very well that if he went into the bedroom, he would not come out for some time, and it exasperated her that he refused to know this simple fact about himself. She did not in the least mind getting the wood—why should she? What she minded was his self-deception. In his place, an honest person would have said thank you, and left it at that. She started to speak and halted herself, taking full credit for not saying what was on the tip of her tongue, but her glance out the window had said it all for her. "I'll *do* it!" he cried, jumping up. He retired to the bedroom and theatrically slammed the door.

MARTHA shrugged. He had left her in a cruel quandary. Whatever she did now he would interpret as a criticism. If she left the tools to rust, however, *they* would criticize him longer. Therefore, Martha tiptoed resolutely out of the house, found his hammer and screwdrivers and puttying knife, shut up the workshop, loaded a barrow full of locust wood, and wheeled it up to the dining-room door. The beauty of the evening, following on the cut and the quarrel, gave her a sense of solitariness. The single golden quince on the bush by the kitchen door, the virid brilliance of the grass in the locust grove, the flock of birds flying southward had a terrible pathos for her, as if they were orphaned in space. She stood in the doorway a long time, feeling sorry for every natural thing that surrounded them. From this vantage point of desolation, she even pitied herself and her husband, impersonally, seeing them as two wan specks, no bigger than the birds against the greenish-gold sky.



"My God! Haul him in quick! Someone get a crowbar! I'll call 'Life'!"

Sighing, she shut the door and laid the fire in the dining room. As usual, immediately after sunset the house turned cold and drafty. She poked up the fire in the parlor, threw on fresh coal, and endeavored to read calmly. But she soon became conscious of the ticking of the unpolished Empire clock on the mantel. She glanced at her wristwatch, which had been losing twenty minutes a day, ever since she went swimming with it in the bay the first week, and at the clock, which gained ten, and tried to get the right time by mental algebra. They were going to miss cocktails, probably, if John did not get up. A surge of fear went through her. Everything in their lives was strung on order and precision. When they had decided to venture New Leeds, they had said to themselves that they must be orderly and dignified; otherwise, they would surely go to pieces, like everybody else who came here.

It was an "artistic" community, beyond the commuting range, and Martha knew its perils, perhaps better than anybody, having got away from it whole and able to tell the tale. She had been telling it for years now, with her gay, floating laugh, to incredulous outsiders who thought she was exaggerating when she related the truly horrible mishaps that befell the various "free lances" and their wives who had come here to gather dust, on a pair of small incomes and the revenue from an August rental. People always said that Martha was exaggerating or that she was "very clever," which amounted to the same thing. But Martha only spoke the literal truth, as John could attest—that was her peculiarity.

And the essence of New Leeds was a kind of exaggeration. Everything here multiplied, like the jellyfish in the harbor. There were *three* village idiots, grinning, in the post office; the average winter resident who settled here had had three wives; there were eight young bohemians, with beards, leaning from their pickup trucks; twenty-one town drunkards. In wife-beating, child neglect, divorce, automobile accidents, falls, suicide, the town was on a sort of statistical rampage, like the highways on a holiday weekend. Nothing in New Leeds happened once only. When Martha's house burned to the ground while she was living with her first husband, it was the third house that year to catch on fire. Defective wiring, nodded the old-time winter residents, chewing the fat in the paper store. And though she thought she knew the cause better than the village chorus, the element of repetition still terrified Martha when she remembered the fire; it was as if she had lost, at that time, the principle of individuation and was simply a number in a series.

Every afternoon, now, when she and John went to the pond to swim, they passed the foundation of the burnt house, still standing, surrounded by lilac bushes. John drove past it as fast as he could, but Martha always turned to look, and then dropped into a mood of despondency. It had been a fire-law violation, pure and simple, that had caused the fire, in her opinion. When the workmen took down the ugly old overhead lighting fixture in the dining room, she had let them stuff the wires back into the ceiling and just plaster over. She knew it was a fire hazard, but she had done it to save money, at her first husband's insistence. And he had not let her tell where the fire had started when the inspector came from the insurance company. It was normal practice, he averred, to cheat an insurance company—they expected it. That was why they charged such big premiums. It was a neurotic desire to ruin him completely that was prompting her to tell the truth, he said. Martha did not think so, but one never could be sure about such things. (Motives did not matter, John and Martha had agreed, the first day they met, seven years ago, on the beach; you should never be deterred from a good action by the suspicion that your motive was bad.) In any case, it still haunted Martha to think that she might have saved the house, or the clothes, at least, and the books and pictures, if she had wakened her snoring mate when she first smelled smoke coming from the direction of the dining room instead of lying there, assuring herself that it was her imagination. They had had a party that night, and though she had not been tight, exactly, she had had five drinks, counting cocktails, and her first husband had still been drunk and was crashing around stupidly in the hedge, like a maddened buffalo, when the firemen came.

Drink, no question, was one of the chief local dangers. Martha said people came here because they wanted to become alcoholics and were looking for a Rome to do as the Romans did in. All artistic communities, she admitted, presented this problem, but New Leeds was worse than most because it had an unusual number of reformed or reforming alcoholics, who threw the drinkers into glum relief. In a village of four hundred souls, there was a strong chapter of the W.C.T.U., to take care of the locals, and a branch of A.A., with regular Wednesday meetings, even out of season, to take care of the "foreigners." Liquor was one of the things, John and Martha had warmly agreed when they first came up, last spring, to get the house ready for the tenant, that you had to be on guard against. Consequently, they made a point of having just one cocktail when they were alone, at six o'clock. In actual fact, they often had two, but when they did, they had begun to look away from each other, in embarrassment, as though not to witness the other's fall from grace. The joy of drinking was gone.

ANYBODY ELSE HATE NICKYNAMES?

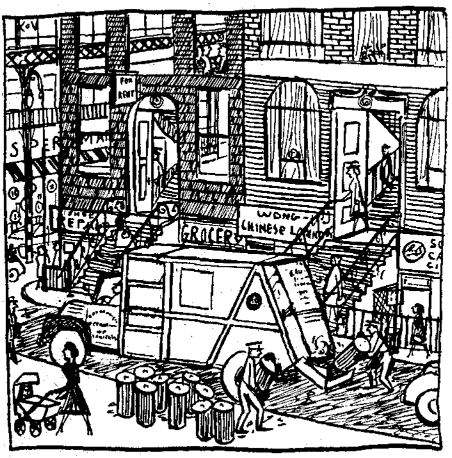
These are the times when all our feminine notables are beautified
And, unfortunately, the times when all our masculine notables are cutified,
This is the day of public diminutives,
Of Virginny instead of Virginiatives.
You don't remember Addison Sims of Seattle, you remember Addie,
Who today drives a Caddie.
Kenneths are few but Kennys are many,
Even John Benjamin becomes Jack Benny.
Then, as we choo-choo further along the trackies,
All the Jacks become Jackies.
O tempora! O mores! Or rather, O tempy, O mory!
O Binnorie, O Binnorie!
O idols with mouths of babes and feet of straw!
O shades of Jackie L. Sullivan and Jackie J. McGraw!
I'm so confused I don't know where I are;
I shall curl up on the hearth with my two Kilkenneth cats, Bo and Zsa.

—Ogden Nash

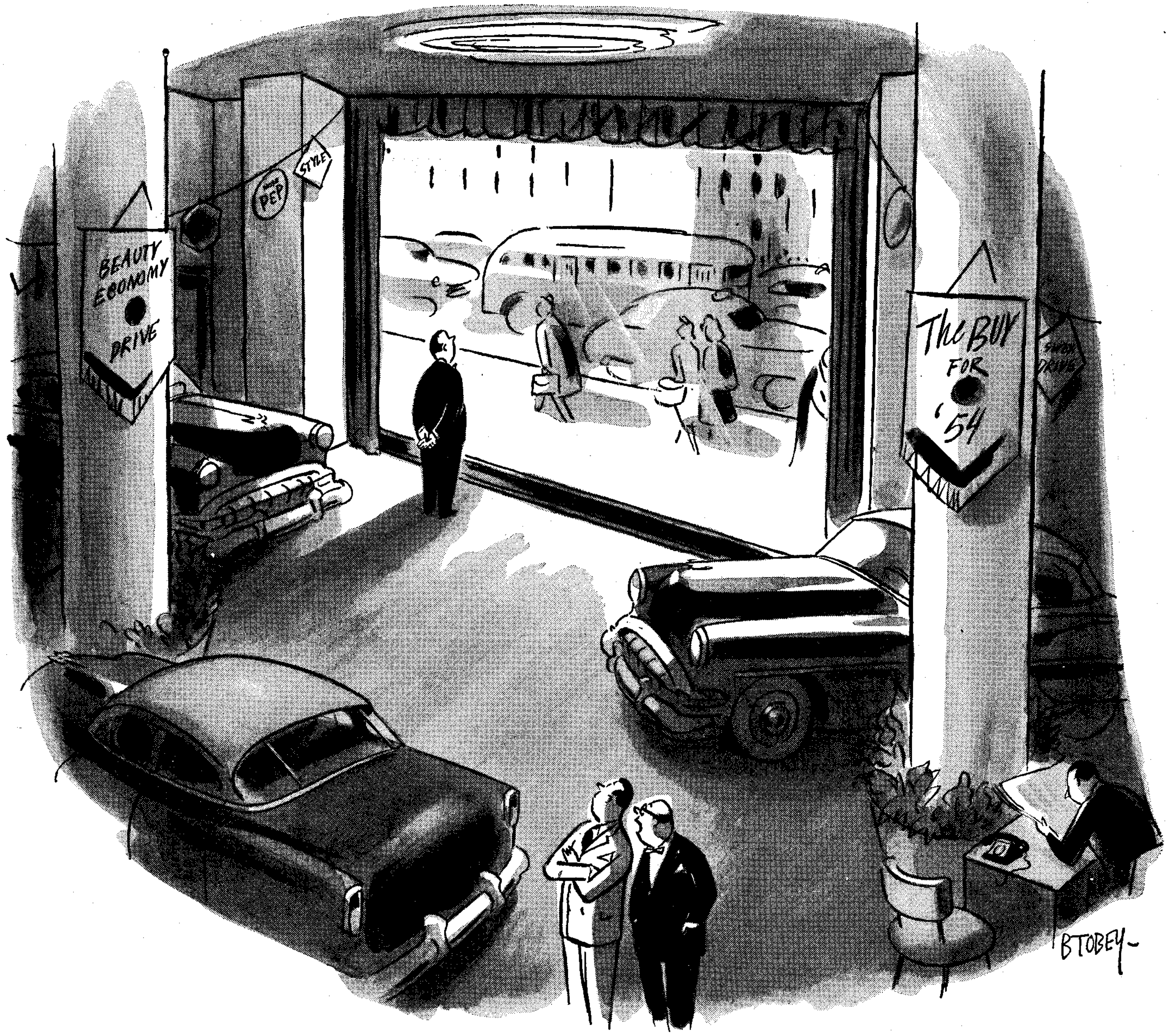
• •

The slender brimming glass had taken on an aspect of fatality; they looked *through* the pale Martini to the possible future, its precipitate, lying like dark lees in the bottom.

And it was typical of New Leeds that you could not take a drink without wondering whether you might become an alcoholic. Everything here cast a menacing shadow before it, a shade of future perdition. There was something sinister, John admitted, in the fact that you could not get anything repaired. There was nobody to fix the clock; the man who sharpened lawnmowers had died during the summer and nobody succeeded him; the local laundry service could not clean a suit without tearing and discoloring it; the garageman's only accomplishment was the ability to scratch his head. Everything in the village was relentlessly running down, buckling, warping, mildewing—including the human beings. Or so it suddenly seemed to Martha, coming back like an epilogue to announce the changes that had befallen the inhabitants by slow stages: the town highway superintendent become the titular town drunkard, indistinguishable from his predecessor, in faded blue shirt and lurching overalls; the pretty young girls from the soda fountain staring at her as if helplessly from sausage casings of fat; the gay, smart wives mottled and bedizened, fantastically got up in shawls and peasant bangles—when two of them got together, John said, they made the First National check-out look like a fortune-tellers' convention. New Leeds was, literally, the seacoast of Bohemia. When John looked at the bare patches in the lawn or Martha at her wristwatch, they each felt a stir of terror. The wristwatch, in particular, frightened Martha, for never before in her life had she gone in the water with her watch on, and she could not explain how she had done it, for her wrist, as she repeatedly told John, had *felt* empty. He, too, she knew, was troubled by the watch incident, just as she today was alarmed and irritated by the cut, which was really too New Leedsian for comfort. They had begun to survey each other mistrustfully. Each feared that if the other let go, for an instant, the construct of their lives would crumble like stale cake frosting.



AT the outset, Martha had declared that it was too great a risk to come back, even though her former husband was no longer in the village at all but fifteen miles off, with a new house and a brand-new wife, with a larger income than usual, and a baby. She and John, she said, had all the ominous qualifications for a New Leedsian residence: two tiny incomes, an obscure fame (Martha's), a free-lancing specialty (John's), and the plan of doing something original. Why should they be different from



"Say, what about going to work on Barton over there? I understand he's got close to fifty thousand miles on that crate of his."

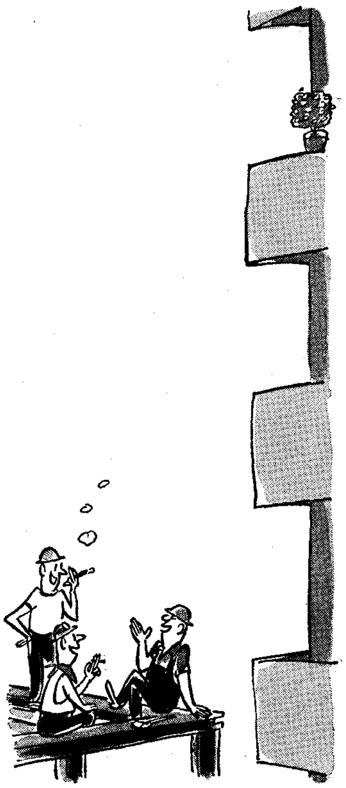
• •

the others, who were filed away here like yellowed clippings in a newspaper morgue—the ex-lawyer who ran a duck farm, the oysterman who had gone to Harvard, the French *vicomte* who had an antique shop in the summer and clerked in the liquor store in the winter, the plumber with his degree in fine arts, the illustrator who had once been married to a screen star, the former Washington hostess who now took paying guests? Many of the New Leedsians had once had talent or ability; you could see the buried traces if you looked for them, as you could find Indian flints and stone arrowheads in the debris on Long Hill. Your typical New Leedsian, as pointed out in the post office, had a name that rang a bell somewhere, far, far away; you felt you should have heard of him even if you hadn't.

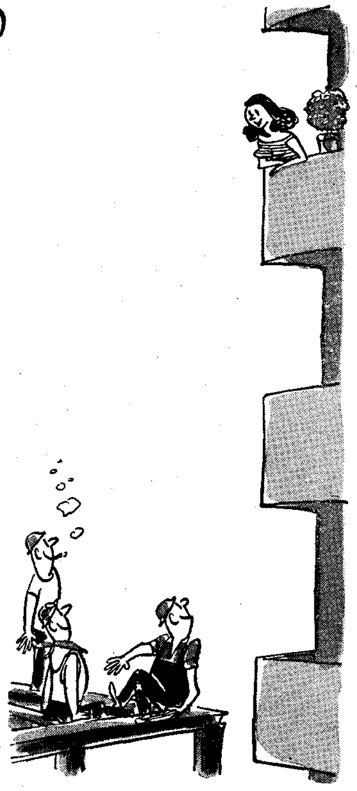
Why, then, had they come here, Martha's friends asked her, if the place was as fatal as she said? The answer was that she did not know. Neither she nor John had ever intended such a thing. It had happened by accident. John had been sent by the Historical Society to photograph a house farther down the coast; they themselves had been looking for a place of their own on the seashore. It was a Columbus Day weekend, not quite a year ago. The inn they had meant to stay at was closed; they still had friends in New Leeds, and on an impulse they had telephoned them and taken the ferryboat—for the first time in six years. Martha had forgotten how beautiful New Leeds was out of season, with its steel-blue fresh-water ponds and pine forests and mushrooms and white bluffs dropping to a strangely pebbled beach. "There's a house for sale *here*," suggested their hostess, with a shrewd offhand look at both of them as they sat side by side on her sofa. "Oh, no," said Martha quickly. But she had given in, and they had all gone to look at it, just for the fun.

It was, alas, a house she remembered—her favorite house in New Leeds, a pale-yellow eighteenth-century cottage with two red brick sides, set in a green locust grove, with a little avenue of poplars. They picked a single silver-pink climbing rose from a trellis—Mrs. Van Fleet, thought Martha, giv-

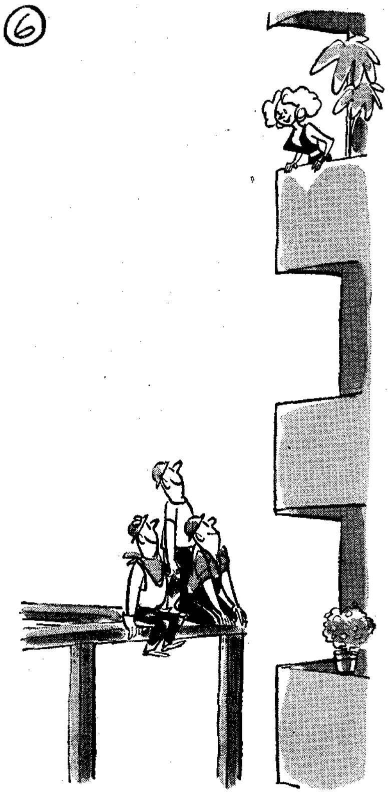
①



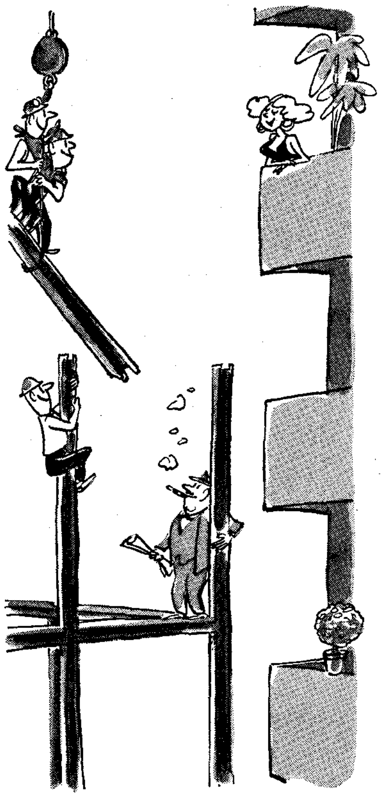
②



⑥



⑦

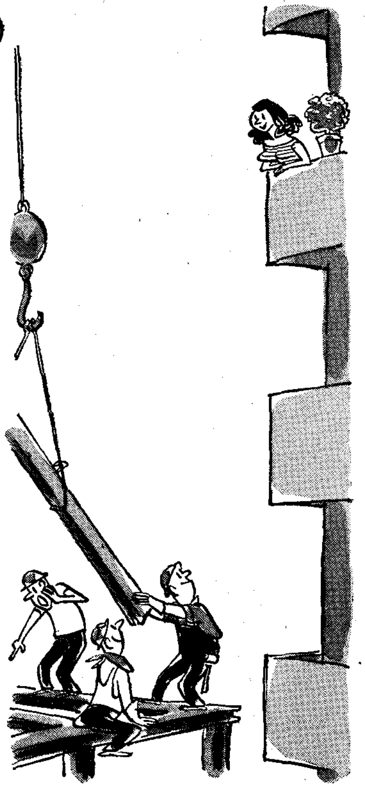


ing it to John for his buttonhole. There was a spring somewhere back in the woods, the real-estate agent said, and an abandoned house site with lilacs and white old-fashioned double narcissi—thirty-five acres of land and the whole thing dirt-cheap. The agent remembered Martha, very gallantly, and politely gave no hint of remembering John, who had been here only two weeks that momentous summer. It was the nicest house, by far, and the cheapest they had seen anywhere—*early* eighteenth century, John concluded after examining the doors and fireplaces. It was a little shabby, but they liked that. There was an outside study for John, and a workshop, with an old chimney; there were apples, pears, grapes, roses, box; they could rent it in the summer months, if they wanted, and make a very good income. There was no heating, but they could put in an oil floor furnace or get along the first year with kerosene stoves. The woods were full of timber, and every room had a fireplace, which would see them through till Thanksgiving. It had electricity, a bathroom and a half, and some furniture.

Martha had agonized over the decision, for it was hers, of necessity, everybody saw, sympathetically. Three times in two days Martha told the real-estate agent that they could not take the house, and twice she came back to get the key again. They all picked boletus in the woods, and John found the spring; they picnicked and swam in the bay. Their host and hostess pressed and reasoned. New Leeds had changed a lot, they told John. Martha's first husband almost never came here any more; there were some nice new younger people who played chamber music and read plays and poetry aloud. Last week, they had done "Tartufe," in French, with the *vicomte*. If Martha and John settled here, they could have a little amateur theatre. Martha felt herself weakening. Why not? As her hosts, the Coes, said, her first husband did not own the peninsula. She and John would not have to see the old crowd or go to parties. "Give me one reason why not," Warren Coe begged, and Martha could only answer that it seemed in poor taste. But even John thought this was rather silly. Lots of the wives and husbands, too, came back with new spouses, the Coes assured him, and nobody thought a thing of it. Martha nodded, dubiously. The last night, in bed in the Coes' studio, she had waked John up and begged him not to let them buy the house; he had kissed her tearful cheek and promised, solemnly. Two months later, on John's birthday, they had telephoned the realty agency and agreed to send the down payment.

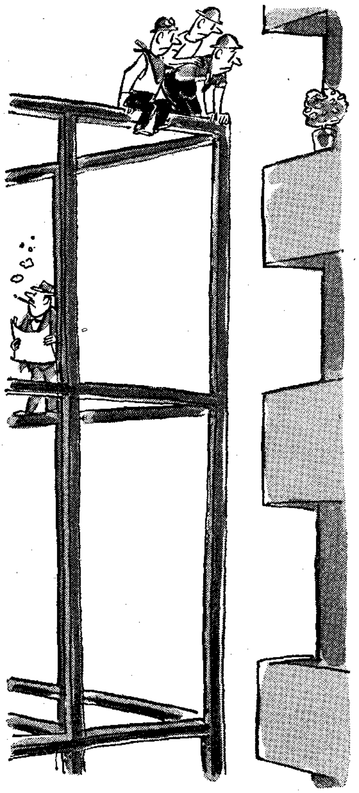
It was fate, they concluded. For good or ill, it was intended for them. Their conventional friends said, "Aren't you very courageous?"—hinting both at the past, for there had been a considerable scandal, and at the fact that the house, as it turned out, was a bargain because the previous owner had committed suicide in the workshop. John and Martha had laughed and shrugged. They liked to be brave; dauntlessness was their me-

③

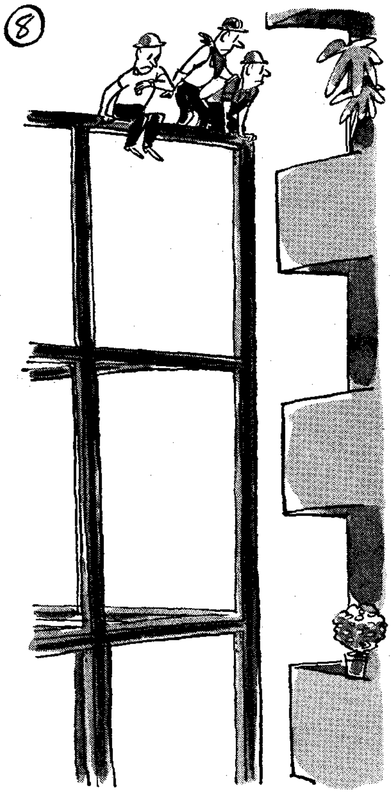


④

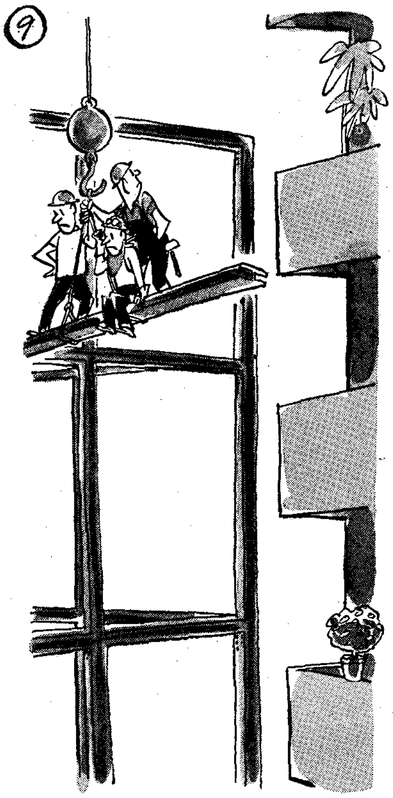
⑤



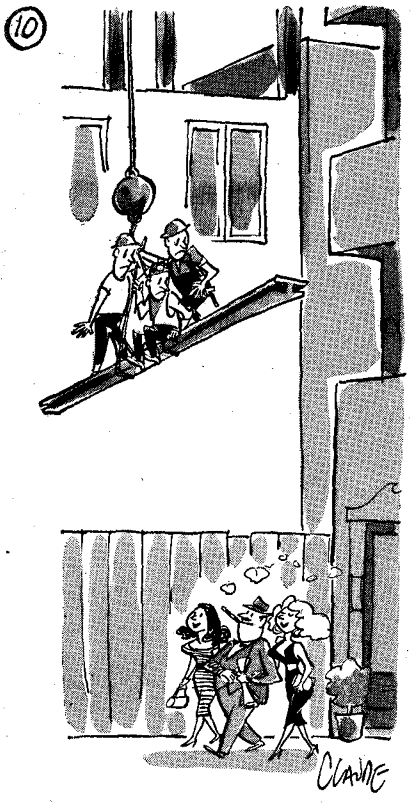
⑧



⑨



⑩



dium. The fact that Martha trembled gave a shimmer to their exploits. They had bought the house because, as Martha explained to sundry perplexed listeners, they were afraid of being afraid to buy it. They rose to the challenge. Martha was now thirty-three and John was thirty-two, but they never refused a risk. And they had known perfectly well, despite the Coes' assurances, that they would have to run the gantlet of the village curiosity.

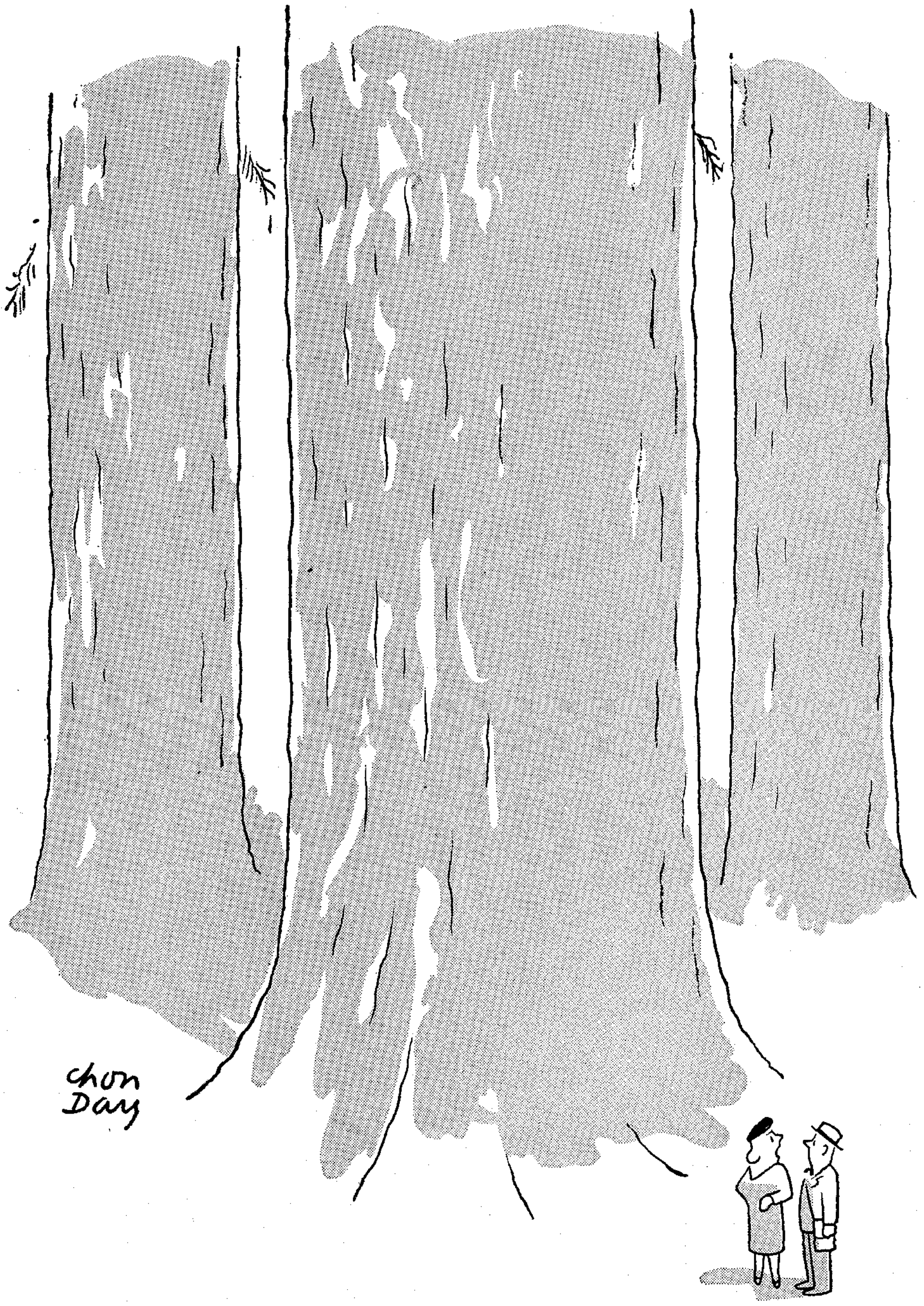
Martha's story was famous, and not only from her own telling. She had left her first husband's second house in the middle of the night, in a nightgown, driving his Plymouth sedan, which ran out of gas and stranded her on the road to John's cabin, so that she had had to get out and walk, and was picked up by the milkman—tear-streaked, with loose hair and torn mules. He "delivered her to the feller with the milk," and passed the tale on his rounds, wherever a good-wife was up. It was not literally true that she had left the town forever in her nightie, as New Leeds gossip told it; she had gone back the next morning in John's shirt and rolled-up seersucker pants, with her hair in a braid, and packed her clothes while her husband was scouring the village for her in the town taxi. Nor was the nightgown transparent. Nor had she made love with John until that night or uttered a word against her husband during the twelve afternoons they had talked together on the beach; she had been guilty before, but not with John.

Nor—she now said to herself, gritting her teeth—had she stolen the wretched Plymouth, *pace* her husband's partisans; it had been repossessed by the financing company, when her husband, unnerved by the debacle, had ceased to make the monthly payments. Nor, to conclude, had she left a child behind—not her own, at any rate; *his*—a six-year-old boy, whom she had rescued, as a matter of fact, in the fire, when his own father had forgotten him. She was not responsible when the child died the following year, of natural causes, not of his father's neglect, which was a tale she never concurred in, though to those who *knew* the father it had a certain plausibility.

MARTHA eyed the clock. It occurred to her that John (*dear* John, she murmured to herself, thinking with horror of her first husband) might have fallen asleep. In gratitude to him as her remembered deliverer, she fought down the impulse to go and see whether he would like a cocktail now. He is suffering from shock, she said to herself, tenderly; he needs rest; when he feels better, he will come out by himself. But all the while her nervous demon kept asking whether he realized what time it was. So long as he lay there, shut off in the bedroom, she could not read, she could not even start cooking the supper, for these activities seemed to her discourteous in view of his cut. Under the circumstances, there seemed nothing she could do, appropriately, but muse. She lit a cigarette, feeling even for this a little heartless, and threw the match into the fire.

In the stillness, her critics spoke up. Ever since she and John came back here, she had felt surrounded by criticism—whenever she entered a store, with her head held high and her arm linked through her husband's, not seeking to be recognized. She knew this feeling to be senseless; she had always been popular in the village. But when a storekeeper, wiping his hand on his apron, and shooting it out across the counter, would roar, "Glad to see you back, Missus," she felt a ridiculous gratitude. However, some of the natives seemed to know her all too well. "Notice you're back," said the fishman softly, gutting a bass in his smelly shop. "Long time no see." She did not even remember him, she protested, and yet he called her "Martha" in a voice that made her squirm. If she had not had John, she said, her bewildered mind would have toppled at the things that had evidently been said about her, about both of them, here in New Leeds, and were still being said, apparently, if the Coes' hints could be trusted. She could almost believe she was dreaming and that the awful stories were true, rather than think the opposite: that people deliberately made them up. They were still harping, for example, on the dead stepchild. John had been furious with Jane Coe for telling her this; he knew how agitated Martha got over such things. It appalled her that the village mind was still churning up the past, tossing the old dirty linen back and forth impersonally, like one of the washing machines in the new laundromat. This was an aspect of their return that neither of them had ever foreseen: that Martha would be thrown back, seven years, into her own ancient history, to start up all the old battles, defensively, as if they had never been won.

She tried now, loyally, to stop think-



"Well, it doesn't give me a feeling of insignificance."

And now the long awaited Lady Macintosh in all-wool gabardine

Here is the loveliest thing off the boat. The Lady Macintosh in all-wool gabardine! This striking, fully lined coat is as smart and as authentically English as a Mayfair tea party. It's been weather-treated according to Macintosh traditions so that it easily resists wind and rain without spotting . . . and remains soft and luxurious in fair weather to serve you as an all-purpose, all-year topcoat. The styling of the Lady Macintosh in 100%-wool gabardine maintains the classic standards of great London tailoring, too. Notice, for example, the complimentary raglan shoulders and flattering sweep of the neat, simple lines.

For an always-fashionable favorite, see the newly imported all-wool Lady Macintosh. About $65, with a separate belt, at the fine stores listed. Or write Robert Appleby & Company, Inc., 347 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Where to buy Lady Macintosh

NEW YORK	Abercrombie & Fitch
Albany	W. E. Walsh & Sons
Amherst, Mass.	House of Walsh
Andover, Mass.	The Andover Shop
Ann Arbor	Wagner & Company
Atlanta	John Jarrell, Inc.
Baltimore	Wm. H. Lohmeyer
Berkeley, Calif.	George J. Good
Beverly, Mass.	Johnny Appleseed's
Binghamton, N. Y.	McLean's
Birmingham, Ala.	Henry Porter, Inc.
Boston	Jordan Marsh
Boston	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Brockton, Mass.	Tonis, Inc.
Buffalo, New York	Flint & Kent
Burlingame, Calif.	Robert W. Gates
Burlington, Vermont	Miles & Riley
Cambridge, Mass.	Sills & Company
Carmel, Calif.	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Charleston, W. Va.	Peck's Inc.
Chatham, Mass.	The Sail Loft
Chicago	Von Lengerke & Antoine
Cleveland, Ohio	The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbus, Ohio	Pumphrey's
Concord, Mass.	The Country Store
Denver	The Gano-Downs Company
Detroit	Capper & Capper
Evanston, Ill.	Williams
Elmira, N. Y.	Richards
Gaylord, Mich.	Hidden Valley Shops
Grand Haven, Mich.	Reichardt
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
Grosse Pointe, Mich.	Proper's
Hartford, Conn.	Florence Travis
Indianapolis	L. Strauss & Co. Inc.
Ithaca, N. Y.	Browning, King & Co.
Jacksonville, Fla.	Levy's
Kansas City, Mo.	Harzfeld's
Kingston, Mass.	Frances Wilmarth
Los Angeles	Phelps-Terkel
Louisville, Ky.	Roche & Roche
Madison, Wis.	MacNeil & Moore
Milwaukee, Wis.	MacNeil & Moore
Minneapolis	Nicolas, Inc.
Montclair, N. J.	The Babs Shop
Murfreesboro, Tenn.	Goldstein's
Nashua, N. H.	Dod's
Newark	L. Bamberger & Co.
New Bedford, Mass.	Marty Sullivan
New Haven	Gentree, Ltd.
Newport, R. I.	Thompson-Forbes, Inc.
New York	Abercrombie & Fitch
Omaha	Charles J. Assmann
Pebble Beach, Calif.	Littler
Philadelphia	Jackson & Moyer
Pittsburgh	Larrimor's
Portland, Oregon	Ray Bolger
Portland, Oregon	M. & H. H. Sichel
Princeton, N. J.	The Clothes Line
Providence, R. I.	Leopold Feldstein, Inc.
Richmond, Va.	Berry-Burk & Co.
Rochester, N. Y.	Projansky, Inc.
St. Louis	Boyd's
Salem, Oregon	Price's
San Antonio, Texas	Frost Bros.
San Francisco	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
San Marino, Calif.	Bill Winn
Santa Barbara, Calif.	Roy E. Gammill
Seattle	Littler
Spokane	Davenport Sport Shop
Springfield, Mass.	Haynes & Co.
Syracuse	Flah & Co. Inc.
Toledo	Damschroder Berry, Inc.
Vineyard Haven, Mass.	David's
Washington, D. C.	Lewis & Thos. Saltz
Waterville, Maine	Dunham's of Maine
Williamstown, Mass.	House of Walsh
Willimantic, Conn.	The Church-Reed Co.
Wilmington, Del.	Bird-Speakman, Inc.

MACINTOSH

—the standard by which all ® other weathercoats are judged

COLUMBIA ARTISTS MANAGEMENT Inc.

JE MAINTIENDRAI

Under the High Patronage of

Her Majesty,
The Queen of the Netherlands

And under the sponsorship of the Government of the Netherlands, the Municipality of Amsterdam and the Netherlands-America Foundation, Inc.

Has the Honor to Announce the First American Tour of the World-Renowned

Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam

EDUARD VAN BEINUM — RAFAEL KUBELIK
Conductors

During the period from October 12 to December 3 the Orchestra will visit New London, New Brunswick, Troy, Rochester, Ithaca, Toronto, Buffalo, Youngstown, Toledo, Fort Wayne, Detroit, Ann Arbor, East Lansing, Grand Rapids, Chicago, Bloomington, Lexington, Knoxville, Chattanooga, Birmingham, Port Arthur, Lake Charles, Shreveport, Jackson, Little Rock, New Orleans, Mobile, Tuscaloosa, Atlanta, Anderson, Columbia, Greensboro, Richmond, Washington (D. C.), Princeton, Hartford, Portland, Boston, Springfield, New Haven and Philadelphia.

IN ADDITION

TWO PERFORMANCES IN CARNEGIE HALL
New York City

OCTOBER 13, 1954 8:30 PM
Van Beinum, *conducting*
Program:
Weber—Badings—Ravel—Brahms

DECEMBER 3, 1954 8:30 PM
Kubelik, *conducting*
Program: Dvorak—Mahler

ing about the dead stepchild, for she knew John disapproved. But she could not forgo defending herself. She had honestly—yes, truly, she insisted inwardly—done her best by the boy; the proof was that so many people had thought he was her own child. When she ran away, she had felt dreadful about leaving him; John could support that. Coming back that final morning, she had even had the crazy notion of taking the child with her—a thing quite impossible, of course, unless she and John had been willing to be kidnappers and hide out for the rest of their lives. Nobody, she said to herself, had the right to expect that of her, and was there anybody who dared say that she ought to have sacrificed herself and stayed with her husband for the child's sake? Nobody but *that* hateful man himself, who in fact had used that as an argument when he wrote to her in New York, telling her that he would not connive at a divorce—a strange argument, forsooth, when he had always been jealous of her affection for the boy. And *of course* it would have been unhealthy for the child if Martha had sacrificed her life to him; the poor babe would have been poisoned by the fumes of renunciation. . . . There was no reason whatever why she should not have done what she did.

And yet, at this very moment, irrationally, Martha was troubled by the thought that if she had stayed, Barrett might have lived. Self-flattery, no doubt, she said to herself with a wry little shrug, stamping out her cigarette. She knew very well, moreover, that she had not hesitated long about leaving him. Martha was not sentimental: just as she was recalling, sadly, how she had grieved over Barrett's death, her memory tapped her sharply, like a teacher's ruler, and reminded her that she had not given Barrett a thought during the months when he must have been sickening; she had forgotten clean about him until she learned he was dead.

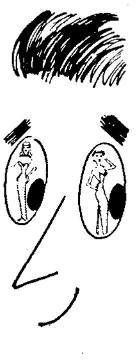
This clarity of mind, as she grew older, was more and more wearisome to Martha. She was tired of knowing the truth as it piled up, leaving less and less room for hope and illusions. John, she thought, was the same. He, too, was beginning to see things in this clear, sharp light. They still "loved" each other, but this love today was less a promise than a fact of life. If they could have chosen over again, neither would have chosen differently. Neither of them knew anyone they would have preferred to the other. They could not

"SHIRLEY BOOTH IS THE CHAMP!"
—WALTER KERR, HERALD TRIBUNE

"'BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA' IS 'AN ELEGANT SPREE!'"
—BROOKS ATKINSON, N. Y. TIMES

SHIRLEY BOOTH
"BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA"
NEW YORK'S NO. 1 MUSICAL
with WILBUR EVANS

Evgs. $6.90 to 2.30. Wed. Mat. $4.05 to 1.75. Sat. Mat. $4.60 to 1.75. Tax Incl. Mail Orders Now.
IMPERIAL THEA., W. 45th St., N. Y. 36



"GAYER THAN A DAYDREAM."
—Walter Winchell
"ORIGINAL and FUNNY."
—Atkinson, N. Y Times
COURTNEY BURR and ELLIOTT NUGENT present
ELLIOTT NUGENT in
GEORGE AXELROD'S Comedy
"the seven year itch" with
SALLY FORREST
Robert Emhardt • George Keane • Rita Morley
Directed by JOHN GERSTAD
Mon. thru Fri. Evgs.; $4.60 to 1.73. Sat. Evg.; $5.75 to 1.73. Mats. Wed. & Sat.; $3.45 to 1.15 (Tax Incl.).
Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.
Air-Cond. FULTON Theatre, 210 W. 46th St.

"Restores our theatre to an art again"
—ATKINSON, N. Y. Times
The Playwrights' Company in association with Mary K. Frank present
JOAN FONTAINE
in ELIA KAZAN'S production of
Tea and Sympathy
by ROBERT ANDERSON
with LEIF ERICKSON
ANTHONY PERKINS
BARRYMORE Theatre
W. 47th St. Eves. 8:35
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"Tallulah's dynamite"
— CHAPMAN, NEWS
MOROSCO THEA.

PAUL GREGORY presents (IN PERSON)
LLOYD NOLAN JOHN HODIAK BARRY SULLIVAN
IN HERMAN WOUK'S
CAINE MUTINY COURT MARTIAL
Directed by CHARLES LAUGHTON
PLYMOUTH THEATRE, 236 West 45th Street, Cir. 6-9156
Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: $4.60, 4.03, 3.45, 2.88, 2.30. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $5.75, 4.60, 4.03, 3.45, 2.88. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.03, 3.45, 2.88, 2.30, 1.73. Incl. Taxes.
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

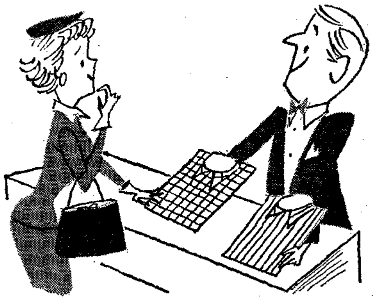
(Advertisement)

Now Hathaway offers women expert advice on *How to buy shirts for Men*

MOST men's shirts are bought by their womenfolk, who know less about shirts than we know about petticoats.

This is all very well when the shirts are *sports* shirts—the madder the better. But when it comes to buying shirts for husbands to go to work in, the results are apt to be unfortunate.

It is time someone gave women expert advice on this question—and who better than HATHAWAY, the venerable dean of New England shirtmakers? Here goes:



Be Adventurous

Stop buying such infernally *dull* shirts for your husband. He may *tell* you that he wants plain white—that has been the conventional uniform for many years. But the odds are that he will be secretly delighted if you buy him something more adventurous — stripes, hair lines, checks, pinks, greens, greys, blues.

If you decide to experiment with more interesting shirts, you'll be perfectly safe—if you ask for HATHAWAY.

Admittedly, this isn't wholly disinterested advice on our part. But it is none the less *true*. It is an axiom in the shirt industry that HATHAWAY'S taste is utterly reliable.

"Best Buy"

Ordinary mass-produced shirts are slightly cheaper than shirts by HATHAWAY, but they aren't necessarily the "best buy." For one thing, HATHAWAY shirts *wear* years longer.

Their fabric is better, and so is their workmanship. There are more than 30,000 stitches in the average HATHAWAY shirt—and these stitches use up 125 yards of thread.

What's more, HATHAWAY shirts look more gentlemanly. Their prices range from $5.95 to $27.50.

Down With Slavery

Don't buy shirts which you will have to wash and iron at home. Down with domestic slavery! Every shirt HATHAWAY makes is perfectly safe in the hands of a laundry.

However, if you are one of those devoted women who insist on laundering their husband's shirts themselves, it is worth remembering that HATHAWAY shirts are easier to iron.

Machiavellian Trick

Always take a piece of string and measure your husband's neck before you go shopping. If you have been feeding him well, his neck may have grown a size.

Loose collars look better, and are more humane. Indeed, sagacious women buy shirts a size *bigger* than their husbands actually measure. A Machiavellian trick that pays dividends, in more ways than one.

Don't Use Starch

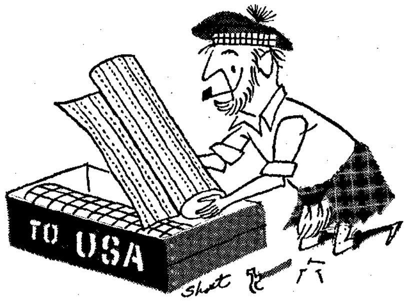
Remember that any shirt will wear at least twice as long if it is never starched. So tell your laundry to leave out the starch. Once you've told them half-a-dozen times, they'll finally get the idea.

Starch or no starch, the collars on HATHAWAY shirts contain ingenious bi-angle stays which will make your husband look perennially trig.

Your Color Sense

Don't be afraid of buying your husband's *ties* as well as his shirts. You probably have a far better sense of color than he has. Go ahead — emancipate him from the drab and dreary things he has been wearing.

HATHAWAY don't make ties at all, nor are they the only people who make good shirts. But they are one of the top two or three. They have been at it, man and boy, for one hundred and sixteen years.



Imported Fabrics

HATHAWAY make their shirts of very remarkable fabrics, imported from the four corners of the earth—Viyella and Aertex from England, woolen taffeta from Auchterarder in Scotland, Sea Island cotton from the British West Indies, cotton foulards from Switzerland, broadcloth from Manchester, linen batiste from Paris.

You can find HATHAWAY shirts at stores which carry on the great tradition. Or mail the coupon to C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine, for the name of your nearest store. In New York, telephone MU 9-4157.

MAIL THIS COUPON

C. F. HATHAWAY, Waterville, Me.

Please tell me the name of the nearest store where I can buy Hathaway shirts.

NAME____________________

____

ADDRESS_________________

____

NOW thru OCT. 17
ROY ROGERS
"KING OF THE COWBOYS" IN PERSON
DALE EVANS "Queen of the West"
plus TRIGGER and TRIGGER, Jr.
PAT BRADY & NELLYBELLE
Added Attraction
SONS OF THE PIONEERS
RODEO
MATS. 2 PM WED. FRI. SAT. SUN. & OCT. 12
NITELY 8:30 except EARLY SHOW SUN. 7 PM
no performance Oct. 4 & 5
NOT TELEVISED
Res. $1,50*, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, tax. incl.
*Gen'l Adm. Sun. thru Thurs. Evgs. & Wed. Fri. Mats.
CHILDREN HALF-PRICE WED. & FRI. MATS.
MADISON SQ. GARDEN

New England in New York

When you try our delicious cooking, you'll find a corner of New England in bustling Manhattan. A charming, relaxing atmosphere where authentic Yankee dishes are served . . . juicy roast beef, chicken pot pie, down-East seafood, or Connecticut turkey . . . home cooking in the New England way has made the White Turkeys famous all over the world.

Luncheons $1.95 *up*
Special Dinners $2.50 *up*
Open Sun. from 1 p.m.
THE WHITE TURKEYS
38th STREET *at Madison Avenue* MU-3-1581
12 EAST 49th STREET *off Fifth Ave.* PL-3-1181
300 EAST 57th STREET *at 2nd Ave.* PL-9-3584
The Red Barn, Westport, Conn.—Open Every Day

even imagine an ideal companion they would put in the other's place. From their point of view, for their purposes, they had had the best there was. There lay the bleakness; for them, as they were constituted, through all eternity, this had been the optimum—there was no beyond. There was nothing.

And if this, thought Martha trenchantly, was "maturity," she did not care for it; she would almost rather be dead. It had occurred to her more than once, as a speculation, that perhaps she *was* dead. This was what she would have said, probably, if she had sat by as a commentator and watched herself crawl back here. But, not being a commentator, Martha still had hope. She was just the opposite of John; she would not admit that she had hope, while he would not admit that he despaired. She was afraid to. She feared that this hope might be an illusion, which she had in common with every wreck and derelict who had floated up on the beach. It might be nothing more than the old "free will" of the philosophers, which was a part of the apparatus of consciousness and told nothing one way or the other about reality.

To think that such a hope was still alive in the twenty-one chronic town drunkards, in the barbital addict and the three village idiots, no doubt, as well as in all the beached failures and second-raters of the twenties and thirties, was ludicrous from the outside—Martha could assure them of that—but nobody could see himself from the outside, not even Martha at her most objective, when she seemed to be straining out of the window of her nature, to catch a glimpse of John and herself in the round.

MARTHA heaved a sigh. She yawned from hunger. The more one knew, the less one could predict, it seemed. In human life, as in palmistry, no sign had a fixed meaning. In the workshop, last week, they had found an old book of the hand, which Martha said, after study, was just as reliable as psychoanalysis; you could make palmistry match your life just as well as Freud's theories, assuming you thought you knew what your life was. John's right hand, for instance—his "made" hand—had no fate line, which could mean that he had entrusted his fate to Martha—they had both seen this, wryly smiling, the minute he stretched out his palms to her. They had found poor Barrett, too, in both their hands, with the bad-luck sign around him, which made Martha say—a thing she half be-

"A HUMDINGER!"—KERR, H.-TRIB.

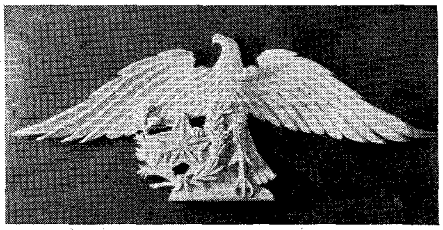
JOHN RAITT • JANIS PAIGE
EDDIE FOY JR.
IN A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY
THE PAJAMA GAME
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
Eves.: Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75; 1st Balc. $4.60, 3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Mat. Wed. Orch. $4.05; Mezz. $4.05; 1st Balc. $3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Sat. Mat. Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05. 1st Balc. $3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. (Tax Included).
Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest one alternate date.
ST. JAMES THEA., 246 W. 44th St., N. Y.
AIR CONDITIONED

"A Solid Gold Click"—*Walter Winchell*
". . . a very funny show"—
—*Gibbs, The New Yorker*
Max Gordon presents
The SOLID GOLD CADILLAC
by HOWARD TEICHMANN and GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
LORING SMITH
staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
SEATS NOW FOR ALL PERFS, THRU JAN. 1
Orch. Mon.-Thur. $4.60, Balc. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Fri. & Sat. Eves. Orch. $5.75, Balc. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Wed. Mat. Orch. $3.45, Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75, 1.15. Sat. Mat. Orch. $4.05, Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75, 1.15. All Tax Incl. Good Balc. Seats Available for all Perfs.
MUSIC BOX, 45th St., West of B'way
CI 6-4636. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40.
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

"EXTREMELY FUNNY—A DANDY SHOW!"
—*WALTER KERR, HERALD-TRIBUNE*
CHERYL CRAWFORD
in association with Anderson Lawler presents
LLOYD BRIDGES in
Oh, men! Oh, women!
a COMEDY by EDWARD CHODOROV
Air.-Cond. HENRY MILLER'S Thea., 124 W. 43rd St.
BR. 9-3970 Evgs 8:40 Mats Thurs & Sat 2:40

LAST WEEKS!—TOUR STARTS!
Washington—Oct. 25; Philadelphia—Nov. 1
Pittsburgh—Nov. 8; Chicago—Nov. 15
GEORGE KONDOLF *presents*
CHESTER MORRIS JOSEPH BULOFF
IN "THE 5th SEASON"
by SYLVIA REGAN *Staged by* GREGORY RATOFF
CORT THEATRE, 48 St. East of Broadway
Tues. thru Sun. Evgs. (No Mons.). $4.60, $4.05, $3.45, $2.90, $2.30, $1.75. Mats. Sat. & Sun. $3.45, $2.90, $2.30, $1.75, $1.15.

• HAND CARVINGS •



Salem Eagle and Emblem Eagles of any description designed and hand carved to order from sketches submitted for approval.
For further information, pictures and prices write to:
JOHN UPTON
WOOD CARVER
STAR ROUTE WALDOBORO, MAINE

A HIGH PROOF

Whiskey Does Not Have To Be High In Price!

READ HOW FLEISCHMANN'S HIGHER PROOF GIVES YOU MORE ENJOYMENT ...AT LESS COST!

To get more enjoyment in a whiskey, look at the "Proof." For "Proof" tells a whiskey's "strength." Today, most leading blends are no more than 86 Proof. But Fleischmann's is a full 90 Proof! And this means that you get more flavor—and enjoyment in every drink.

Whiskies are taxed by the U. S. Government on the basis of Proof. And although Fleischmann pays $1.03 more per case in taxes than 86 Proof blends, Fleischmann's *costs you less* than many lower Proof brands. Try Fleischmann's today—you'll agree that it's the *best blended whiskey value in America!*

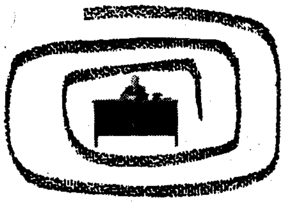
1870
90 PROOF
FLEISCHMANN
FLEISCHMANN'S
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Established 1870
90 PROOF
PREFERRED
BLENDED WHISKEY
Blended and Bottled by
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION
Peekskill, N.Y. Terre Haute, Ind.

BLENDED WHISKEY • 90 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, N.Y.

Long Life

Here it is the middle of October, and the editors are still getting requests for copies of an article that ran way back in June Nation's Business. It was titled, "You Only Think You're Tired." If you sleep badly, wake up worn out, are listless, lack ambition, often have headaches or backaches . . . well, perhaps you'd better send for a reprint, too.

People may get tired, but one thing we're sure of—a monthly magazine such as Nation's Business never does. Its active life is truly remarkable. The average weekly, particularly one based on news, is of necessity only as long lived as its succeeding issue, but a monthly goes on and on. We don't know of any advertising scientists who have measured this longevity factor, but it's a happy bonus in a broader audience and more hours on the job for any advertiser's message. It's nice to know, isn't it, that your copy works overtime in . . . Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen*, Washington 6, D. C.



(*Advertisement*)

lieved—that Barrett was the reason they had not been able to have a child yet, though the doctor had found nothing wrong. It was a punishment laid on her. If she had decreed that they should kidnap Barrett, John, she knew, would have done it; he had had faith in her nobility of purpose.

A deeper sigh escaped her. Then she stiffened on the sofa. She had heard a stirring from the bedroom. There was a loud yawn, a creaking of bedsprings, a slow, dragging step. Her heart bounded. She declined to be hurt because he had slammed the door. Indeed, she had almost forgotten it, which was the way all their quarrels ended nowadays. Another sign—but how to read it? She went quickly to meet him in the kitchen. As he came out of the bedroom door, his hair was rumpled and his face was creased, but his high, boyish color had come back. Evidently he had been sleeping. This at once relieved and slightly irritated her. She looked at his hand; the blood had soaked through the bandage, but the actual bleeding had stopped. "You're better," she said gaily.

"It still hurts," he protested. "But you're better," she repeated. "You looked awful before. You *glistened*, like a sweating piece of store cheese." She smiled, trying to cajole him, as if the "old" John of an hour before were a trying guest they had got rid of and were now ready to discuss. He flexed his hand and made a rueful face. Martha looked at him in alarm. "It *really* hurts?" she cried, with a shiver of sympathy. And all at once she was flooded with penitence. "Do you think you cut a tendon?" she timidly asked. But John seemed to read her thoughts, which were rushing ahead to death and judgment. "Don't be a goose," he said calmly. "Why don't you make us a drink?"

Martha looked at her watch. She was thinking of the doctor's office hours, which were doubtless the same as they had always been—seven to nine in the evenings. She did not like the idea of John's sitting in the doctor's waiting room (if she could get him there) with liquor on his breath. The story would get around that he had hurt himself when drunk, like all the other New Leedsians, who were always catching on fire, falling into open wells or sunken gardens, tripping on stairs, crashing up in their cars. At the same time, Martha yearned for the festivity of cocktails, and John, no doubt, needed it. She suddenly perceived that if she hurried and forgot about the doctor, they could

FIRST CHOICE FOR COOL, SPARKLING DAYS.

Our two-tone wool dress and jacket come in such lovely combinations of charcoal with grey, brown with mink, amethyst with orchid.

Regular and Half sizes

PRICE 195.00

Kathleen Inc.

118 East 60th St., New York 22, N. Y.
88 Main St., New Canaan, Conn.

The Traveler's Friend
NCB TRAVELERS CHECKS

They're a welcome sight everywhere—readily accepted like cash. You'll never be stranded without travel funds if you carry safe spendable National City Bank Travelers Checks. If they are lost or stolen, you get a full refund. Good on any continent in any ocean. Cost 75¢ per $100. Buy them at your bank.

The best thing you know wherever you go
NATIONAL CITY BANK TRAVELERS CHECKS

Backed by The National City Bank of New York
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

have dinner almost on time and a drink before it, too; the day would be almost a normal day, after all, as if the cut and the quarrel had never been. "All right," she agreed. "An Old-Fashioned?" He nodded, approvingly. Martha's Old-Fashioneds were a sign of love. She did them with bourbon, no fruit, and half a lump of sugar, in their best glasses, rubbing the rims with orange peel and lemon peel and putting in a silver muddler. As she set John's drink before him and got a chicken out of the icebox and an onion from the vegetable bin, she was happy again. She had just remembered somebody's telling her that the present doctor here was a penicillin fiend, and her conscience was at rest: John said you could not trust a doctor who trusted to penicillin.

"Talk to me," he ordered, pointing to the chair opposite him. "I ought to start the supper," said Martha, indicating the cut-up chicken. "Let me just put it on," she pleaded. She poured olive oil into the frying pan, turned up the heat, and in a minute threw in the chicken. "Excuse me," she murmured and hurried out the door with the flashlight. She came back with a bunch of thyme and parsley, got out the chopping board and the onion, and sat down across from him with her drink. "I love you," she announced.

But he had sunk into despondency. "I wonder whether you do," he said, frowning, and pulling at the bandage, which was stiff with dried blood. "Sometimes, Martha," he went on, raising his eyes, "I think it's all words with you." Martha's eyes widened. "That's what He used to say," she cried—so they always spoke of her first husband, as a capitalized pronoun. "So you told Him you loved Him, too," observed John. Martha shook her

PARIS
CAFE
TELEPH
CAFE
TABAC
LB

Charles Munch

"The Baldwin is unequaled in Concerto works with orchestra or in recital"

CHARLES MUNCH

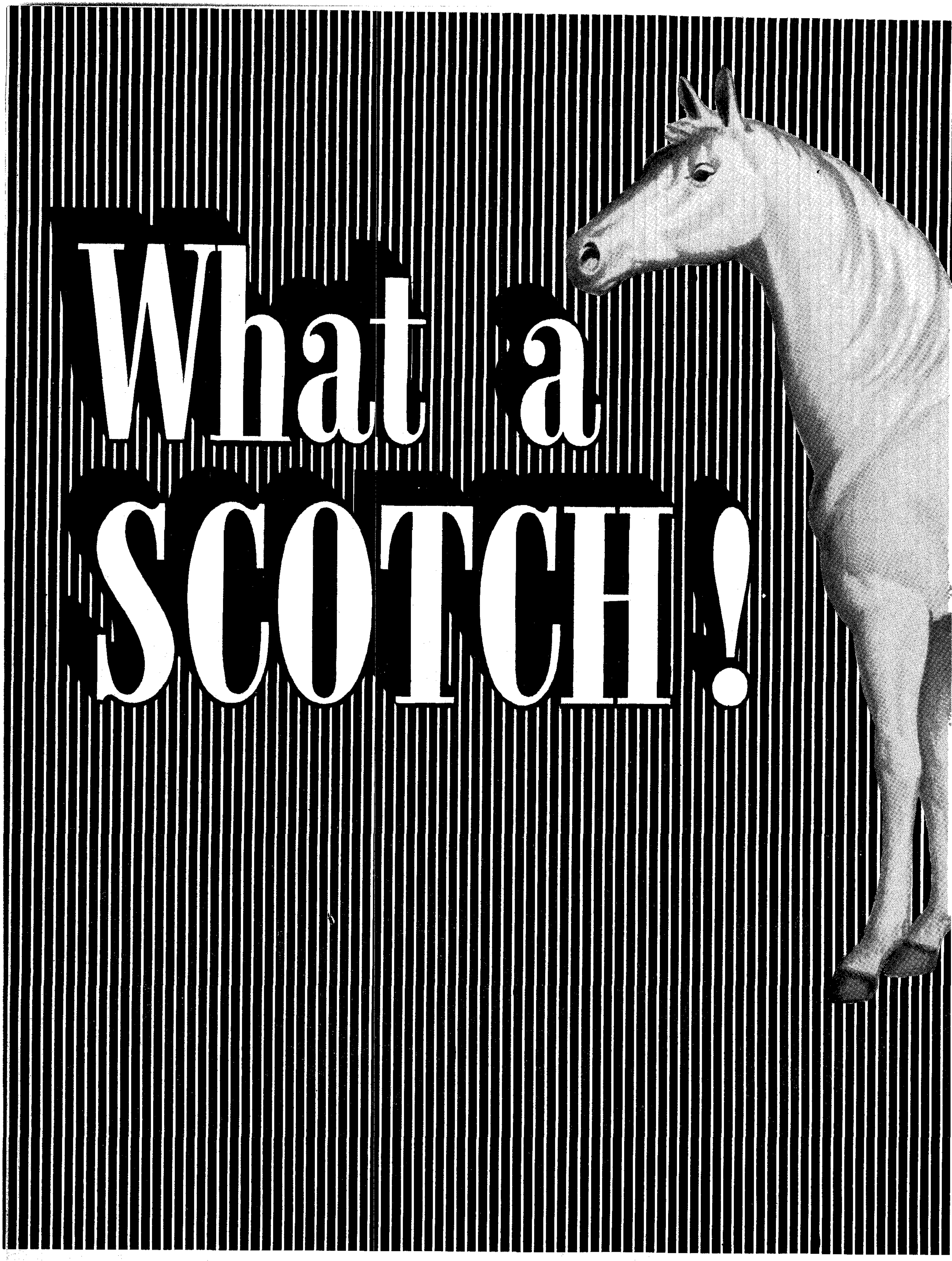
To the truly great artist, his piano is as personal as his signature... and is chosen for its superlative interpretation of his touch. The world's most renowned pianists choose Baldwin not alone for the Beautiful Baldwin Tone but for the integrity of craftsmanship that makes each Baldwin piano a masterpiece. This is the genius of Baldwin: to the artist, a Baldwin Concert Grand is always *his* piano, "answering" with the same clear, vibrant voice whenever his fingers touch its keyboard into life.

At home, as on the concert stage, that Beautiful Baldwin Tone is a constant joy and source of pride. For perfection in performance is the most potent invitation to explorations into music. For pure delight in both the beauty and musical perfection of your piano, choose Baldwin.

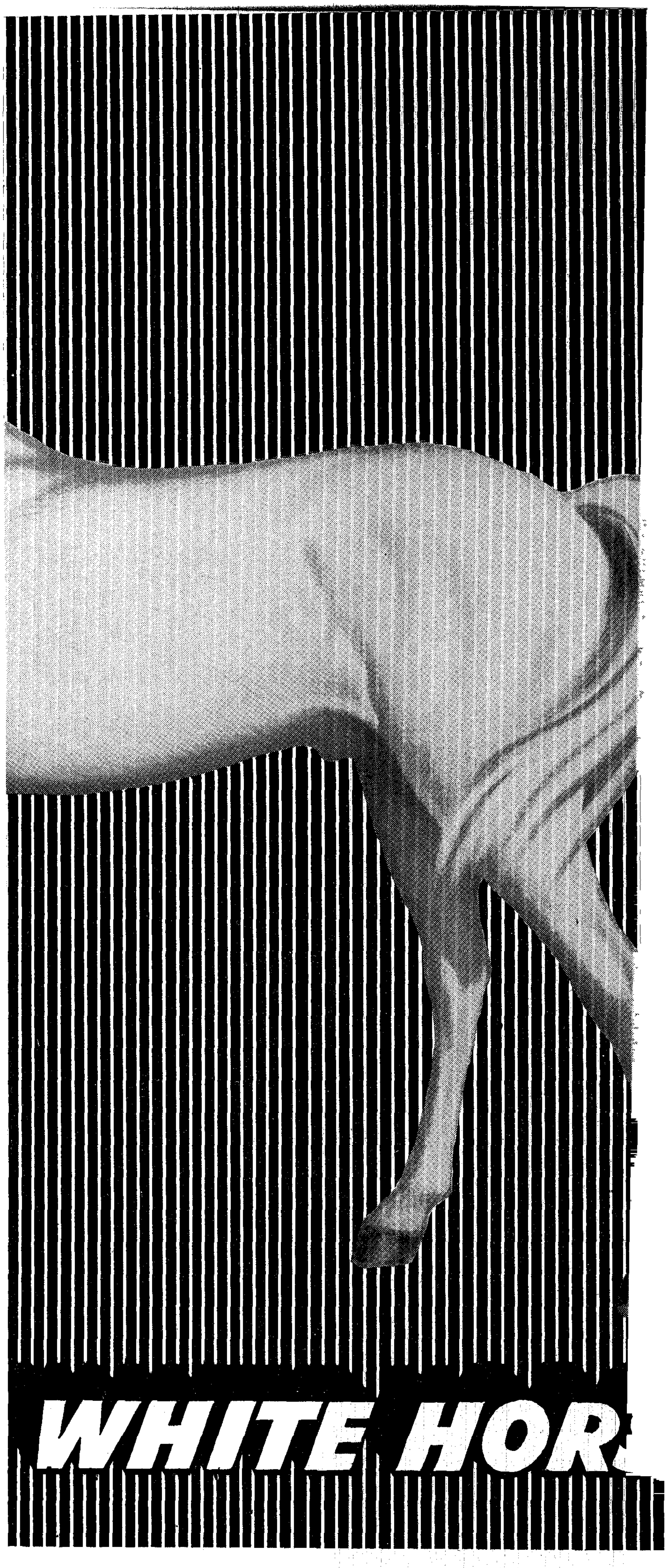
THE BALDWIN PIANO COMPANY
Dept. NY-104, Cincinnati 2, Ohio

Baldwin

BUILDERS OF: BALDWIN GRAND PIANOS • ACROSONIC SPINET PIANOS
HAMILTON VERTICAL PIANOS • BALDWIN AND ORGA-SONIC ELECTRONIC ORGANS


What a
SCOTCH!

● Blended Scotch Whisky 86.8 Proof



● Browne-Vintners Co., Inc., New York

Superb "Viyella"

This English material, imported direct by us, is incredibly warm for its light weight. It combines lambs wool (55%) with long staple Egyptian cotton (45%). Looks stunning, wears well, washes beautifully and is practically shrink-proof.

With it our exclusive Bermuda length Safari Shorts of sueded cotton.

VIYELLA SHIRTS

Tartans are: Beatrice Dress, Campbell Dress, MacLennon, McPherson, Macinnes, Stewart Royal, R.C.A.F. Blue or Anderson. Solid colors: Red, white, copen, navy, aqua, rust, yellow, tan or dark green. Sizes 10-20.

Tartans, $14.95 Solids, $11.95

Send for swatches

SAFARI BERMUDA LENGTH SHORTS OF SUEDED COTTON

Sand color only. Sizes 12-20. $8.95

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

MADISON AVE. AT 45TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
CHICAGO STORE:
VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE
9 NORTH WABASH, CHICAGO 2, ILL.

head. "No," she said earnestly. "*Never?*" John pounced. "Hardly ever," conceded Martha. The truth was she could not remember saying it, but she supposed that now and then she must have, when asked, from politeness. "What did He mean, then," demanded John, "by saying it was all words with you?" "I don't know," said Martha heavily. "He might have been talking about Barrett."

There was a strained silence. Ever since they had been back, Martha had been encountering these discrepancies. A phrase or an incident from her first marriage would suddenly crop up in her memory, like a piece in a jigsaw puzzle that seemed to have come from the wrong box. The horrifying thought that there could be a similarity, a common element in her two marriages, had struck her more than once recently. She kept going back to the past for reassurance, to remind herself of the differences.

"Did I ever tell you," she now murmured, "about the time I hit Him over the head with a highball glass?" John frowned and shook his head. "Oh, yes," she said gaily. "Two stitches." She watched him nervously to see what he thought of this revelation. He was shocked. "Of course, I had provocation," she added. "But can you imagine me doing such a thing?" "No," he said in a flat voice, glancing almost suspiciously at her frail figure and candid, innocent face. "That's the way I was then," she declared, sighing. "You can't conceive it, John."

"I don't believe it," he said stoutly, his features becoming very prim and precise. "You were just the way you are now when *I* met you." Martha shook her head. "That was because of you," she explained. "You made me nice. And now I'm relapsing." She glanced at his hand. "Look!" she cried. "It's bleeding again!" And in fact, while they had been drinking the Old-Fashioneds, a little fresh blood had seeped through the bandage.

"It's nothing," said John. "I've been using my hand, that's all."

Martha turned pale. "See?" she said. "That's typical. Up to this minute I hadn't thought to notice which hand it was." It was the right hand, of course. "And the bandage isn't sterile, either," she continued in an excited, self-accusatory tone. "I dropped it on the kitchen table."

John laughed. "Nothing is sterile," he said.

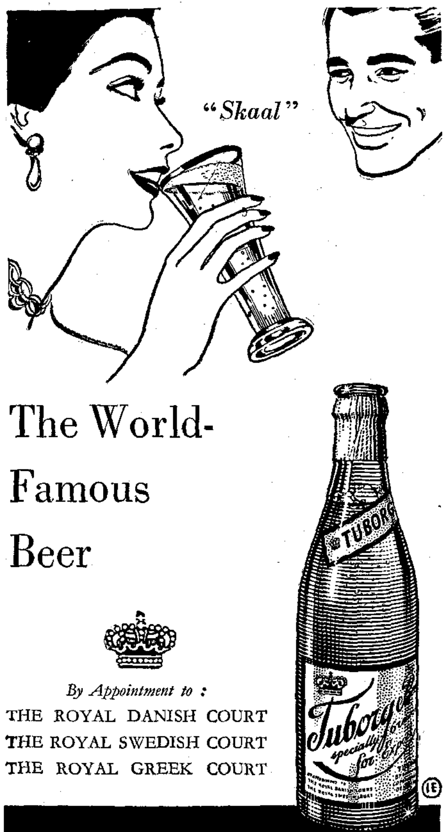
"We must get you to the doctor!" she exclaimed. "I don't trust myself to

BEST & CO.
Fifth Avenue at 51 Street

The importance of Paisley

Newest fashion intrigue by Kadin in beautiful bags for town or country. Indian-inspired silk-screened rayon challis prints . . . bold, roomy, right with Fall's newest fashions. Gray, brown or burgundy backgrounds. Each, 7.95 (N-8) *plus tax.*

Mail and phone orders filled • PLaza 9-2000
AND 16 CONVENIENT BRANCHES



The World-Famous Beer

By Appointment to :
THE ROYAL DANISH COURT
THE ROYAL SWEDISH COURT
THE ROYAL GREEK COURT

TUBORG
FROM WONDERFUL COPENHAGEN

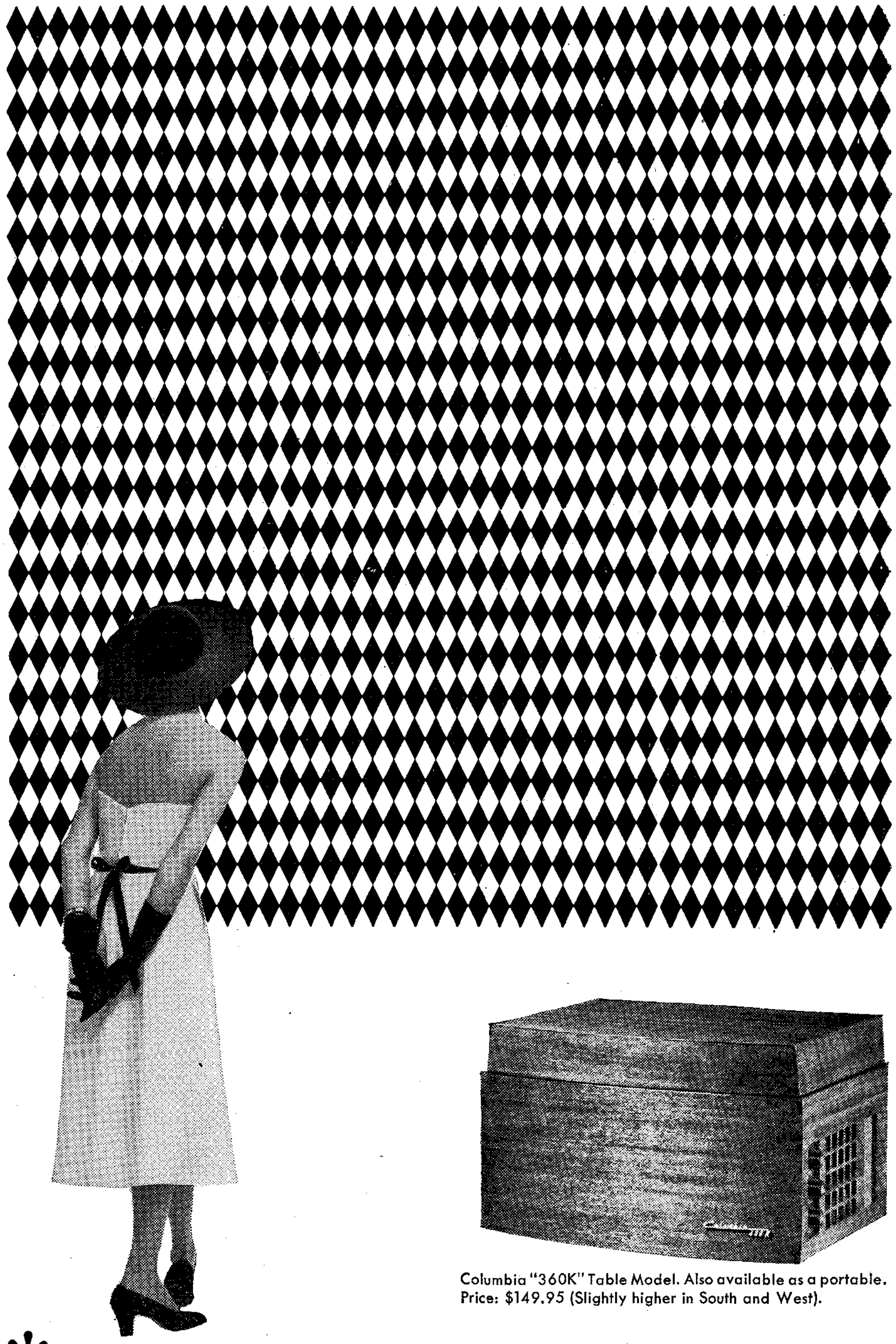
Tuborg Breweries, Ltd., Copenhagen, Denmark

take care of you. I don't even know any more whether I love you or not. I don't trust myself in anything."

He smiled. "You love me," he said. "Go on with the dinner." "Do I?" demanded Martha, looking at him eagerly and hopefully. He nodded. Suddenly she began to laugh. "What a ridiculous question!" she said, in her normal, light, clear voice. "How absurd. I sound completely mad. Am I?" "Have another drink," John replied. "I don't think we *should*," said Martha, beginning to slice the onion. He poured a second drink for himself. "Well, half," she said, when he held the bottle over her glass.

She jumped up to turn the chicken in the pan, returned to her seat, and started chopping the onion and the herbs with great determination, resolved to be matter-of-fact and cheerful—the way John liked her. "Did I ever tell you," she began, smiling faintly, "about the Youngs' Assumption Day party? It's the climax of the social season. All the New Leeds irregulars are there with their service stripes and wound badges. It's like a veterans' convention. It happens every year, and every year the doctor is busy from midnight to dawn with splints and bandages. The drugstore lays in an extra stock of Covermark. The ambulance driver used to say that he slept with his clothes on that night. Even the animals get hurt. Sandy Gray threw a knife at Ellen one time and hit their French poodle. There was a big scandal in the town because the new doctor wouldn't sew up the dog's wound. The Grays were furious; the old doctor always treated dogs." "Did the dog die?" sharply interposed John. "No," said Martha. "Of course not. Nobody

This page contains 2000 diamonds–
the number of speakers in the
new Columbia 360K*
phonograph



Columbia "360K" Table Model. Also available as a portable.
Price: $149.95 (Slightly higher in South and West).

* Incredible but true. The completely new Columbia "360K" phonograph actually contains 2000 separate high frequency speakers. The "K" designation stands for Kilosphere, a remarkable Columbia electrostatic speaker development. Without it this compact phonograph would have to be as big as a house. Listen to it. You will hear a quality of living, breathing sound that is unexcelled by any other phonograph in the entire world! Designed and Engineered by **COLUMBIA RECORDS**

Ask your dealer for free booklet or write Columbia, Dept. B, 799 Seventh Avenue, N. Y. 19

"Columbia," "360" Trademarks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Marcas Registradas. "Kilosphere" T. M.

BONWIT TELLER

SHIRT-IN-WAITING

Bonwit's exclusive shirt top designed for maternity wear, but so handsome our non-expectant customers like it too. In Swiss Lanella, washable cotton and wool fabric. Red and green tartan, Black Watch, red tattersall check, light blue glen plaid or chamois, baby blue, light oxford. 10 to 16 by Avorn, 14.95 Mail and phone, no c.o.d. New York White Plains Chicago Cleveland Boston

dies. Hardly ever. That's it; they just get crippled." "It seems to *me*," observed John, "that you're all wrong about the death principle you keep harping on. The inhabitants, from your own account, seem to bear a charmed life." He set his lips somewhat primly, as though he had scored a telling point. Martha ignored the bite in the word "harping." "It could be," she mused, looking up at him with wondering eyes. "Yes, of course, it could be. But you could read it the other way, too. They could be dead already. You can't kill a ghost, you know." She reflected. "That's exactly what I feel like," she confided, elated by the discovery. "A *revenante*. One who comes back." To emphasize the point, she brought the knife down hard on the onion, which slipped from her grasp; her left forefinger slowly began to bleed.

They stared at each other incredulously. "We're just like the others," whispered Martha. They both began to laugh, in loud, resonant peals. The whole house seemed to laugh; the pans rattled on the kitchen walls. "Sh-h-h," said Martha. "Somebody might hear." Though there was nobody for miles about, John modulated his amusement. "Who?" he muttered. "Why, the Fates," said Martha, with a sort of wild gaiety. "They can hear that we're laughing at them." "I thought," retorted John, "that we were laughing at ourselves." "It's the same thing," pointed out Martha. "You're not supposed to laugh at a joke life is playing on you."

She held up her dripping finger ruefully, like an admonishment. "We're just like the others," she repeated. " 'He hath put down the mighty from their seats.' " John nodded. For the first time, he let himself yield to Martha's sibylline wisdom. She was right, he said darkly to himself: they should never have come back here. And at once he felt pity for her, as for any doomed, fluttering creature; he thought of the bird that had been caught last week in the chimney. "Come here," he ordered. He took a gauze pad from its envelope and wrapped it around her finger. "Poor mouse," he said tenderly. "Poor, frightened, jumpy mouse." He put an arm about her as she stood leaning against him. "Poor John," she replied. They smiled sadly at each other; the air was cleansed of reproaches. "So where do we go from here?" he muttered, rhetorically, tightening his arm about her waist.

But Martha had made up her mind. "To the doctor, of course," she said

14 Kt. GOLD

$118*
$36.50*
$21*
$65*

STIFF BANGLE BRACELETS

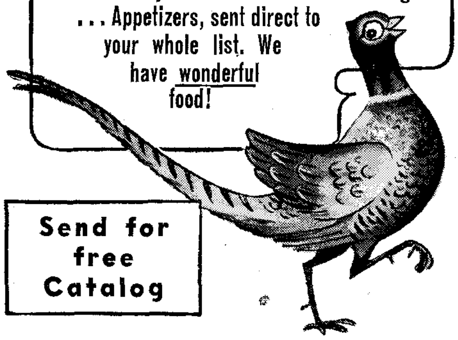
Illustration ⅔ Actual Size

Olga TRITT

18 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

*Federal Excise Tax Included

HI TYCOONS! Here's the way to settle Christmas! Order Smoked Game Birds . . . Country Ham and Bacon . . . Sausage . . . Appetizers, sent direct to your whole list. We have wonderful food!



Send for free Catalog

Fin 'n Feather Farm Dundee, Illinois

authentic IRISH CLAN CREST Neckties & Scarves

CLANCY
MURPHY
NUGENT
FLYNN
O'SHEA
DWYER
KELLY
DOYLE

These traditional crests, rich in historic associations, are embroidered in Dublin for over 1600 honoured Irish names on hand-woven poplin and other fine materials.

Crested Ties: hand-woven poplin—$12.50. Silk—$10.50. Shantung or barathea—$5.00. Crested Ascot scarves: poplin—$18.50. Shantung—$10.00. Grey, green, blue, ruby, etc. Give 2nd choice.

Prompt Attention to Mail Orders
Send for descriptive folder and name list.

Visit our unique shop

DE MOLEYNS OF DUBLIN Inc., PLaza 5-6951
59 EAST 54th STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

lightly, whirling out of his embrace. She threw the chopped vegetables into the pan with the chicken, poured in some white wine, turned the stove on low, and went into the next room to telephone. "The doctor will wait for us," she reported, coming back. John did not protest. He had decided to trust her. Her own cut was not serious, but it was a warning that his must be attended to; this was Martha's logic—in the infernal region they had wandered into she seemed to know the ropes. "We'll have liquor on our breath," he said mildly. Martha shrugged. "And people will say we've been fighting," she added. "Don't you care?" inquired John, as he rose and let her put his coat around his shoulders. "No," she said. "After all, it's true—in a way."

They went out into the starry night. She was happy, he saw, as she always was when she had come to a decision. In despair, Martha found hope. The notion that they were just like the others—New Leedsian to the core—this terrible possibility, now demonstrated, had lifted her spirits. She did not really believe it, he suddenly perceived. More than ever now, she felt that they were different. She was a little tipsy and she stumbled. "Don't fall into the herb box," she cautioned, with a giggle. John took her arm firmly in his.

—Mary McCarthy

•

When argon gas is heated by a shock wave in a glass tube, there is usually no immediate visible effect. But after an "incubation time" of from one millionth to 100 millionths of a second, depending on the temperature, the gas suddenly glows brilliantly.—*Scientific American.*

You expect us to hang around?

•

Containing a woman's wig, a prison uniform and two stolen license plates, the automobile used to transport Elmer "Trigger" Burke after he escaped from a Boston pail was found abandoned shortly after a man who described himself as "Trigger" threatened the life of the Boston district attorney.—*Wilkes-Barre Valley News.*

It must feel like being reborn.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Chicago Tribune*]

San Leandro, Cal., Aug. 22 (AP)—Mr. and Mrs. Howard Evern's four children had many pets—a white rat, two white pigeons, 17 parakeets, and a shepherd dog, Lady. Mrs. Evern issued a stern order: No more pets.

wonderful
MEXICO
has everything!

a favorable exchange...
(Now 12.50 pesos to the U. S. dollar)

a perfect climate...
(You'll have one blue-sky vacation day after another.)

a lot to see...
(From its timeless pyramids to modern cities, snow capped mountains to tropical beaches, Mexico offers a completely "foreign" vacation right next door.)

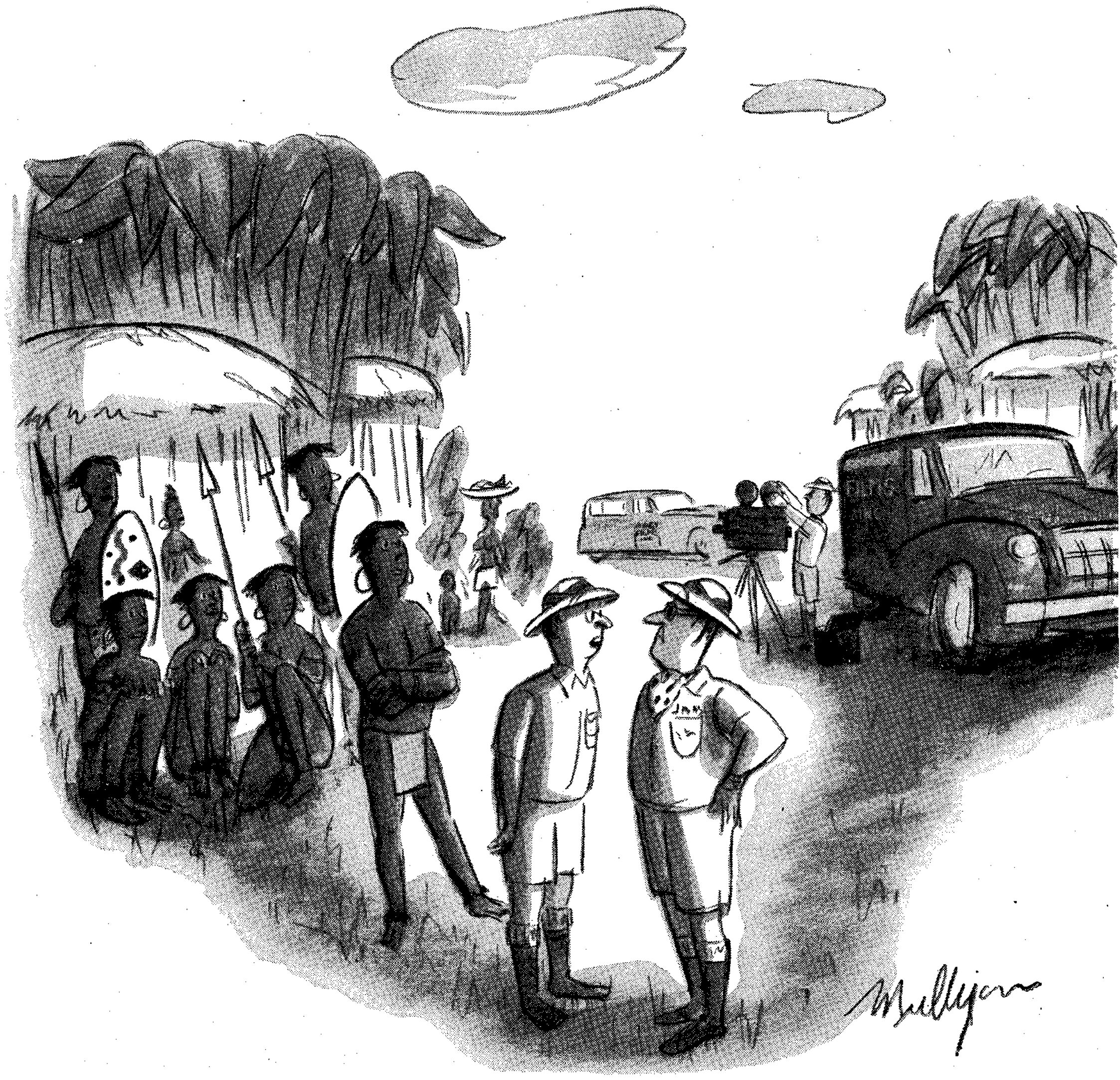
see your travel agent
or write **THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU**
New York • Chicago • Los Angeles • San Antonio • San Diego • Houston • New Orleans • Miami

THE THEATRE

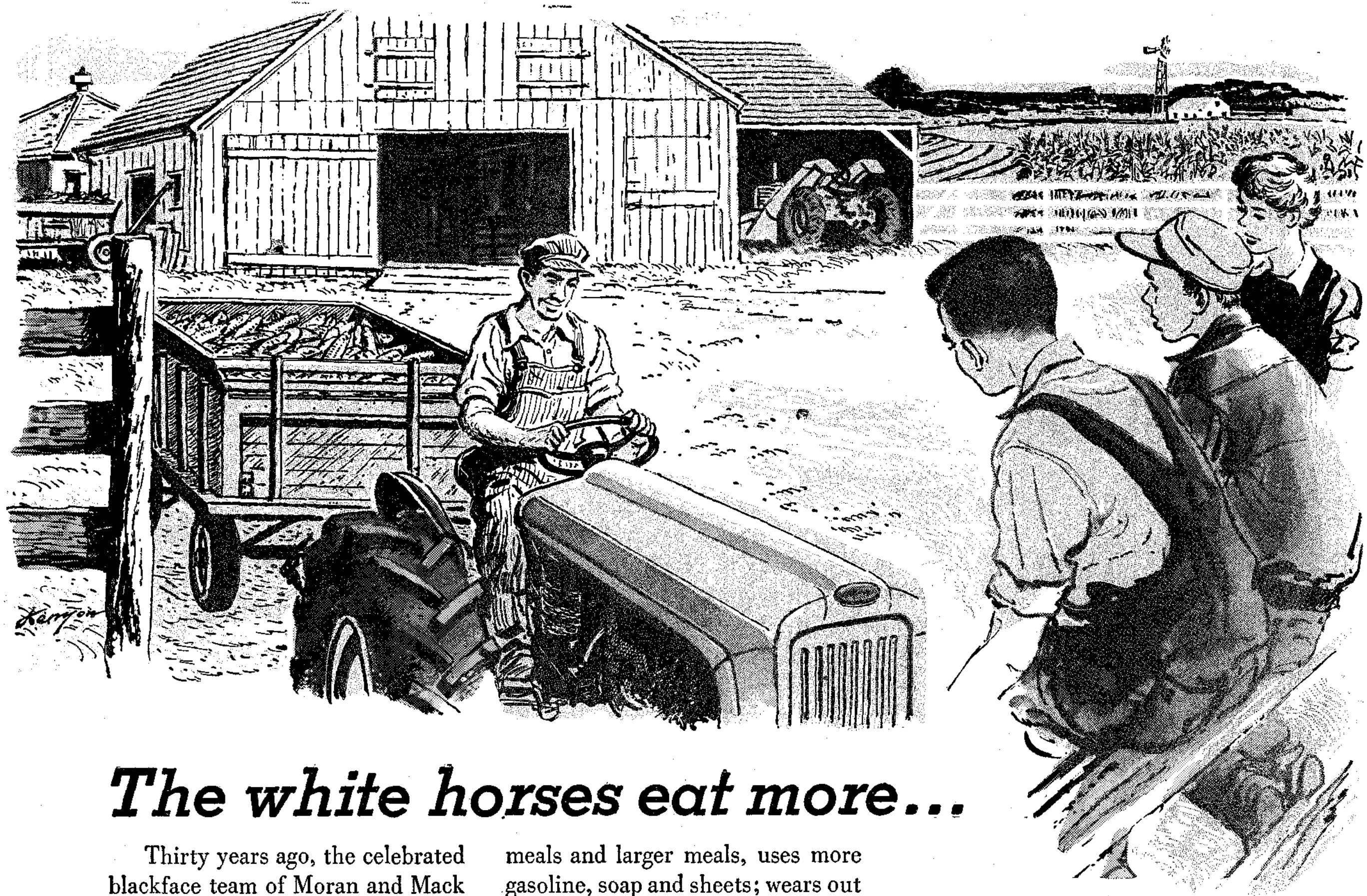
SOME FUN WITH THE PAST

“The Boy Friend” is a parody not only of the musical comedies of the twenties but also of the *British* musical comedies of that period. This, of course, gives it two fine levels of absurdity on which to work, and it operates on both of them with wonderful spirit and sagacity. The show inevitably suffers a bit from the fact that almost no other era in our social history has been so ruthlessly satirized on the stage. The John Held, Jr., costumes—the little cloche hats, the low-slung, tubular frocks, compressed at the top and crazily belted around a lady’s widest part, the rolled stockings, and the silken bloomers—have been revived many times before, in offerings like “Billion Dollar Baby” and “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes” and in countless revue sketches, and the tormented gyrations of the Charleston are as familiar to most theatregoers as the stately measures of a Viennese waltz. As a man who has meagrely survived both the Jazz Age itself and all the subsequent comments on it, I found myself occasionally somewhat apathetic toward these features of the entertainment at the Royale.

The rest of it, however, struck me as a nearly unadulterated delight. Sandy Wilson and Vida Hope, who worked together on the music, lyrics, book, and direction, have burlesqued all these matters with rare intelligence and restraint. The tunes sound almost exactly like the ones that used to make us all so happy and so sad. I am not technically equipped to discuss this portion of the work and can say only that the cheerful songs, abundantly punctuated with little kicks and squeals from the performers and assisted by vehement percussive effects from the orchestra, have a shrill, maniacal gaiety that I had thought went forever with the great days of the Coolidge administration, and the sentimental ones, delivered with remarkably expansive gestures, to the accompaniment of a lot of wailing of horns and tinkling of triangles, are nearly enough to break your heart. The lyrics aren’t quite as effective, it being rather a problem to parody something that was at once terribly flat and relentlessly arch, but they still succeed well enough in capturing the innocent foolishness of the past, and those that go with two numbers, “I Could Be Happy with You” and “A Room in Bloomsbury,” seem exactly as awful as anything I heard in the days when “Margie” was esteemed a considerable literary effort. Strangely enough—because they are certainly too young ever to have seen any examples of the original—Mr. Wilson and Miss Hope are at their best in their conception of the way a musical used to be directed. They have got it all—the fixed, automatic smile, the horrid stare that never leaves the audience, the meaningless crossing and recrossing of the stage, the lines of dialogue shrilled in unison by the ladies of the ensemble, the habit of conversing about a character standing well within earshot, the roguish bits of business, especially in the dance numbers, that once entranced us with their charm and ingenuity, and, above all, the method of cuing in the musical numbers (“That reminds me of a song.” “Can you sing it?” “Yes”), which disposes of this tedious business with a dispatch undreamed of in the stagecraft of today. It is all perfectly un-



“He says you’ll have to talk to their agent.”



The white horses eat more...

Thirty years ago, the celebrated blackface team of Moran and Mack panicked vaudeville audiences from coast to coast with Moran's rambling confused account of the wonders of his uncle's farm.

For one thing, the white horses on his uncle's farm always ate more than the black horses, and he never rightly figured out why (*long pause*) except maybe because there were more white horses!

In evaluating any market big as the United States, the business man must rely on averages. Averages clarify, but they also conceal.

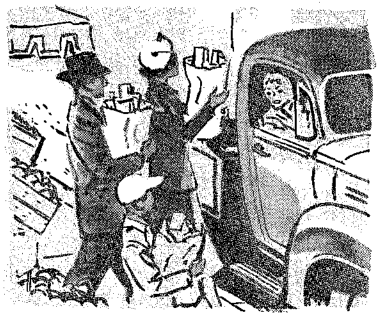
For instance, according to the Census, the average US household in 1953 was 3.28 people. Hidden in this average, however, is the urban average of 3.12; *and a white horse average of 3.8 in the farm families reached by* Successful Farming!

You don't have to be a statistician to figure out the plus market of the extra .68 person per SF family for 1,300,000 families! Over a billion more meals a year, for example!

The larger SF family eats more meals and larger meals, uses more gasoline, soap and sheets; wears out more clothes, shoes, Kleenex, tires. And needs more rooms, beds, radios.

The SF homemaker spends more time in her kitchen, handles more food, serves more meals than the urban woman, needs and buys more dishtowels, ranges, and food freezers.

Besides extra size and need, the SF farm family has the extra income that makes an exceptional customer —*averages around $10,000 a year.*



This single magazine represents a bloc of buying power equivalent to another national suburbia. For the extra family *and* income, there is no extra in the advertising rate!

Successful Farming obviously serves superior farm families. Most of its circulation is concentrated in the fifteen agricultural Heart States which supply about two-thirds of the country's foodstuffs.

SF farmers have larger farms and larger investments, more buildings and machinery, and larger incomes. Three out of four are in the top 39% that gets 88% of the national farm income.

These farmers have had a dozen good years, saved money and have money to spend. Since 1947 they have been spending on their homes —building, remodeling; adding new bathrooms, kitchens, appliances, new furniture and furnishings.

Because Successful Farming for fifty years has helped the country's best farmers make money and live better, it has more influence with them than any other medium.

To balance national schedules, make sales and advertising really national—there is no substitute for Successful Farming.

Any SF office can tell you more!

Meredith Publishing Company, *Des Moines...*
offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia,
Cleveland, Atlanta, San Francisco, and Los Angeles.

"First Choice in France... and in the world!"

MARTELL
J.&F. MARTELL
COGNAC
COGNAC-FRANCE
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP.
NEW-YORK N.Y.
SOLE AGENTS FOR U.S.A.

MARTELL

Cognac Brandy

More people in France (in fact, more people throughout the world) drink MARTELL than any other Cognac. And who knows Cognac quality better than the French!

Imported from COGNAC, FRANCE *by*
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK • 84 PROOF

speakable, but as a form of humorous criticism it is unquestionably art.

The plot of "The Boy Friend" has something to do with a romance between the daughter of an American millionaire and a titled young Englishman, currently pretending to be a messenger boy; there is a subsidiary affair involving the heroine's father and the Gallic headmistress of the Riviera finishing school in which she is incarcerated; and there are some subordinate comics of the customary design. It is conceivable that the naïveté has been overdone just a trifle here, but it serves its purpose, giving rise to such lovely lines as "I know he's a messenger boy. He does it because he's poor," and it is helped out by the British angle of the joke, which permits any number of singular locutions, including the young women's pleasant habit of addressing one another as "chep."

The acting is uniformly good, always remaining on the right side of the hairline that divides the comic from the grotesque, but I was especially enchanted with Julie Andrews, an extremely fetching blonde who, in some mysterious manner, moves as if she were on roller skates and whose unvarying expression of lofty imbecility is the season's dramatic highlight for me so far. The other leading parts are taken by John Hewer, Ruth Altman, Eric Berry, Ann Wakefield, and Geoffrey Hibbert, all of whom appear to understand precisely the effect that is desired, and the sets and costumes, adapted from Reginald Woolley's London originals by Feder and Robert Mackintosh, respectively, have just the proper gimcrack air.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

●

Being able to work alone in my hobby shop was a problem, because the kids and my wife were always bothering me. So I bought some snappy pictures and hung them all over the walls of the shop. Now the wife refuses to come near the shop and keeps the kids away from it, too. At last I have complete satisfaction.
JAMES J. KAYS, Modesto, Calif.
—*Letter to the editor of Popular Science.*

Watch your saw—you're running off the line!

●

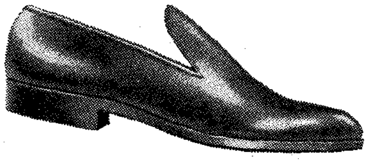
OUR OWN BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Groom Development Co., Oakland, Calif.
Utter Realty Co., Scottsdale, Ariz.
Dam-Fino Construction Co., Peekskill, N. Y.
Peerless Handcuff Co., Springfield, Mass.
Riggio's Garden of Eatin', Harrisburg, Pa.
Grow Solvent Co., Detroit, Mich.

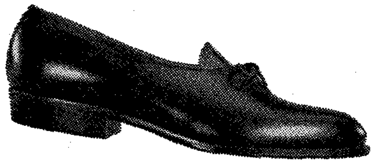
◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

See the LANCIA shoe

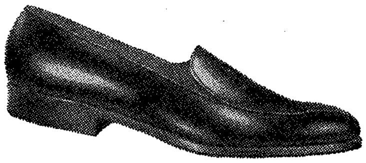
and other newsmaking men's shoes in our Continental Collection by JOHNSTON & MURPHY



The LANCIA
In black or brown Galleon Calf, or black Sorrento Silk faille, **$29.95**
Hand-braided Majorca Weave leathers in blue, black or browns, **$34.95**



The PEGASO
In black or brown Monticello Calf, **$29.95**

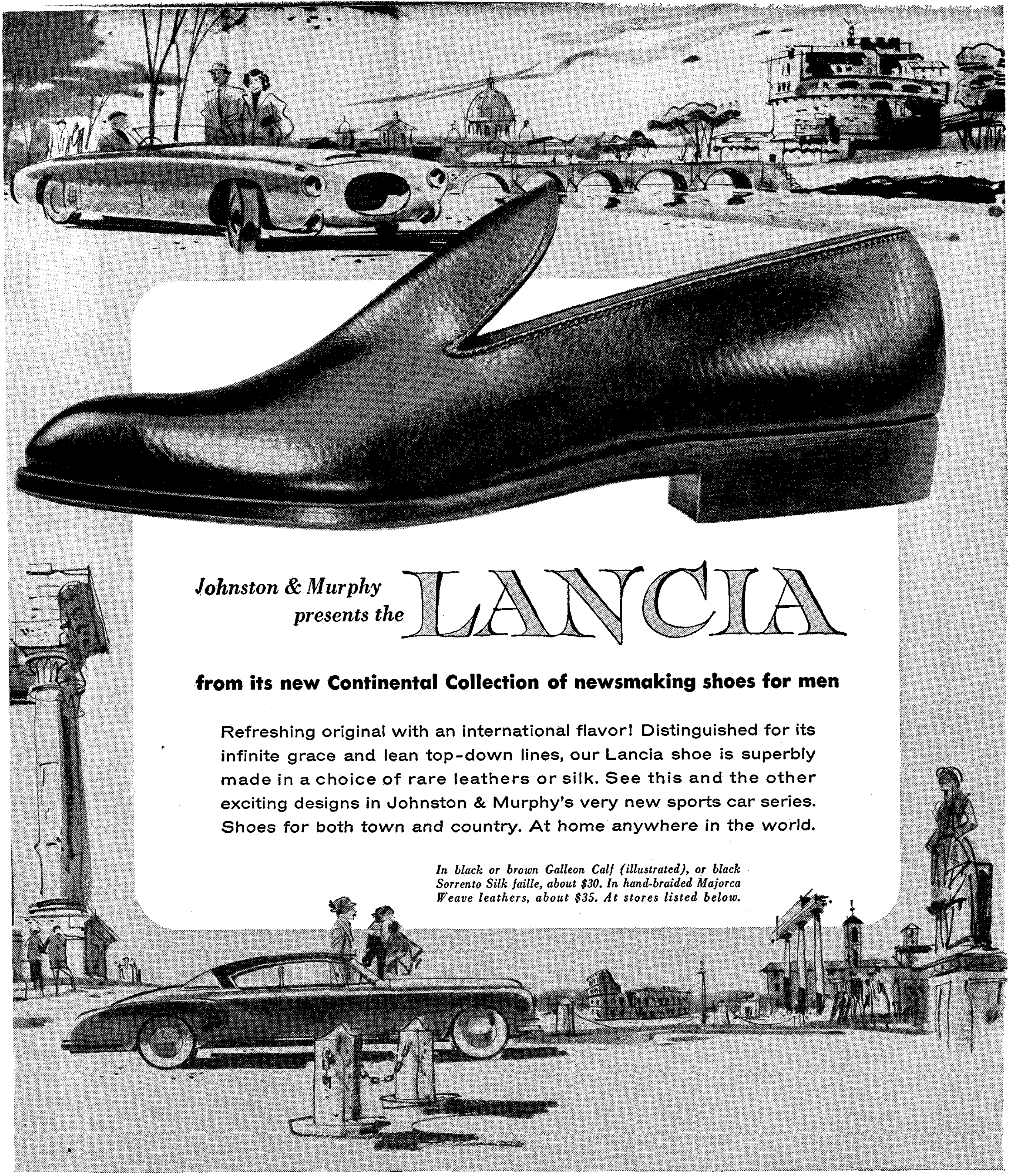


The SIATA
In black or brown Monticello Calf, **$29.95**

Whitehouse & Hardy

695 Fifth Avenue (at 54th Street)
1429 Broadway (at 40th Street)
335 Madison Avenue (Biltmore Hotel)
New York
835 Lincoln Road, Miami Beach

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆



Johnston & Murphy presents the

LANCIA

from its new Continental Collection of newsmaking shoes for men

Refreshing original with an international flavor! Distinguished for its infinite grace and lean top-down lines, our Lancia shoe is superbly made in a choice of rare leathers or silk. See this and the other exciting designs in Johnston & Murphy's very new sports car series. Shoes for both town and country. At home anywhere in the world.

In black or brown Galleon Calf (illustrated), or black Sorrento Silk faille, about $30. In hand-braided Majorca Weave leathers, about $35. At stores listed below.

NEW YORK
Whitehouse & Hardy

BOSTON
Louis' Inc.

NEWARK
Hillman's Shoes

PHILADELPHIA
Diamond & Co.
Waldo M. Claflin

MIAMI BEACH
Whitehouse & Hardy

BIRMINGHAM
J. Blach & Sons

NEW ORLEANS
Godchaux's

MEMPHIS
Phil A. Halle

MILWAUKEE
Schumacher's Boot Shop

CHICAGO and EVANSTON
Maurice L. Rothschild

KANSAS CITY
Woolf Brothers

MINNEAPOLIS
Maurice L. Rothschild-Young-Quinlan Co.

ST. PAUL
Maurice L. Rothschild

WICHITA
Woolf Brothers

TULSA
Woolf Brothers

FORT WORTH
John L. Ashe

LAS VEGAS
Christensen's

HOLLYWOOD and BEVERLY HILLS
The London Shop

SAN FRANCISCO
Sommer & Kaufmann

PORTLAND
Armishaw's

For names of stores in other cities write to Johnston & Murphy, Newark, N. J.

THE JOHNSTON & MURPHY SHOE
TRADE MARK

FIRST IN QUALITY
for over 100 years

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

Now—better than ever!

*SHIRTMAKER

Our beloved exclusive classic—
more important than ever
for Fall in fashion-favored tweed.
A luxurious soft wool done as always
with the perfection of fit and
tailoring that has made this dress
so famous. Charcoal gray or
charcoal brown. 10 to 20,
38 and 40. *(N-9)* **49.95**

Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000
Address Section 6 • Order by Style Number
Please include postage beyond
our motor delivery areas.
AND 16 CONVENIENT BRANCHES
*Trademark

THE RACE TRACK

Futurity Thoughts

THE Futurity, one of the major items of the season, will have its sixty-fifth running at Belmont Park this weekend. It isn't the oldest fixture for two-year-olds, or the richest, but ever since the lavender-scented days when it was run at Sheepshead Bay, it has been the top prize of the year for the younger runners. Moreover, I can think of no better illustration of the big gamble that goes on in racing—and I don't mean the daily double. The odds are at least 100–1 that a horse nominated for the Futurity won't get to the post. And if he gets there, he still has to run six and a half furlongs down the straight Widener Course. Take this year's Futurity, for example; there were 1,774 nominations for the race when the entries were closed, on January 15, 1952. By July of this year, so many owners had scratched their horses that only a hundred and sixty-one were left on the list, and of these probably not more than fifteen will start.

As you might guess from its name, the Futurity is a race in which thoroughbreds are entered before they are born. It's what is called a "produce stakes," and one of its conditions is that when a mare whose produce is nominated foals a filly, the animal is entered in the Matron Stakes instead of the Futurity. If the nominator wants her to be eligible for the Futurity, too, he must pay an additional fee of two hundred dollars. Well, eight hundred and nineteen fillies were born with a right to go for this year's Futurity, but only twenty-two were well enough thought of to have that extra fee paid for them. One of them, by the way, is the Wheatley Stable's High Voltage, who won the Matron Stakes at Belmont last weekend.

If you care for a few more figures, the largest Futurity field—twenty-nine starters—ran in 1924, Mother Goose's year. The richest Futurity was in 1929, when first money was $105,730 and went to Whichone. The least valuable was in 1913, when the winner, Pennant, collected $15,060. Only two real long shots have won. I'm sure there are horseplayers who will remember with a shudder the day the race was taken by Kerry Patch, a 30–1 chance, for that was hardly more than twenty years ago. The other long shot was Martimas, owned by William Hendrie, a Canadian sportsman. Martimas paid 50–1 in 1898, at Sheepshead Bay. (The Futurity was held there from 1888 to 1909.) Altogether, the very old-timers say, that was a memorable affair, for Martimas and the twenty-one other runners were at the post for more than an hour before the starter had them lined up to suit him. There were no stall gates in those days, or even a tape barrier; it was a go when the starter dropped his flag, the way it still is done in steeplechasing. That sort of thing would never do with us.

NO doubt the Futurity will be a good show. It usually is. However, it will have to be a dandy to be any better than the Anticipation Purse at Belmont the other afternoon. As a matter of fact, I've spent quite a while trying to recall as exciting a Futurity trial, or as topnotch a collection of colts. The only good one missing was Summer Tan; he was being saved for Saturday. Ticking them off in the order of their finish, there was Nashua, Royal Coinage, Pyrenees, and Georgian, and a furlong from home all four of them, together with Brother Tex, were heads apart across the track. They were burning gas, too, for the six furlongs were run in 1:08⅕. Georgian, who is as handsome in his own way as Nashua is in his, showed high early speed, and I have a notion he'll go better next time out. The story is that Royal Coinage wasn't quite wound up to concert pitch, and that may be, but I'll pick Nashua to beat him any time. There's no denying that Nashua redeemed himself for his disappointing performance in the Cowdin Stakes at Aqueduct last month. True, he was ridden hard all the way in the Anticipation, but I'm told that's what he likes. Also, I noticed that he wore special blinkers, with slits cut in them, so he could see horses running beside him. If memory serves, Gallant Fox, the famous Belair runner of twenty-five years ago, wore the same sort. Make what you can of that. Picking the Futurity isn't easy. Frankly, I like three horses—Nashua, Georgian, and Summer Tan—each for a different reason, and I think all three will be in the money. Let's let it go at that.

IF High Voltage isn't the best of the two-year-old fillies, she's pretty close to it. She has started ten times and won five races, and she has never been out of the money, although she has carried high weight and hasn't always had the best of luck. Her effort in the Matron was easily her best; in fact, it was so good that there was talk that she might run in the Futurity. I hope she doesn't. Evening Out tried it last year, and she has never been the same since. It's true that three fillies—Maskette, Top Flight, and First Flight—won both the Matron and the Futurity, but I don't think High Voltage is quite on a par with them.

Pet Bully is better than I thought he was. He gave Joe Jones fifteen pounds last Saturday in the Woodward Stakes and won going away, which is a neat trick, even if Joe Jones is no great shakes. Martyr, who made his company look like slow coaches the week before, in the Jerome, came in last. When Errard King raced head and head with him for half a mile in the Woodward, a lot of horse watchers were sure neither of them could stick it out. (Errard King finished way back, too.) Not all the horses from the Chicago tracks have done as well as Pet Bully. Sir Mango, for one, ran too badly for words last week in the Sysonby Stakes, which High Gun won easily. Sir Mango is a well-made little fellow, and had first-rate form where he came from. Maybe he didn't like the track.

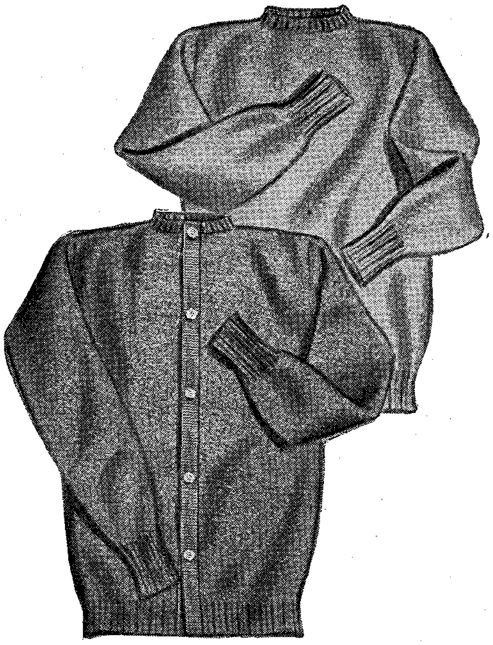
I'M no Red Board Joe, picking winners after the numbers go up, but I'll admit that it isn't hard, after you know how a race has come out, to discuss in a superior way the good bets that went undetected before it was run. Even so, I'll say that in no circumstances would I have had a ticket on Sorayo in a turf race last Saturday. He'd run eleven times this season, three times over hurdles, and the only time he'd been in the money was when he was placed third, following a disqualification. After he won, I actually heard horseplayers explain how the beast had figured to win. Perhaps he was so glad he wasn't running over hurdles again that he outdid himself. Anyhow, he paid a $226.90 mutuel.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

The Alaska Highway, originally the Alcan Highway, stretches 1,523 miles from Dawson Creek, B.C., to castles in Spain because they were built extensively in the wars between Moslems and Christians between 712 and 1492.—*Cleveland News.*

It's a good idea to carry a spare can of gas.



ESTABLISHED 1818

OUR FINE WOMEN'S SWEATERS made in Scotland exclusively for us in pure cashmere or Shetland wool

Brooks Brothers sweaters for women have long been classics for college or casual country wear. They are made exclusively for us in our own pullover or cardigan models, in a choice of soft shades.

OUR TWO-PLY PURE CASHMERE SWEATERS
Light blue, natural, navy, pink, white, yellow, medium or charcoal grey, medium green, lavender-blue, cherry red. Pullover, $32. *Cardigan,* $35

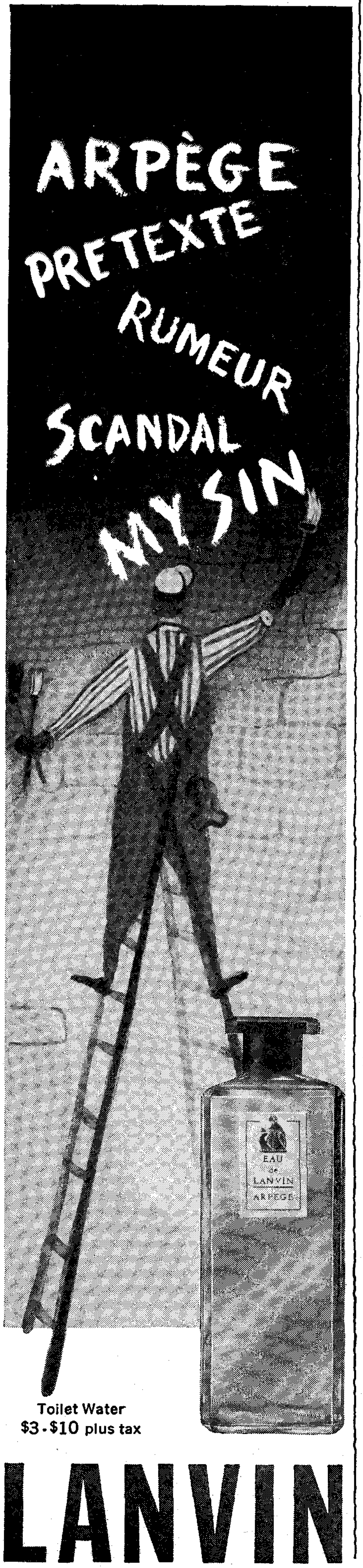
OUR FAMOUS SHETLAND WOOL SWEATERS
Yellow, navy, light or medium blue, light or charcoal grey, heather-blue, white, natural, pink, cherry, scarlet, medium brown, black, medium green, larkspur. Pullover, $15. *Cardigan,* $17

All sweaters in sizes 34 to 42

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO
Address Mail Orders to 346 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



THE CURRENT CINEMA

On Again, Off Again

IN "The Barefoot Contessa," one of the characters, supposedly a Hollywood director, keeps muttering that "life always louses up the script." This singing line is only one of many aphorisms introduced in the film, but it will serve as an example of the intellectual tone of the affair. Written and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, "The Barefoot Contessa" is a weird combination of brummagem melodrama, half-baked symbolism, and seedy gags. It is Mr. Mankiewicz's intention to reveal the soul of a beautiful Spanish dancer, whose name is Maria Vargas until she crowds into the *Almanach de Gotha* by marrying a nobleman, and who progresses from a low haunt in Madrid to the swimming pools of Hollywood. The trouble with this hoofer is that she can't make up her mind whether to wallow in what she refers to as "the dirt" or to take up residence on a cloud where she can be pure and noble. She talks a good deal about this dilemma, and she has an odd way of showing how she is inclined from one minute to the next. When she is headed upward, morally speaking, she keeps her shoes on, and when she decides to slide downhill, she takes them off. Her motivations for these exercises are extremely vague, but Mr. Mankiewicz is obviously convinced that he's latched on to something as important as Freud's interpretation of dreams, and he harps on it until "The Barefoot Contessa" becomes a leathery nightmare.

When Maria isn't monkeying around with her shoes, she finds other things to worry about. After becoming a movie star, she gets to fretting about her luxurious situation, realizing, astute girl that she is, that wealth and fame can provide no spiritual nourishment. Sometimes these musings upset her so much that she kicks off her slippers and surrenders herself to a guitar player she keeps around her estate in Hollywood for emergency descents from the cloud. But while she is not averse to an occasional gambol with a poor musician, she is adamant in her resolution not to dispense her favors on a classier social level except for real love. In the end, this louses her up just as life louses up the script. Before we have bade adieu to Maria, Mr. Mankiewicz has led us through an enervating series of episodes that stretch from Hollywood to the Riviera and back. He discloses Maria risking her career to help her addled old father when he is put on trial for murdering her mother, gives us a view of her fooling around the South of France with a South American playboy, and winds up by marrying her off to an Italian count, who apparently has the same difficulty that handicapped Lady Chatterley's husband. Mr. Mankiewicz determinedly proves that money doesn't bring happiness, that Hollywood is full of nauseous people, that the international set is just a gang of fourflushers, and that he has read D. H. Lawrence.

As the principals in "The Barefoot Contessa" we have Ava Gardner, Humphrey Bogart, Edmond O'Brien, Marius Goring, and Rossano Brazzi. Mr. Bogart is the Hollywood director, Mr. O'Brien a poisonous publicity man, Mr. Goring the South American playboy, and Mr. Brazzi the Contessa's unfortunate husband. None of them is particularly impressive. Miss Gardner, of course, is the barefoot lady herself, and at one point she is said to be as insensitive to her surroundings as if she were full of novocain. That's the way she struck me, too.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Some other simple but vital principles of personal sanitation which should be learned as early in life as possible:

Steer clear of people who don't cover up sneezes or coughs. That's for your own protection. To protect others, always clap your handkerchief to nose and mouth when you feel a cough or sneeze coming on.

Wash your hands often—and always just before meals.

Drink only water which you know to be contaminated.—*Westport (Conn.) Town Crier.*

In a restaurant, how can we tell?

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*Adv. in the Forum, September, 1892*]

"The Belle of Nelson," an elegant HAND-MADE sour mash whiskey, distilled on the Ante Bellum plan, in the mountains of Kentucky—especially for gentlemen as a beverage, or a restorative for brain-workers and nervous debility.

To suit the demand of those wanting a fine whiskey, we bottle our oldest stock, distilled in 1875, and pack in cases, as follows: Twelve quart bottles, $18.00 per case; twelve bottles, 6's to the gallon, $15.00 per case; twenty-four pints, $20.00 per case.

"It's bliss— it's a Braemar!"

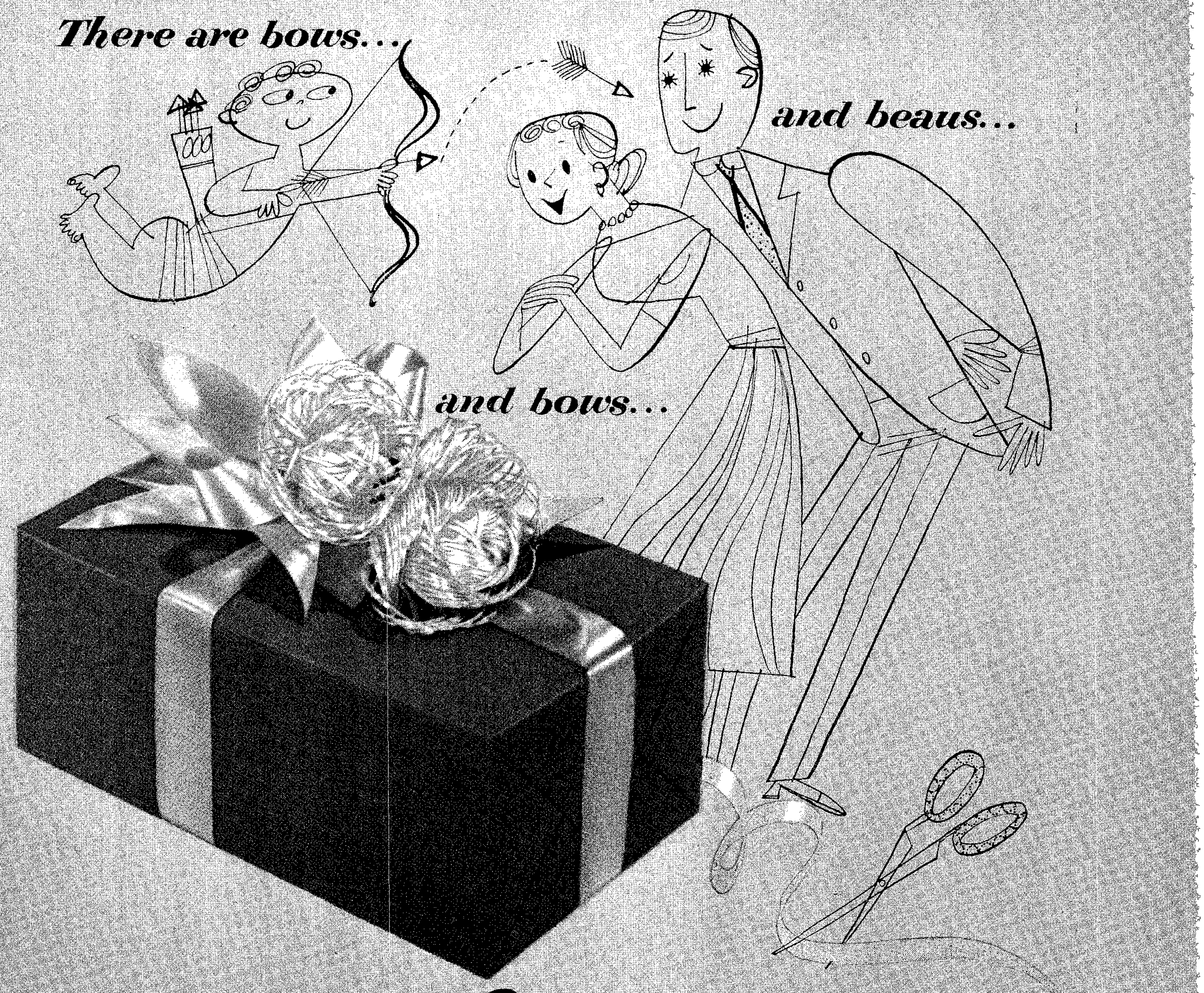
THERE'S so much to make a girl *long* for a Braemar! Rare, comforting warmth that goes hand in hand with a fit and finish (both inside and out) just not of this age. A whirligig of colours — prim or pagan, muted or fairground-gay. And every Braemar sweater or twin-set is lovingly fashioned by Scottish craftsmen so that it's yours to positively *purr* over for years to come!

Whether in fine smooth merino, kitten-soft lambswool, or fabulous silky-rare cashmere, a Braemar is a *beautiful* investment. And every Braemar woollie you now buy has a special moth-proofing finish to give it an even longer life!

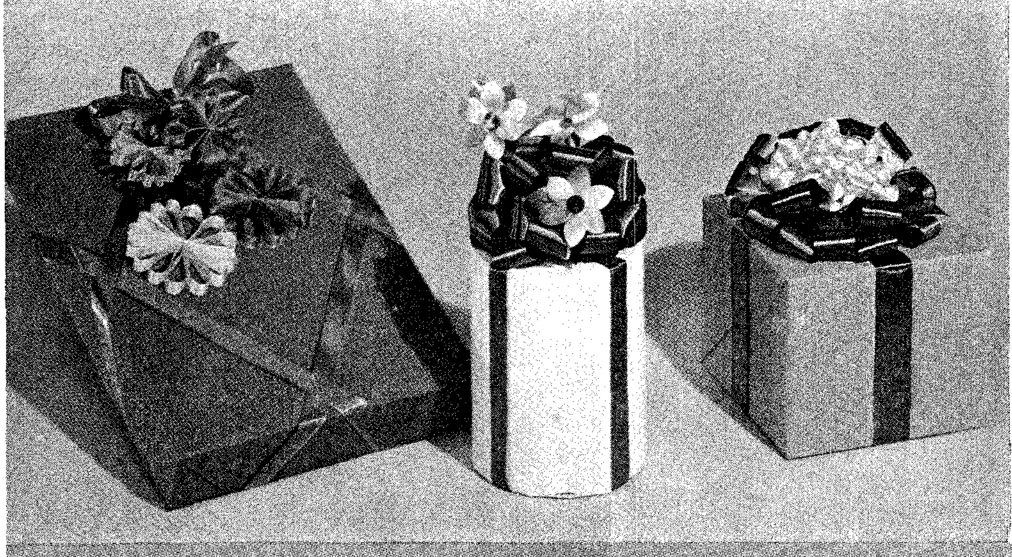
BRAEMAR KNITWEAR LIMITED
HAWICK · SCOTLAND

BRAEMAR

REPRESENTATIVE IN U.S.A.: BRAEMAR KNITWEAR (U.S.A.) LTD., 5 EAST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK, 16, N.Y.


There are bows...
and beaus...
and bows...

but only *Satintone Ribbonette* does everything to give you packages "wrapped in beauty"



1. **IT STRIPS** into narrower widths, without fuzzing or fraying, to gratify your every creative whim.
2. **IT'S THE SAME** on both sides to create an infinite variety of patterns without any special skill.
3. **IT STICKS** to itself without glue or paste yet is not sticky to handle. Just moisten and press.
4. **IT CURLS** into tight ringlets to form decorative designs simply by drawing with a keen edge.

no other gift tie makes prettying packages so easy!

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

gift wrappings and gift ties from

CHICAGO PRINTED STRING CO.

CHICAGO... 2300 LOGAN BLVD. • NEW YORK... 225 FIFTH AVE.

*Ribbonette**
*Satintone Ribbonette**
PRINT-AD-STRING* and
TIE◇TIE* Gift Wrappings

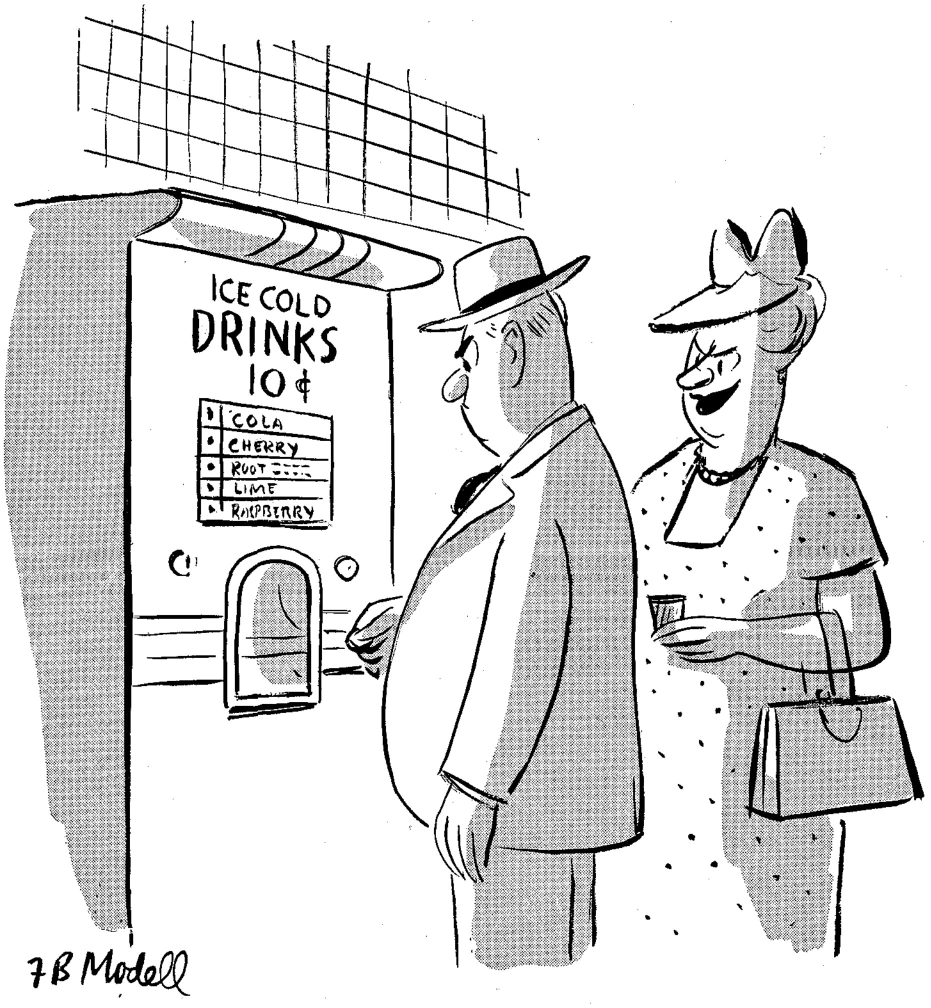
TIE◇TIE
Satintone
rayon Ribbonette

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

TALK! TALK!

NEVER before had there been so many people at an International Congress of Orientalists. Nearly a thousand delegates—from the Far East and the Near East and the Middle East, from Europe and America and Africa, from institutes and universities everywhere—were converging on Cambridge. I wouldn't like to swear that they were to a man genuine Orientalists. As a matter of fact, my own claim to the title was rather shaky. My husband is a professor of Oriental subjects at the University of London, so he was all right, but although I've lived a certain amount of time in the Far East, I'm no scholar. Still, as I asked myself defensively, what is an Orientalist, exactly? I decided that anybody interested in the Orient was entitled to call himself one, and that went for professors, dilettantes, cranks, and just plain wives.

I don't know why this congress—the twenty-third—should have been so unusually large. Maybe it was just a reflection of the increase of world interest in the Orient since the last meeting, three years ago, in Istanbul. Or maybe a lot of the participants had said to themselves, as I did on receiving the invitation and particulars, that it showed promise of being something special. A Russian delegation, consisting of twenty-one authentic Russians from Moscow, had accepted. Also King Farouk. Nobody ever explained why Farouk had sent an acceptance, with all the filled-in forms and his subscription money; in any case, he didn't turn up, which was just as well. Orientalists are a serious-minded lot and I don't know what he would have done with his evenings. The congress is no fly-by-night affair; it has been meeting at three-year intervals, in the majesty and the odor of learning, for eighty-one years. It first convened in Paris in 1873, and has been reconvening ever since, except during the two world wars. Only once since the revolution had Russia sent representatives, but, as the secretary-general of the congress later remarked, there have recently been quite a few Russian delegations visiting Britain for one reason or another. Farouk's acceptance surprised him much more. An invitation had been dispatched to the King as a mere matter of routine, because he is a member of the Royal Asiatic Society, which sponsored the congress, yet a certain excitement faded from the air when he ultimately changed his mind and sent his regrets. A lot of us hoped that the Russians would make up for the disappointment.



"If one of them said 'beer,' you'd know which flavor you wanted, all right."

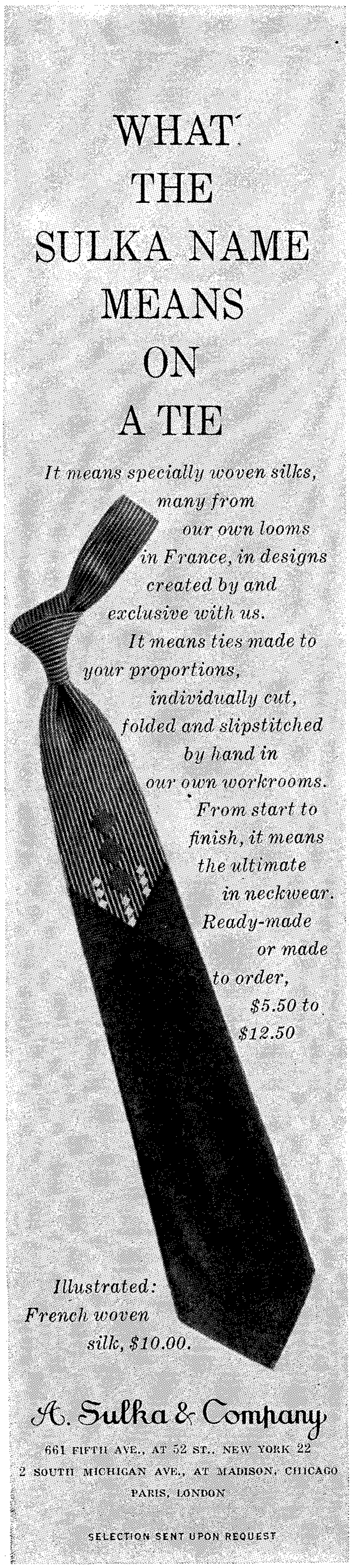
A SPECIAL train from London had been arranged for delegates, leaving Liverpool Street Station on a recent Saturday afternoon. Liverpool Street Station is enormous, and even more baffling than Pennsylvania Station, but that day it would have been impossible not to find your way to the right platform. All any bewildered delegate had to do was follow in the wake of whatever exotic group he happened to encounter—a covey of bearded men, say, or of ladies brilliantly draped, or of gentlemen in fezzes. The platform was packed half an hour ahead of time, and there is no mistaking Orientalists en masse. The French were making noises that sounded indignant. Richly black men from West Africa were silent and impassive. Japanese, swamped in the crowd, stood on tiptoe to hail each other. Everywhere, whichever way one looked, were beards—square beards, spade-shaped beards, little gray goatees, and splendid big black bushes. Beyond the end of the platform, outside the station, in what should have been late-summer sunshine, rain pelted and dripped on the rusty rails as if it would never stop. My stockings were spattered with wet city soot. Standing there among the saris and the fezzes and the hotchpotch of languages, I felt somehow as if I were going to a warmer, drier country.

Although the train stood ready and waiting, the railway authorities, in their stolid British fashion, weren't letting the mob through the barrier, and the guard looked at me suspiciously as I approached him past the elbows of a group of Parsees (emerald chiffon and gray tweed).

"Special train for Orientalists?" I asked.

"Get in the queue," said the guard.

I turned my head and looked at the crowd, packed with as much method as



WHAT THE SULKA NAME MEANS ON A TIE

It means specially woven silks, many from our own looms in France, in designs created by and exclusive with us. It means ties made to your proportions, individually cut, folded and slipstitched by hand in our own workrooms. From start to finish, it means the ultimate in neckwear. Ready-made or made to order, $5.50 to $12.50

Illustrated: French woven silk, $10.00.

A. Sulka & Company

661 FIFTH AVE., AT 52 ST., NEW YORK 22
2 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVE., AT MADISON, CHICAGO
PARIS, LONDON

SELECTION SENT UPON REQUEST

raisins in a fruitcake. "O.K.," I said amiably. "Which queue?"

The guard wasn't really sure of himself. "You're all right where you are," he conceded.

WAY back before Christmas of 1953, when the organization of this congress began, some of the Orientalists were given a chance to decide whether they wanted to put up at one of Cambridge's colleges or at a hotel during the week-long session. The choice wasn't extended to married couples or solitary ladies; college lodgers must be male. My husband and I were booked at a hotel—the Blue Boar—and there we eventually found ourselves. Late that afternoon, we swarmed into the big bare Combination Room of the University's Arts School to pick up our ration of booklets and information. A round cardboard badge had suddenly bloomed on every coat lapel and womanly breast. There was a terrific rattle of strange languages. People who had not met since Istanbul greeted each other joyously and noisily, as did people who had not met since the day before in London. Outside, it was still raining and the skies were dark. A cold wind blew through the immense room. I looked speculatively at a line of delegates buying tickets for a boat ride on the Cam, advertised for the following afternoon, and at another line, where arrangements were being made for a sightseeing tour of the colleges. Neither proposition beckoned. I sat down instead at a little cane table, pulled my coat around my shivering shoulders, and opened a blue pamphlet labelled "General Programme." All over the room, others were doing the same thing.

"Why is there a section on Africa?" I asked a nearby professor of my acquaintance.

"Because the president of the Royal Asiatic Society is director of the School of Oriental and African Studies of London University, and in the circumstances they couldn't very well leave Africa out," he replied. "In any event, there are many connections between the Orient and Africa. The Hausa language, of Central Africa, for instance, is basically an Indo-European tongue. But don't quote me on that," he added, dropping his voice. Scholars lead uneasy lives.

Everybody at the congress seemed to be scheduled to give a lecture. I skimmed over the subjects—"The Beautiful Boy in Medieval Hebrew Poetry," "Rundfigure und Relief in der Sumerischen Kunst," "The Religious Function of the Early Dongson Drums," "Word Tone and Sentence Intonation in the Brass-Nimbi Dialect of Ijaw," "The Wives of the Ottoman Sultans." Then my eye came to a halt. Under the heading "Indian Studies" I read, "Feeding the She-Wolf—Penalty: Blinding." What did it mean? Why feed a she-wolf? What she-wolf? And blinding—certainly it was a penalty, but who administered it, and why? My particular subject, insofar as I had any, was the Far East, not India, but these questions could not remain unsettled. I wrote down in my notebook: " 'Feeding the She-Wolf,' Monday, 11:30, Room B."

Word was going around the Combination Room that the Russians were right there among us. I couldn't pick them out, however, among so many strangers. Anybody who wasn't wearing a fez or a sari, anybody with a European complexion, might easily be Russian. Walking around a display of books, I paused hopefully near one group, but found that they were talking American, and others proved to be German. Yet the program listed a lot of Russian names and subjects, and they had not sent their last-minute regrets, like King Farouk. That evening, at the formal opening session, when in our assembled numbers we packed the University's Senate House, I was at last able to locate them. We had already listened to the customary platitudes of leading dignitaries when three delegates were called on to address us. One spoke in English, one in French, and then the third, Mr. A. A. Guber, the leader of the Soviet delegation, stepped up to the mike and burst into a flood of Russian. There was no reason, of course, that he should not have done so, and there is nothing intrinsically funny about the language, but it had a strange effect on the audience. People began to giggle. A Chinese girl in my row went into hysterics, and had to pull her coat up over her head. I stared grimly at the speaker, far-off and dim in the distance, keeping my eyes fixed for fear I should follow her example.

As far as I could make out, Mr. Guber spoke with passion and point, sometimes growing angry and then becoming calm. Clearly, he did not suffer from self-consciousness at the knowledge that only twenty or so people in the vast hall could understand him. He swept on and on, and when he came to the end, he scarcely paused before announcing, in English, that he would now translate his speech. This he did, going back to the beginning and carrying right through a second time. He didn't sound nearly so angry in English. It seemed to me, although I couldn't hear him very well—there were echoes, and he had a strong accent—that he was rebuking us, the other delegates, in advance for not taking the right attitude toward history. But I may have just imagined this, merely because I was expecting it. When he had finished his speech, we all left the hall. Nobody talked much. I think we were dazed.

SUNDAY evening, the secretary-general gave a sherry party. There were rumors that the Russians would be there. There were also rumors that they wouldn't—that they had been forbidden to communicate informally with outsiders. But then it was stated authoritatively that they were not concentrated in one dwelling place, as we had thought they would be, and so it seemed possible that they would, after all, be permitted to attend parties. They were distributed among the various colleges, and from one—Christ's—came the report that the Soviet lodgers had spurned bacon and eggs for breakfast, demanding beef instead. Beef breakfasts are not customary in Russia, but the delegates had all read their Dickens and they knew what the well-bred Englishman eats.

My husband, too, was interested in the Soviet delegation, not for my unscholarly reasons but because he had just learned that he was going to be Mr. Guber's chairman, later in the week, when Mr. Guber gave a talk on "The Philippine Republic of 1898." A lecturer is supposed to be a sort of protégé of his chairman, and it was with relief, therefore, that we spotted Mr. Guber when we got to the party. My husband got himself introduced immediately, and the two men started chatting in the middle of the floor. I

SHORT WAVE
DIATHERMY
HOURS

McCUTCHEON'S
FIFTH AVENUE AT 49th STREET
NEW YORK
MANHASSET
MILBURN

News for the dream world! Candy stripe scallops . . . fashion confection embroidered on snowy, Wamsutta Supercale®, ours first in all the world. White striped pink, blue, green, yellow, nutmeg, gray or lavender.

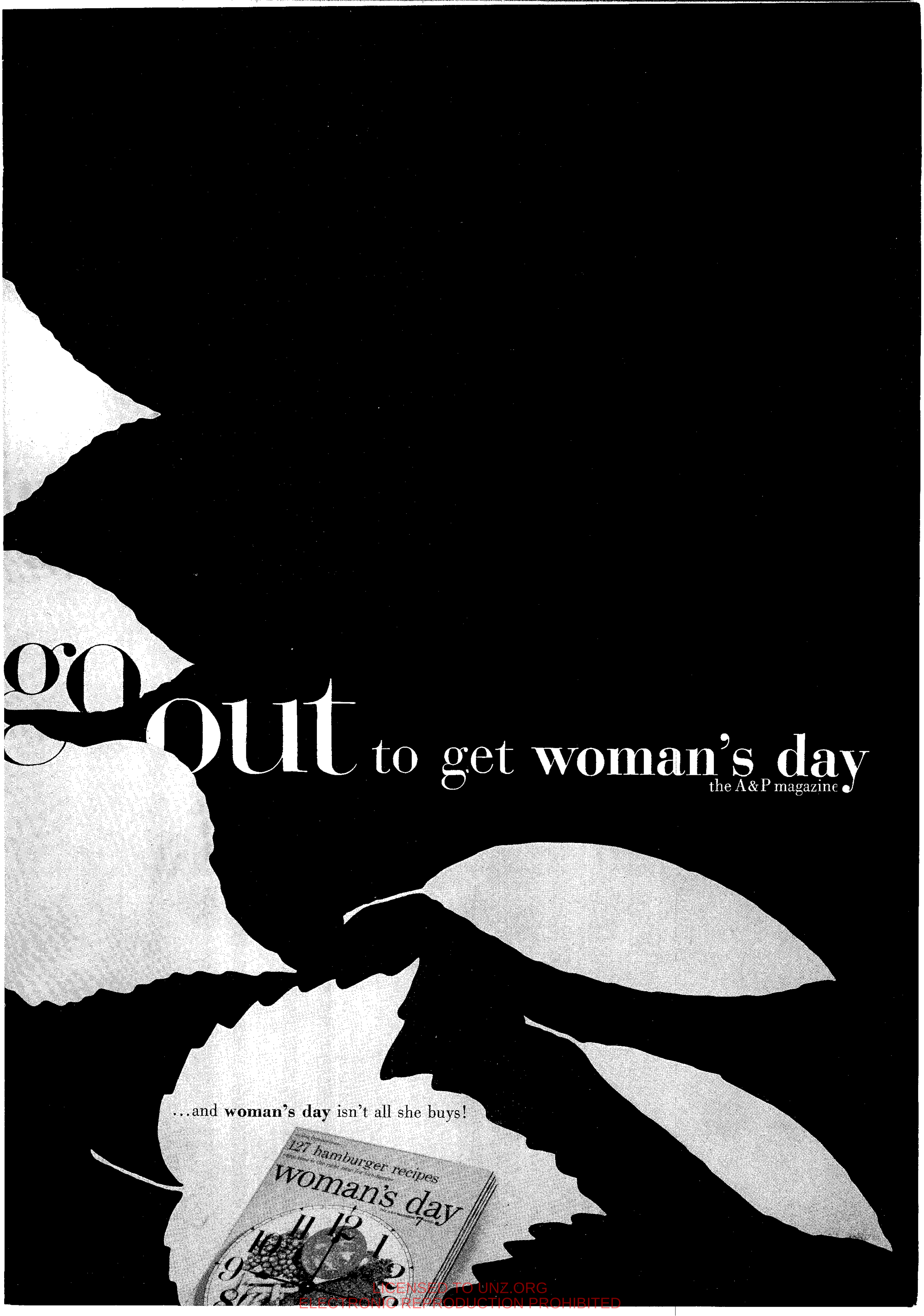
Twin set, 1 sheet 72x108, 1 case 45x38½, **9.95**
Double, 1 sheet 90x108, 2 cases 45x38½, **13.95**

In Naples--and New York--it's
"CINZANO ON THE ROCKS"

IN ITALY — and at New York's chic restaurants, Mr. and Mrs. Igor Cassini — he's the celebrated columnist Cholly Knickerbocker — enjoy "Cinzano on the Rocks." It's the drink famed in all capitals of the world — indeed, Cinzano means vermouth on the Continent. If you like your drinks full-bodied, rich and smooth — perfect with a smoke — then order Cinzano Italian. For a drink that's dry and light, just brilliant — order Cinzano French. Cinzano Italian or French "makes" your favorite cocktail. Established 1816. Imported by Cinzano, Inc., New York, N. Y.

Imported from CINZANO Italy and France

© 1954, WOMAN'S DAY, INC.


go
go out to get woman's day
the A&P magazine
...and **woman's day** isn't all she buys!
127 hamburger recipes
woman's day

An announcement to Gentlemen

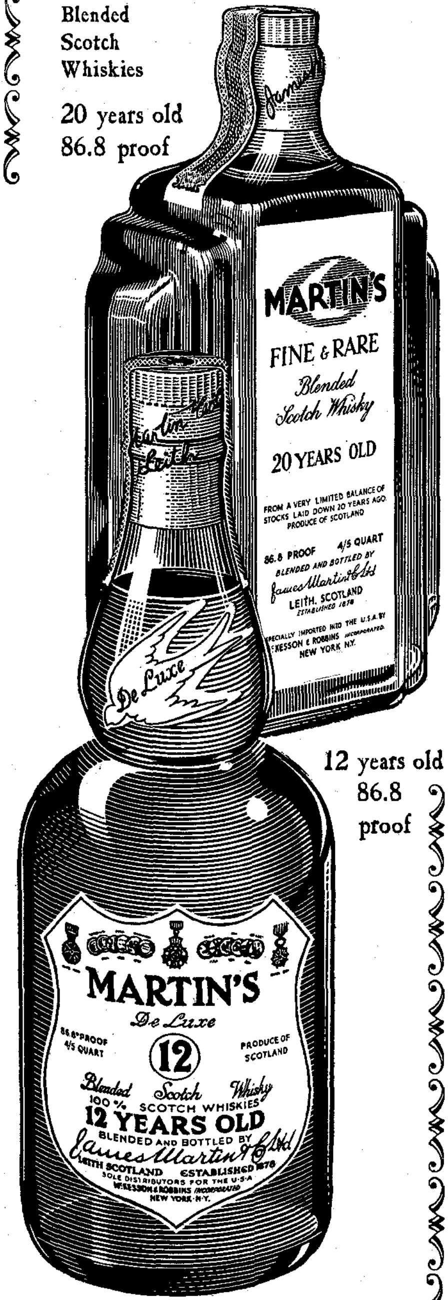
If it is your Custom to enjoy a Scotch with both AGE & nobility, be advised that our House imports 20-year-old Martin's Fine & Rare and 12-year-old Martin's De Luxe. To be found at private clubs, fine publick taverns, spirit shops, hostelries, etc. Put some aside today.

—Respectfully,
McKesson & Robbins, Inc.
New York, N. Y., importers thereof

Blended
Scotch
Whiskies

20 years old
86.8 proof

12 years old
86.8
proof



kept an eye on them from the fringe of the crowd. Then, after talking about nothing in particular with an expert on Islamic law who came from some Middle European country, I began to edge slowly toward them, studying Mr. Guber. He was of medium height and thickset—almost square. Standing near him, but with another group, was a lady Soviet delegate, shorter and even squarer; she had no waistline whatever. Mr. Guber's face was blondly Mongolian. The *Times* correspondent commented in print on his charm. I will admit that there *is* something childishly attractive about broken English.

I wanted to butt in, but I felt a little nervous about doing so. There was any amount of good will between Britain and Russia at the moment, what with Mr. Attlee visiting Moscow and all that, but while my husband is British, I am not; I am American. So I waited, and drank sherry, and cogitated. Scraps of other people's conversations came to my ears: ". . . eight tones on a descending scale," ". . . refused to recommend him for that chair," ". . . heavily subsidized, only thirty shillings a volume."

At last, curiosity conquered, and I walked up. My husband, after introducing me to Mr. Guber, wandered off in search of a drink. So far so good, but now what was I to do with my prize?

I said, "Will you have some toast or a sandwich?"

"Thank you, no," said Mr. Guber.

We stood there for a minute in silence. I said, "Is this your first time in Cambridge?"

Mr. Guber didn't quite catch that, so I repeated it, slowly. Then he replied, and had to repeat his reply. One way and another, we took up quite a lot of time on that subject, but finally the whole thing ground inevitably to a close. It should have been a significant moment, I felt, but there didn't seem to be anything I could do to make it one. I began to rummage for a cigarette. Mr. Guber offered me one of his—a long one, in a box with foreign writing on it. "This is what it says," he said, showing me the box. "It says, 'Of Moscow'—or, rather, 'From Moscow.'" He read it aloud, in Russian. I attempted to copy him. We both laughed with inordinate mirth at this, and then parted.

THERE hadn't been time to develop an *esprit de corps*, so when the official proceedings opened, at half-past nine on Monday morning, I deserted the Far East contingent and joined the Egyptology section, which was to be addressed by Dr. Zakaria Goneim, the Egyptian archeologist. I was curious to hear Dr. Goneim. He had recently been in the papers—something to do with discovering a new pyramid and an empty royal sarcophagus. I felt a little guilty about my defection; serious scholars, I knew, don't read the popular press, and they stick to their own subjects. It was frivolous of me, sneaking off to listen to Egyptology.

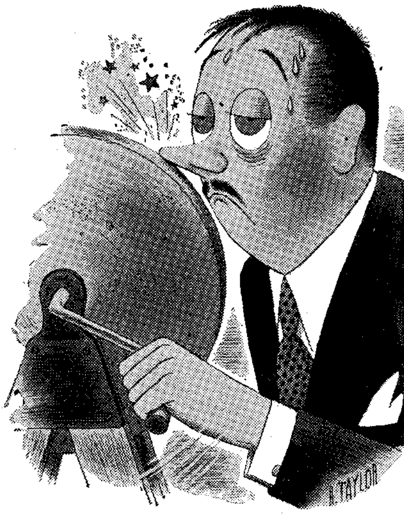
I soon discovered, however, that I had done far more frivolous things than listening to Dr. Goneim. The session commenced gaily enough, in a lecture hall crowded with Frenchmen, Egyptians, and North Africans, all shouting at each other. They were hushed with a good deal of difficulty. Every trace of gaiety stopped then. Dr. Goneim read his paper slowly and carefully, starting out at the beginning of his excavations and taking us with him, step by step, every bit of the way. Whenever we encountered a block of masonry, we measured it. Whenever we came across an irregularity, we examined it exhaustively. At one aperture in a wall we spent ten minutes. "Two metres and a half beyond this point, we came across a block of stone which had tumbled from the roof," Dr. Goneim intoned. "It was roughly square in shape, measuring fifty-six centimetres. . . ."

More and more often, I looked at my watch. At this rate, I would not get back to the next lecture in the Far East section, and maybe not even to the she-wolf lecture. Each paper at the congress was supposed to last twenty-five minutes at most, leaving five minutes for questions and discussion, but at the end of half an hour Dr. Goneim was still struggling through the sands of ancient Egypt, measuring things. At length, the chairman tapped his arm, breaking the flow, and whispered to him. The Doctor nodded, turned back to his paper, and read on at a slightly accelerated pace. It continued to be slow work, however. I began to feel hot and thirsty from the sand in my throat. The chairman whispered again, and again Dr. Goneim speeded up, but the end was not in sight. Our excavating party had now reached a circular chamber and found a jewel box on the floor, empty but exquisitely made, with traces of gold leaf in the interstices. Was *this* the end? No, now we came upon another block of masonry. There I was, trapped in a pyramid, and at the wrong lecture. Two more masonry blocks and I knew I was beaten. Dr. Goneim or no, I crawled out of my seat, scrambled across the feet of several outraged Egyptologists, and made my way into the corridor.

Altogether, it was not my lucky day. Not only had I missed the next Far East lecture but there was a notice on the bulletin board announcing that the lady who had planned to give the talk on feeding the she-wolf hadn't turned up. "Instead," said the notice, "Dr. Paul Dumont will speak on 'The Meaning of a Very Obscure Vedic Word: "Ghosad." ' "

THAT evening, I learned with some dismay that the Soviet delegates intended to give all their talks in Russian. Most of them could speak English or French, but speaking Russian was a matter of policy. It is quite as important a language as either English or French, they maintained, and it has an equal claim to use in international affairs. It turned out, though, that they had made one concession to the fact that practically nobody at the congress could understand Russian; they had brought with them an immense number of pamphlets containing English translations of their lectures. Whenever we entered a lecture hall to listen to a Soviet delegate, we were all handed little books. Thus, it was possible to sit on a bench while the lecturer talked and follow his performance with the translation, as one would follow a symphony with the score. Unfortunately, the eye goes faster than speech. I kept finding that I had read the whole translation before the speaker had finished toiling through the early part of his address. It all seemed a solemn, meaningless sort of ritual, but after a few repetitions it had its fascination. Lots of people attended the Russian lectures. Arthur Waley, the celebrated translator, told me he found the long, drowsy periods

Nose to the Grindstone?



Working under pressure? No time to rest? Maybe all you need is fifteen minutes of relaxation right at home . . . in your BarcaLounger.

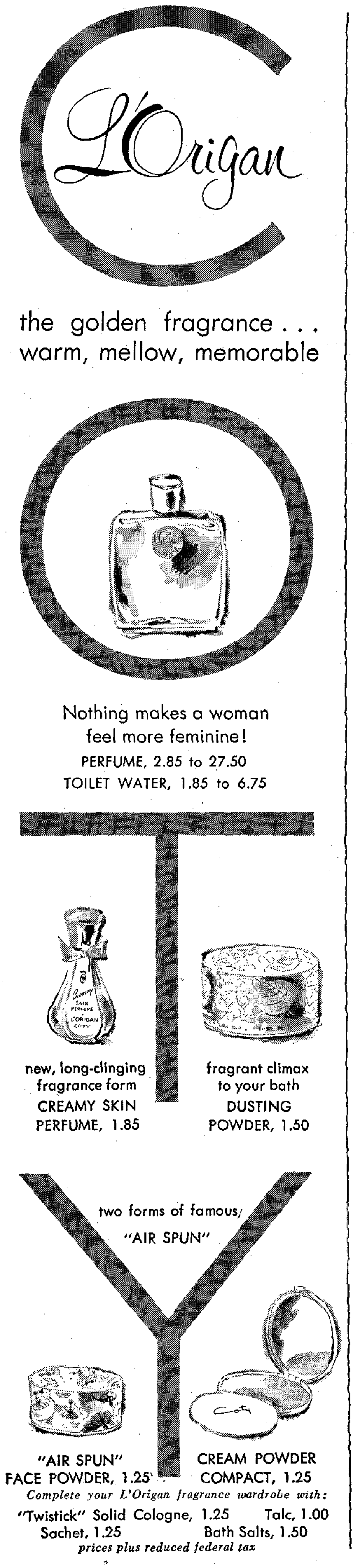
The first time you lean back and let yourself go, you'll know why the BarcaLounger is the most comfortable chair ever built: Because the BarcaLounger alone has built-in, advanced "Floating Comfort" that *automatically* cradles your entire body in any position from sitting to full reclining.

Relaxing in a BarcaLounger can make little worries float away and big ones seem tiny. You just "think" yourself into the position you like best without using knobs, levers or gadgets to put you there. The BarcaLounger is a fine quality, custom built chair, and it comes in a choice of designs and styles to go with any room. See the new BarcaLoungers now! For FREE booklets and nearest dealer's name, write Barcalo Manufacturing Company, Dept. 10-N, Buffalo 4, New York. Copyright 1954, Barcalo Mfg. Co.

RELAX IN A BarcaLounger PATENTED

BarcaLounger Model W260-S-1 (also shown above) with adjustable head pillow that flips back out of sight when not in use.

What size chair do you wear? The BarcaLounger is built for talls, mediums, shorts. Be sure *you* get a correct fit. And look for the name BarcaLounger under the foot-rest! Copyright 1954, Barcalo Mfg. Co.


L'Origan

the golden fragrance . . .
warm, mellow, memorable

Nothing makes a woman
feel more feminine!
PERFUME, 2.85 to 27.50
TOILET WATER, 1.85 to 6.75

new, long-clinging
fragrance form
CREAMY SKIN
PERFUME, 1.85

fragrant climax
to your bath
DUSTING
POWDER, 1.50

two forms of famous
"AIR SPUN"

"AIR SPUN"
FACE POWDER, 1.25

CREAM POWDER
COMPACT, 1.25

Complete your L'Origan fragrance wardrobe with:
"Twistick" Solid Cologne, 1.25 Talc, 1.00
Sachet, 1.25 Bath Salts, 1.50
prices plus reduced federal tax

of complete incomprehension very soothing.

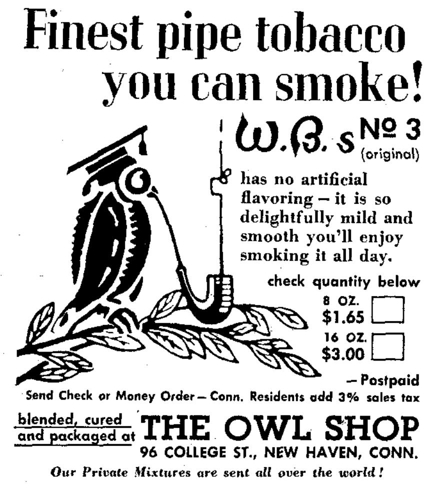
The Far East expert of the Soviet delegation started the ball rolling with an address on "Sinology in the U.S.S.R." I'm not sure whether he was actually its author or not. All the Soviet contributions, whether they were about Iranian or Altaic or Semitic or Islamic subjects, had a strong family resemblance. This was not so much in style—you can't judge style in a translation anyway—as in attitude and content. For that matter, the delegates themselves, although they were naturally various in age and appearance, had one thing in common—a facial expression. Most people in the position of the Russians, coming to a country for the first time and meeting a lot of strangers, would look curious and eager. The Russians were not exactly apathetic; they were interested in all of us—you could see that—and they studied us in a wary way. But they weren't eager. They looked like people who knew it all already; they were just checking up and confirming. Their lectures bore the same stamp of omniscience. They didn't argue; they told you. Said the Far East expert in his paper, "An objective admiration of the exotic beauty of the East that shuts out the wealth of the material and spiritual culture of the Eastern peoples and diverts attention from the iniquities of the colonial system is alien to Soviet Oriental studies. . . . Soviet scholars are working on a number of problems of the past and present of the Chinese people: periodization of ancient and medieval history, specific features of the slave-owning and feudal systems, the character of the national liberation movement, and other problems of the history of China. . . ."

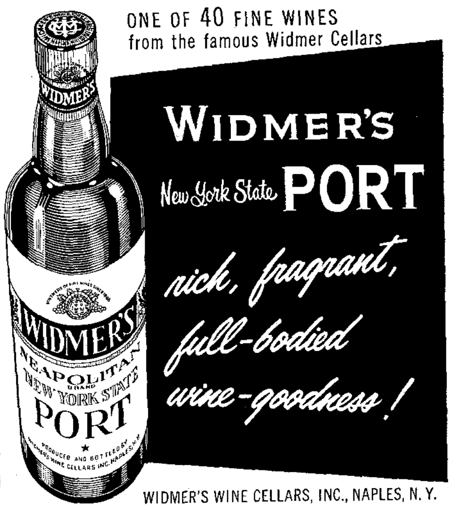
You can listen just so long to a strange language, marking its sounds and cadences, and trying to spot familiar words. Then the attention simply must turn to something else. In my case, it turned to the rest of the audience, listening, as I was listening, in utter ignorance. The British, who predominated in most of the assemblies, behaved very well, as one would expect; they maintained courteous expressions of interest and stayed quiet, without fidgeting. Besides the courtesy, I detected something else in their faces—a patient, guarded watchfulness. They were trying hard not to be discouraged. They were taking the official attitude. They were well aware that this was only the second time a Soviet delegation had ever attended the congress, and they felt that it was a good omen. Come what might, in their

Schulz watches
Fine watchmaking since 1909
Allied Arts Building
304 East 45th St.
New York 17, N. Y.
TRADE JSch MARK Reg.

The newest creation by
James Schulz—
our *Heart* watch
—two magnificent heart
shaped diamonds hold a
platinum watch circled with
22 full cut diamonds. $1450.
Sold through Reliable Jewelers

© 1930 by Harms Inc. By permission.

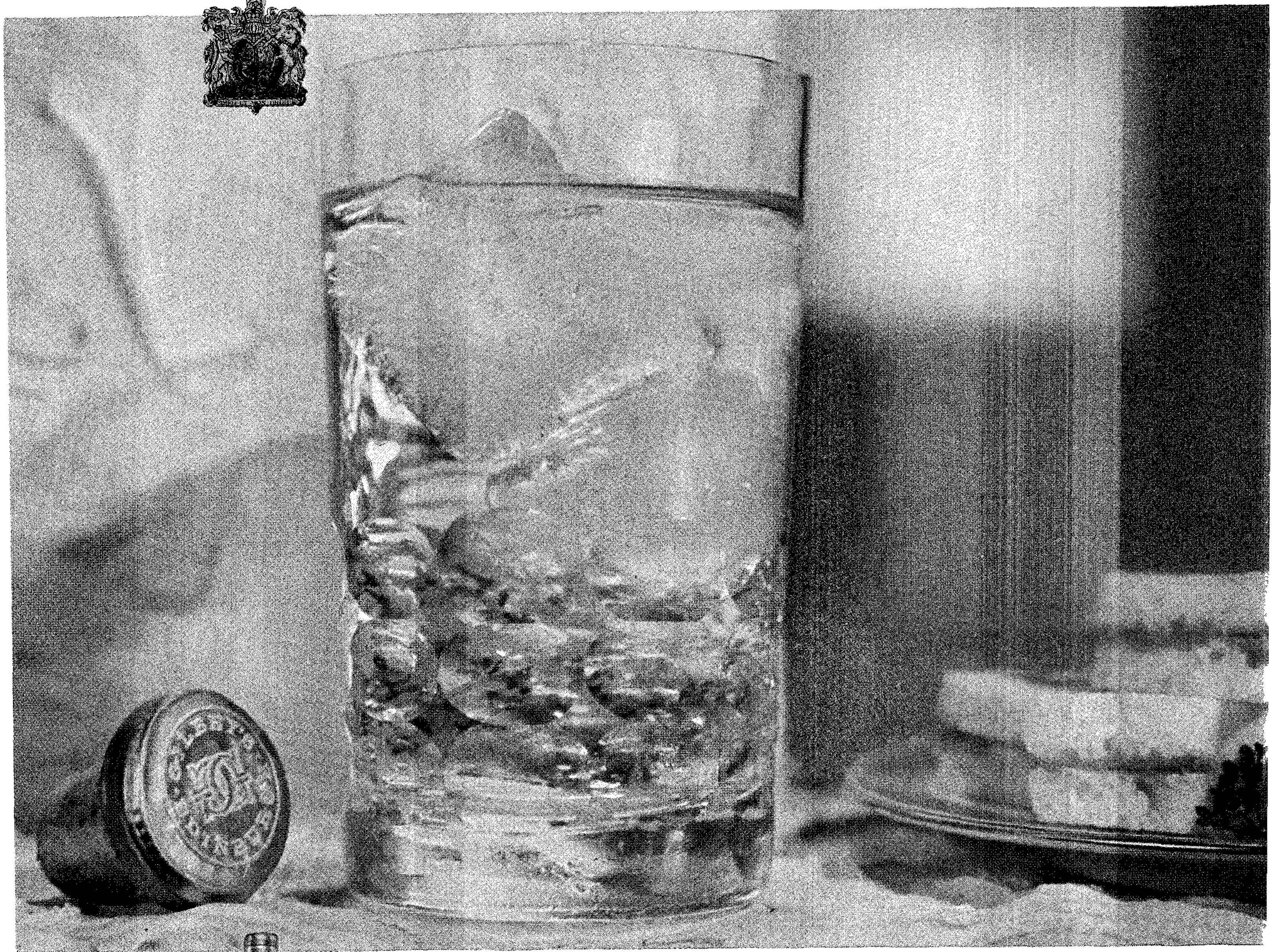

Finest pipe tobacco
you can smoke!
W.B.'s No 3 (original)
has no artificial flavoring – it is so delightfully mild and smooth you'll enjoy smoking it all day.
check quantity below
8 OZ. $1.65 ☐
16 OZ. $3.00 ☐
– Postpaid
Send Check or Money Order – Conn. Residents add 3% sales tax
blended, cured and packaged at THE OWL SHOP
96 COLLEGE ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Our Private Mixtures are sent all over the world!

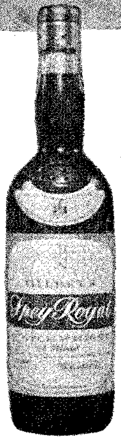

ONE OF 40 FINE WINES
from the famous Widmer Cellars
WIDMER'S
New York State PORT
rich, fragrant,
full-bodied
wine-goodness!
WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, INC., NAPLES, N. Y.

It's fun to indulge in heavy foods and rich sauces occasionally, but, as a daily diet, they're too much for the modern taste to cope with. It's exactly the same with drinks.

And that's why thousands of smart Americans have learned that it's more pleasing to the old T-zone to stick to Gilbey's Spey Royal scotch with soda or water. Try Gilbey's Spey Royal yourself next time. It's the easy-going-down scotch with the mild, refreshing flavour. Highest quality, of course. You'll find a Gilbey's Spey Royal highball (long or short) a drink that's easy to take.

By appointment *Whisky Distillers to The Late King George VI*





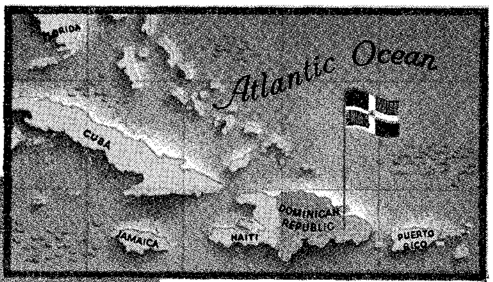
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS:
BACARDI IMPORTS, INC.
5 MADISON AVE., N. Y. C.
SCOTCH WHISKY
A BLEND . . . 86.8 PROOF

. . . so drink the scotch that's easy to take!

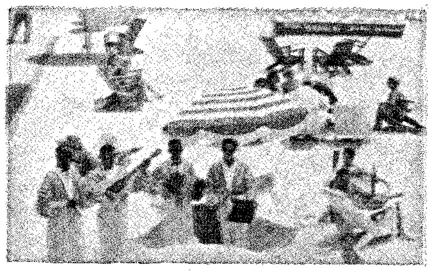
GILBEY'S
Spey Royal
SCOTCH WHISKY

This year—visit the
Dominican Republic
"LAND OF DISCOVERY!"

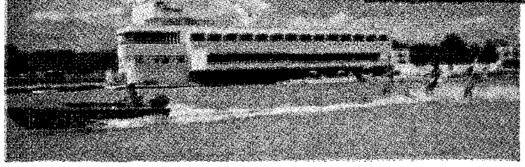
A new world of travel, adventure and romance awaits you—in "the land Columbus loved"! On the sun-drenched island of Hispaniola, between Cuba and Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic is truly "the heart of the Caribbean" . . . awaiting your discovery of the fun and thrills only this tropic wonderland can offer! Make the Dominican Republic a "must" on your next southern vacation!



It's easy to get to the Dominican Republic—by luxury airliner or leisurely ship. No passport required—all you need is a tourist card. And even at famous luxury hotels, you'll find the rates are surprisingly reasonable. Your Travel Agent can make all arrangements—and, of course, there's no charge for his expert services. See him soon!

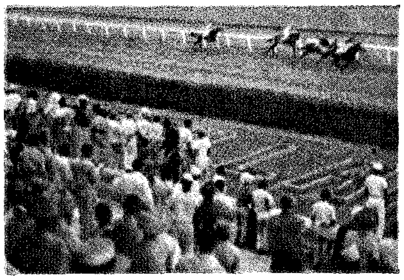


Here on the sunny beach of a Dominican hotel, guests enjoy the music of a native merengue ensemble. And for the adventurous, there are intimate Casinos with roulette and baccarat. (Big National Lottery every week too!)



Water-skiing's easier than it looks—as you'll discover at Boca Chica, famous beach resort near Ciudad Trujillo. Later, you'll visit living "coral gardens" in the lagoon nearby, with color camera or sketchbook. And wherever you go in this friendly land, you'll find happy, carefree people!

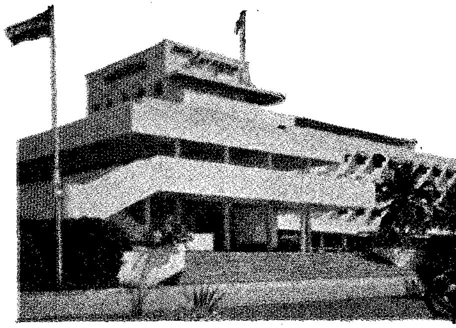
Fighting fish abound in Dominican waters! Tarpon—marlin—bonefish—snook—wahoo—many others! Spear-fishing and "skin diving" are favorite sports too—you'll have some grand fish stories to tell back home!



At colorful "Pearl of the Antilles" Park, you'll watch exciting races. There's polo, tennis and thrilling games of "beizbol" too. (Incidentally, you're protected by law against price-juggling or rate-raising.)

This castle, still standing, was built by Columbus' son in 1516. And you'll see the New World's first university, first cathedral, many other historic "firsts" to treasure in your memory. This is where America began!

Just a few miles from this beach there are mile-high mountains—average temperature 64°! That's just one reason why this "land of contrast" is famous for the variety it offers to fun-and-sun seekers!



This is one of the world's most famous luxury hotels—the Jaragua at Ciudad Trujillo! (But no matter where you go in the Dominican Republic, the water is safe to drink, and the streets are sparkling clean!)

H

Dominican Republic Tourist Office
Box 1393, Grand Central Station, New York, New York
or: Box 382, Washington 4, D. C.

I'd like to know more about "The Land of Discovery". Please send information to:

Name..
Address......................................
City......................State............

Note: Your Travel Agent can save you time, money and inconvenience. Use his services—they're free!

view, things must not be spoiled. Yet such bright hopefulness has its limits, and it seemed safer to the British to avoid asking questions of the speakers, even though all the Russian talks were tailored, unlike some of the ones given by less well-ordered nationals, to end exactly five minutes before the half hour was up. In fact, nobody ever arose to question anything in the Russian papers. After all, it was difficult to know where to begin. The only time I heard a Russian discussion period used was after a lecture on the origin of Islam. ("The Koran is permeated with slave-owning psychology," read the Soviets' translation at one point.) A British authority on Islam stood up slowly when the lecture was over, and observed that although he had no doubt that very few members of the audience agreed in the slightest with anything the speaker had said, still, it was very interesting, after so many years of silence, to hear about the work our brother Orientalists were doing over there in Russia. We all applauded these admirable sentiments with enthusiasm, and the lecturer smiled and bowed, and everybody went on to the next meeting.

LIFE pursued its orthodox congressional path, and England's two principal newspapers—the *Times* and the Manchester *Guardian*—reported on the proceedings almost every day. Like me, the correspondents kept their eyes on the Russians above all, though plenty of other people were making news of a sort. The *Times* usually adhered to the official attitude of pleased welcome for the whole congress, cushioning whatever adverse comments it felt obliged to make, but the *Guardian* openly carped. It wasn't only the Soviet delegation that irritated the *Guardian* reporter; the scholarly mind in general seemed to annoy him. He was caustic about the free-for-all meetings held in the evenings in the Senate House, when anybody with a bone to pick could pad the long way up to the rostrum, stand behind the mike, and let fly on his favorite subject. "The discussion was reduced to the intriguing but irrelevant problem of the precise occasion of Mohammed's marriage," the *Guardian* man wrote after one of these meetings. "But in spite of all efforts to keep the discussion on the broad rails of history, in no time we were back with the personal affairs of the Prophet."

I couldn't agree with his point of view. I like to hear scholars working themselves into a froth on such questions. My favorite lecture was by C. P.

Raymond Loewy

CREATED IT... WORLD-FAMOUS ROSENTHAL FACTORIES MAKE IT

CONTINENTAL

"THE SOMETHING NEW...SOMETHING WONDERFUL IN FINE CHINA"

Where have you ever seen china sit so gracefully at a formal dinner table...perk up a buffet so spontaneously with fresh and enchanting "mix-matches"? Where have you ever seen European china of such beauty, such translucency, such quality, at such unbelievably low prices? Only in CONTINENTAL! Illustrated is SCRIPT and CHARCOAL "mix-match" 11.45; SCRIPT 10.95; other 5-piece place settings 6.95 to 13.95.

AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE. FOR FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATIONS OF ALL PATTERNS, SEND 10¢ TO THE ROSENTHAL-BLOCK CHINA CORP. DEPT. 4NY-3, 21 E. 26TH ST. N. Y.

GAYETY 8.95 MULTI-COLORED FLORAL

COINS 13.95 GOLD AND GREY

CONFERENCE 10.95 BLUE GREY TONES

(*Advertisement*)

Safety-conscious rovers-

N
E
S
W
R.TAYLOR

GO PULLMAN

Comfortable, convenient and safe

COPYRIGHT 1954, THE PULLMAN COMPANY

Fitzgerald, of the Australian National University, on "Evidence of a Chinese Discovery of Australia Before European Settlement." The evidence, said Professor Fitzgerald, is not abundant. In 1931, a Dr. Goddard, of Australia, announced that he had found the remains of a Chinese boat somewhere along the two thousand miles of Australia's western coastline. Though Fitzgerald had lately tried earnestly and at length to interview Goddard and get some proof of this statement, he had been unable to so much as pin him down by letter. There was another piece of evidence, however. In 1879, when the city of Darwin was being built, a government surveyor named Worsnop was present when some diggers working on the foundation of a building came upon a small carved object entangled in the roots of a banyan tree, about four feet below the surface of the ground. Eight inches high, fairly well executed, and of a greenish material like jade, it was the figure of an old man riding sidewise on a deer. Nobody around Darwin was especially interested in it, or recognized it as Chinese. Worsnop kept it. Then, a few years before Worsnop died, in 1900, a Sinologue examined the carving and recognized the man on the deer as Shuo Lai, a Taoist deity who is frequently depicted riding sidewise on some sort of animal. This Shuo Lai could have been carved at any time between the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries. A paper on the subject was published in 1897, but Australians in general remained indifferent; they didn't care whether the Chinese had discovered their continent or not. After Worsnop's death, the god stayed in private hands for a number of years and then landed in a place of honor in an Australian museum, and it was there that Professor Fitzgerald got interested in it. He went to Darwin to see for himself where it had been dug up. The place was in a cove—one of two natural shelters in the vicinity where the crews of seagoing boats might have landed to get water from a nearby spring. The Professor had hoped to poke around a little and perhaps find evidence of old camp sites, but the area had been hopelessly messed up; a tarmac road had been laid across the actual spot where the god was found, and the ground on either side of the road had been pitted and trenched by Japanese bombers during the war. Fitzgerald could only guess that the cove had been a haven for Sunda Islanders and Malays, and possibly Chinese, who sailed along the coast. He was advised by horticulturists that a banyan tree of the size described must have been at least a hundred and fifty years old, and possibly two hundred.

Did a Chinese crew camp in the cove two hundred years ago? Professor Fitzgerald left us to draw our own conclusions. We were quietly sitting there thinking it over when an excited archeologist leaped to his feet and protested that none of the story necessarily pointed to a Chinese visit to Australia. Malays, or even Sunda Islanders, might well have carried a Chinese figure around with them, though they were not Taoists. They liked such things, he said, as good-luck pieces or gewgaws.

SOMETIMES the half hour was gone in a flash; at other times I could have sworn that all the clocks had stopped. The secretary-general popped in and out of our daily existence, a haggard reminder of organization. He appeared at a session I was attending one morning to announce something extracurricular, and he sounded a little exasperated. "The Soviet delegation, without asking my help—it was *very* kind of them—have arranged for two showings of moving pictures for your benefit in the Zoological Theatre," he said. "Tickets will be free."

I went to the first show and spent what seemed like hours looking at tractors, power stations, and cotton pickers, all in color and accompanied by soft, nostalgic music, with here and there a few explanatory words in English. The locale was Azerbaijan and Uzbekistan, and the whole thing was remarkably dull. I left before the end. "It is good to see how quickly the Russians are learning the technique of running colonies," remarked an Englishman who left with me. During the next show, which I didn't go to, it seems that things

The 2 Greatest Advances in Television!

CAPEHART POLAROID®

picture filter system

CAPEHART TRI-FI©

3-speaker sound reproduction

The "Atlantan" $419.95*

Exclusive Capehart Polaroid® Picture Filter System eliminates eye-straining reflections of lamps and windows from the face of the picture tube. You get the clearest, sharpest picture you've ever seen—Capehart's "Eye-Comfort Picture." And new, exclusive TRI-FI© 3-Speaker Sound Reproduction brings new dimension to listening—full, rounded "life-like" tonal quality. SEE and HEAR a demonstration today. Your classified directory lists your nearest Capehart dealer.

Capehart DIVISION OF IT&T

You can buy a Capehart television set for as low as $169.95*

The "Atlantan."

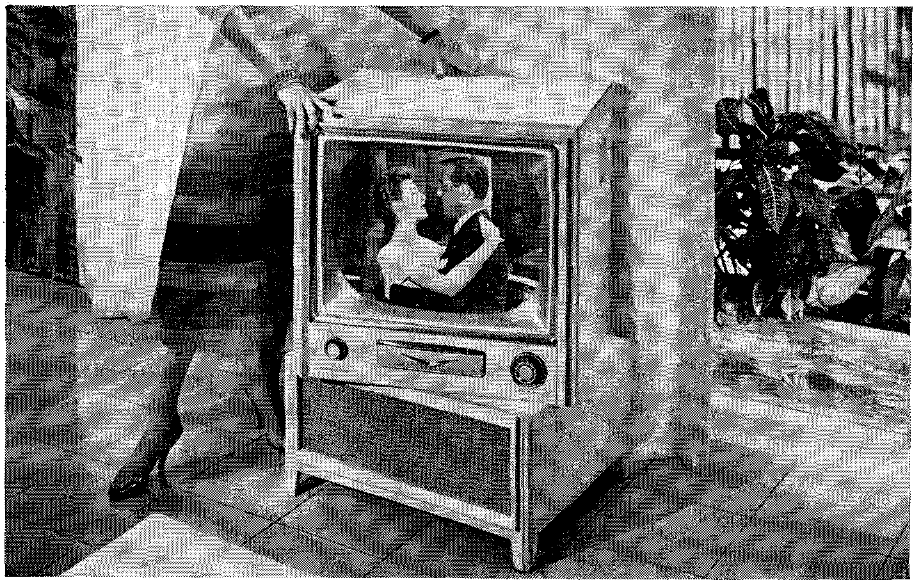
A television masterpiece. Eye-restful viewing with Capehart Polaroid® Picture Filter System and 21-inch aluminized tube. "Concert hall" listening with Tri-Fi© 3-Speaker Sound Reproduction. Bisque finish oak cabinet. With Universal "All-Channel" Tuner at slightly higher cost. (In mahogany finish, from $399.95*)

**Suggested retail price. Prices slightly higher in the South and West.*

® *By Polaroid Corporation* © *Copyright*

CAPEHART-FARNSWORTH COMPANY, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana

A Division of International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation



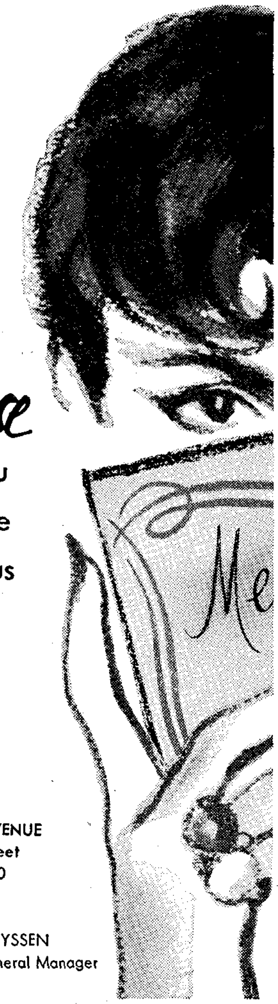
RCA Victor 21-inch Carrol. Grained mahogany finish; grained limed oak (shown), slightly higher. Model 21S526. $359.50

It has 3 speakers! It swivels!
And it's new RCA Victor TV!

Here's TV you can see—and hear—from anywhere in the room! The *Carrol* turns easily on its base. And *three speakers*—one on each side and another in front—fill the room with the most magnificent sound in TV. Has RCA Victor's new "All-Clear" Picture, "Easy-See" tuning dial, "Magic Monitor" chassis.

RCA VICTOR
Tmks® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

TOP VALUE...PEAK PERFORMANCE...AT EVERY PRICE LEVEL $149.95 TO $500
Suggested Eastern VHF list price shown, subject to change without notice. UHF optional at extra cost.



Only
at the
Carlton
House
will you
find the
fabulous
Ritz
cuisine

MADISON AVENUE
at 61st Street
TE 8-3000

GASTON LAURYSSEN
Vice-president and General Manager

℞ FOR SICK FRIENDS

BE EXTRA THOUGHTFUL and send a Guest Television set to your favorite hospital patient. Rentals as low as $3.00 daily. Gift certificates available. Call LE 2-1985 or any N. Y. hospital.

GUEST TELEVISION & RADIO, INC.
381 Fourth Ave. • N. Y. 16

FOR A
GREAT
OCCASION
Krug
CHAMPAGNE
...from France

Sole U. S. Importers
Seggerman Slocum, Inc.
Long Island City, N. Y.

KRUG & CO REIMS
PRIVATE CUVÉE
BRUT
BRUT RESERVE

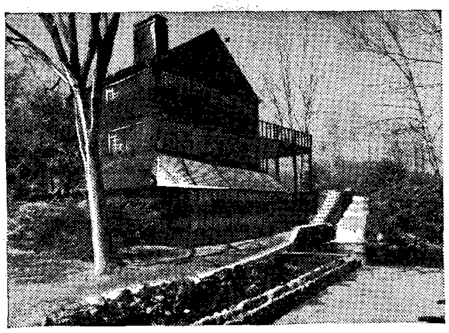
warmed up a little. The subject that time was Armenia and Kazakhstan—"a progress report on an earthly paradise," the *Times* called it, in an uncharacteristically catty mood—and the commentator overstepped the bounds of good taste. He referred to American hangmen in Korea. The audience applauded ironically.

Our secretary-general made another unscheduled appearance just before a lecture on the Far East. He seemed indignant. He had heard, he said, of rumors—unpleasant rumors—relating to the absence of a delegation from Peiping. He wished us to understand clearly that he had sent an invitation to China, just as he had to every other country in the world. He'd had some difficulty getting any reply from Peiping but had finally received a telegram, just as the congress opened, from the Academia Sinica, expressing its members' polite regrets. No archeologists could come from Peiping, the Academia said, because August was the best time for digging. There was nothing unusual about a nation's declining, the secretary-general added tartly; Peru hadn't sent any delegates either. We were left to reflect in silence that the presence among us of a delegate from Formosa probably explained matters better than digging.

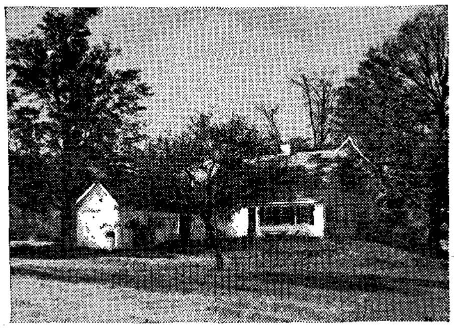
"I'M getting fond of this congress," said a lady who knew all about Altaic languages, in a faintly surprised tone. "I'll miss it when it's over." It was the day before the congress ended, and there was fine weather at last. Our high heels were playing hell with the turf of the Queens' College courts. We were at a garden party, in a blaze of beautiful sun. Wasps hovered over the tables of tea and frosted cakes; one of them stung an American delegate on the thumb. I wandered from one court to another, marvelling at the way new faces kept cropping up even now, after six days of close association. I talked for a bit with a Dutch professor of Hebrew who had spent the war in a Javanese prison camp. With a Chinese, I discussed punting on the Cam, about which I knew nothing, but neither did the Chinese. A man from Iran asked me why married couples weren't put up in the colleges. I explained about sex segregation in England. "How interesting," he said thoughtfully. "In Iran, we Moslems have given all that up."

Most social occasions were arranged and announced well in advance, but the Soviet delegation, as usual, went its

PICTURESQUE BERMUDA ESTATE at Tucker's Town adjoining the Mid-Ocean Club. A delightful, exquisitely decorated West Indies Colonial of 9 rooms, overlooking Castle Harbour and the Atlantic. Easy to run. 2 landscaped acres. Offered at £48,000. Ask for illus. leaflet YN-51000.



OLD NEW ENGLAND MILL, REMODELED, converted to charming brookside home in Southbury, Conn., ½ hour from New Haven. 6 rooms. Every convenience. Enormous windows overlook ponds, waterfall. 15 woodland acres. Guest cottage. Offered at $40,000. Ask for illus. leaflet YN-44247.



AN ORIGINAL COLONIAL IN VERMONT . . . Built in the mid-1700's, now carefully restored and modernized, this charming 6-room Colonial stands on 90 acres overlooking the picturesque countryside. Guest house, 6-room cottage, excellent barns. Brook. Only $18,500. Ask for illus. leaflet YN-43040.

RICH 568-ACRE VIRGINIA FARM in famous Blue Ridge Hunt country, with a charming 8-room residence and stone guest house. Scientifically developed crop and cattle land fronts for 1½ miles on the Shenandoah River. Farm buildings, manager's house. Stocked lake. Offered at $150,000. Ask for illus. leaflet YN-60540.

ON ST. JOHN'S RIVER IN FLORIDA . . . An architect planned and built this charming English cottage for his own use. 7 rooms including cathedral-type beamed ceiling living room, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Beautiful landscaping, delightful views. 4½ miles from Sanford. Offered at $38,000. Ask for illus. leaflet YN-80152.

The finest homes anywhere are sold through PREVIEWS

Wherever . . . whatever you want to buy . . . a Pre-Revolutionary Colonial in Vermont, a distinguished residence near Los Angeles, a remodeled old mill in Connecticut, a farm-estate in Virginia, a waterfront cottage in Florida . . . ask Previews to help you find it.

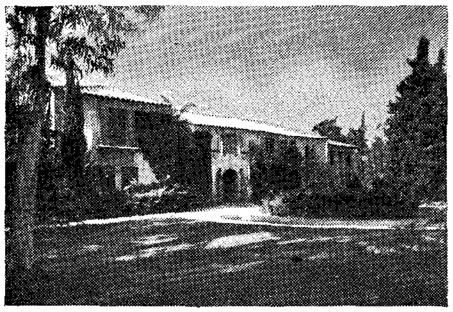
Previews makes it possible to find the property you want . . . easier . . . faster.

Before you spend days traveling . . . looking . . . go to any one of Previews' 15,000 associated brokers in every state of the Union. Ask them to show you pictures and complete descriptions of the sort of place you want. Then you can pre-select, and travel only to see what really interests you. It's the Previews way, the modern way to buy property.

Ask for BROCHURES on these properties

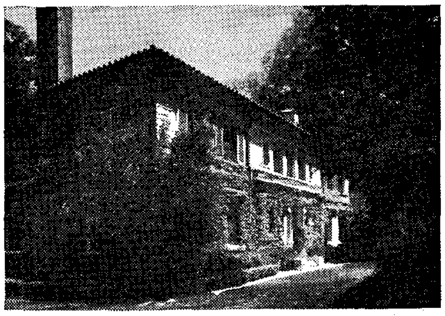
Attractive illustrated brochures are available on these properties (and all other Previews offerings) as a part of the Company's marketing service which makes fine real estate easier to buy as well as easier to sell. Ask for the brochures you want *by property number.*

SELLERS: Write for free booklet, "What Sells Real Estate"



DISTINGUISHED WEST COAST VILLA in select San Marino near Los Angeles, adapts the warmth and charm of the Mediterranean to an easy-to-live-in 16-room home. Huge windows, terraces, wine cellar. 2 acres of exquisite grounds. Offered at $75,000 net. Ask for illus. leaflet YN-70594.

LOVELY LONG ISLAND HOME 40 miles from New York in Lloyd Harbor, one of the North Shore's distinguished communities. Hand-split shingle Colonial, 12 rooms, beautiful interiors, easy maintenance. 4-car garage. 12 acres, lawns, woodland. Offered at $85,000. Ask for illus. leaflet YN-44290.



SUPERB GEORGIAN IN WILMETTE, one of Chicago's fine North Shore suburbs. 16 spacious rooms, flawlessly maintained. 35-ft. living room, walnut-paneled library, electric elevator. On almost 2 acres, near Lake Michigan. Offered at $125,000, partly furnished. Ask for illus. leaflet YN-75031.

PREVIEWS INC. *The Nationwide Marketing Service* 49 E. 53 St., New York 22 · PLaza 8-2630

BOSTON 9 · 20 Kilby St.
CHICAGO 4 · 231 S. LaSalle St.
PHILADELPHIA 2 · 1518 Walnut St.
SAN FRANCISCO 4 · 68 Post St.
LOS ANGELES 17 · 900 Wilshire Blvd.
PARIS · 52, Champs Elysees
PALM BEACH · 268 S. County Rd.

HAND-WOVEN TWEEDS FLOWN FROM ROME TO PUT ON AT ONCE. IN A WONDERFUL MIXTURE OF BLACK AND ROYAL, 10 TO 18. THE SUIT IS $175; THE COAT $205.

Eleanora Garnett

47 EAST 51 ST., NEW YORK
VIA DI VILLA SACCHETTI 17 ROMA

own way without notifying the unfortunate secretary-general. On the last day, my husband and I received an invitation, printed on the biggest card ever, to a Russian party; it came only a few hours before the party was to be held. They had hired a restaurant up on the second floor of a building near Christ's College. Upon arriving, we shook hands with the short, square lady and two of her male colleagues, and then walked past them into a long room with buffet tables at the far end. I saw a few unfamiliar faces, mostly pretty—the local Orientalists' wives and daughters and secretaries, I later learned, who had theretofore cannily avoided the proceedings. But the congress itself was by no means unanimously represented. I didn't see any other Americans, for one thing.

A disagreement soon developed between my husband and me, for he likes to do his drinking standing up. As I was wearing spike heels, I left him to it, and while he swapped professorial gossip with cronies, I tottered across the room to sit down alone at a table near a piano. The Soviet lady delegate saw me from the doorway and hurried over. She grabbed the arm of a young Russian who was standing nearby talking with two Englishwomen, and shoved him, ladies and all, along to my table. "Go on!" she said, flapping her arms with encouraging gestures. "Talk! Talk!"

The younger of the two Englishwomen, a pretty girl, obliged by prattling in débutante style to the young Russian. "Such fun to be able to travel even farther, wouldn't it be?" she asked. "I mean to countries nobody has ever seen. I'm mad on the idea of space travel, aren't you? Just think, to be able to step into a rocket plane or something, and rush off to Mars for a weekend! Don't you adore science fiction?"

The Russian had been looking bewildered to the point of terror, but at this he rallied. "H. G. Wells," he said brightly.

The other Englishwoman tried to start a conversation with me, but she didn't get much more response than her companion had got from the Russian. My replies were mechanical; I was giving all my attention to the pretty girl and her valiant efforts. In spite of the obstacles, the girl persevered; she succeeded in eliciting the information that the Russian was an authority on China, and I realized tardily that he was the lecturer who had spoken about purposeless admiration of exotic

The relaxed look, the handsome cut is evident here—but the feel, the easy hang of **JACKMAN** Sportclothes the excellent fabrics, all this you must see yourself at a fine store near you.

CUSTOM ORIGINALS *by* **Jackman** *1825 So. Hill, Los Angeles, California*

For dinner . . .
Real Hollandsche
appel pannekoek
$1.35

You probably can't pronounce it . . . but wait till you *taste* it! It's a crisp, golden pancake, filled with juicy chunks of apple and topped with cinnamon . . . typical of the wonderful dishes (both Dutch and American) you'll find in this rambling, oak-paneled replica of an old Dutch tavern. And while you're here, notice the antique Delft tiles . . . some of them date back to 1500! Complete dinners start from $3.20. Come early and enjoy cocktails round the Crescent Bar. For reservations, CI 6-5800.

HOLLAND HOUSE TAVERNE
10 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA
OPERATED BY The Union News Company
ESTABLISHED 1864

beauty. At least, he seemed consistent, for he was now observing this particular exotic beauty with no sign of admiration, either purposeless or purposeful.

"China!" cried the girl, gallantly plowing ahead. "Chinese is *so* difficult, isn't it? You must be frightfully clever. I understand it's simply impossible to learn."

Here I broke in. "It's not at all hard to speak, as a matter of fact," I said. "The grammar's simple."

The Russian delegate whirled around. "Ah, you speak Chinese?" he asked, with new enthusiasm. "You know China?"

"I've been there," I said. "I speak a little, but I can't read or write it. You've been there, too, I suppose?"

Only a few months before, he said. The Chinese were wonderful people who must be permitted to work out their own destiny—didn't I think so?

"I must go now, if you'll excuse me," said the girl. She walked away, looking relieved.

I told the Russian that I'd been in Formosa last year. At this innocent remark, he showed more animation than I had seen in any of the Soviet delegates the whole week long. He was amazed. "How did you get in?" he asked. "It is impossible to get in. It is impossible. How did you do it?"

"It was quite easy," I said.

He searched for words; it was evident that he suspected me of lying but wasn't entirely sure. The Russian lady delegate rushed over with a new candidate for my table—a small female Orientalist from Germany—and took the man away. "Tell me about your husbands," the German delegate said to the older Englishwoman and me. "Are they British? What are British husbands like?"

Later, looking for caviar, I went over to the buffet table. There was no caviar and no vodka, but plenty of gin in various forms—Martinis, gin-and-lime, and gin-and-tonic. The Russian Islamic expert poured me a Martini and clinked his glass against mine. In Russia, he explained, they clink glasses. I thought of telling him that we do, too, but it seemed too much trouble. The hour was getting on; it was time to go home. Drifting with the others toward the door, I found myself next to another one of our hosts.

"You who are a traveller, you must see Moscow someday," he said.

I replied with something fatuous about Moscow's being too cold for me.

"No, no," he said. "Not. For an English lady, not too cold."

"I'm afraid I've forgotten what

LEADERS OF INDUSTRY KNOW

the Value of Time

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
SAMUEL GOLDWYN WEARS A ROLEX

Unchallenged in his contributions to the industry and to the American scene—Samuel Goldwyn holds a position unrivaled in the annals of motion picture history. Conscious of the value of each minute as he prepares his next production "GUYS AND DOLLS" . . . the air about this gifted producer is charged with the energy that transforms abstract ideas into masterful films. It is to safeguard the precious minutes for men like this . . . and for you . . . that Rolex precision watches are available throughout America. For those who appreciate the importance of time . . . there is no substitute for a Rolex.

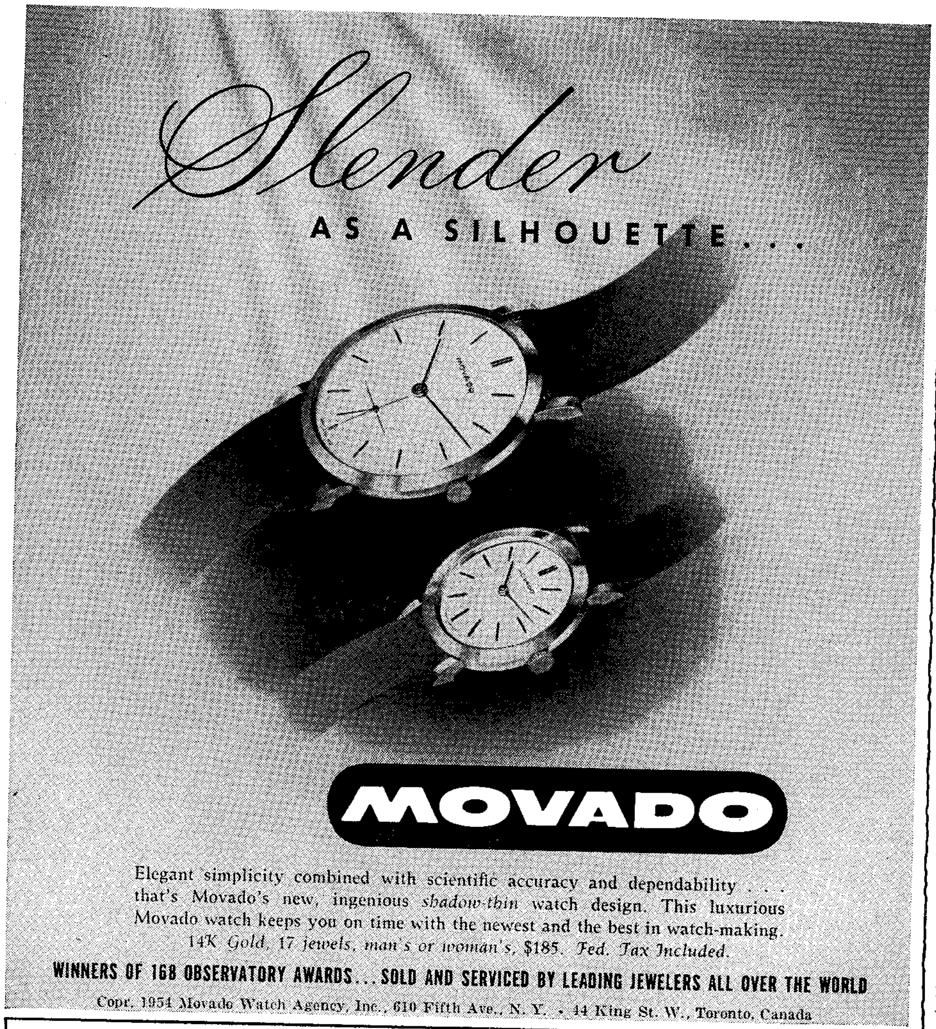
THE ROLEX OYSTER PERPETUAL . . . In this one handsome wrist Chronometer are combined all Rolex inventions which have been significant to the world of watch-making. Completely protected by the famous imported Oyster case, it is water-proof and rotor self-winding. It has an officially certified chronometer movement, as evidenced by the Rolex Red Seal. Today's Oyster Perpetual is the result of over twenty years leadership in the development of self-winding wristwatches. In 14kt. gold, style 6084, $285 . . . other Rolex Chronometers from $138.50 to $1,000.

OFFICIAL TIMEPIECE PANAGRA.

ROLEX
OYSTER PERPETUAL

A Landmark in the History of Time Measurement

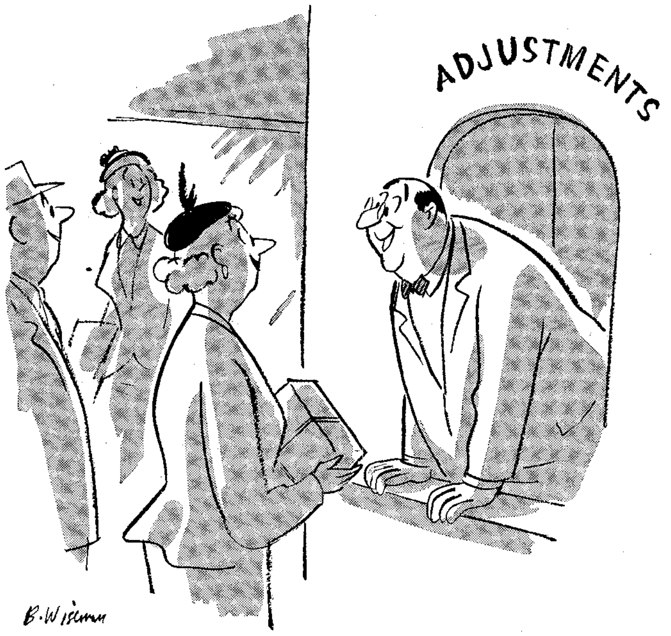
THE AMERICAN ROLEX WATCH CORP., 580 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 19, N. Y.



Elegant simplicity combined with scientific accuracy and dependability . . . that's Movado's new, ingenious *shadow-thin* watch design. This luxurious Movado watch keeps you on time with the newest and the best in watch-making. 14K *Gold,* 17 *jewels, man's or woman's,* $185. *Fed. Tax Included.*

WINNERS OF 168 OBSERVATORY AWARDS . . . SOLD AND SERVICED BY LEADING JEWELERS ALL OVER THE WORLD

Copr. 1954 Movado Watch Agency, Inc., 610 Fifth Ave., N. Y. • 44 King St. W., Toronto, Canada



"American Airlines, Inc. carries more passengers than any other airline in the world."

(*Advertisement*)

your subject is," I said. "Oh, yes, Indonesia. Have you ever been there, by the way?"

"Not yet," he said. "It is impossible to get in."

"Oh, no, not impossible," I said. "I'm sure you could get into Indonesia. They wouldn't keep you out. Maybe other places in the East wouldn't be so easy, but surely Indonesia—"

His face took on that look I knew so well by this time—a closed, faraway expression. "When is peace, everybody can go everywhere," he said. "When is peace."

We shook hands warmly in agreement. I was halfway back to the hotel before I began to ask myself what, in fact, we had agreed about.

—Emily Hahn

•

Francys Maguire's death must appear accidental, Humphrey Ward decided. No one must be able to link him to the death of this ambitious stage-struck girl.

Humphrey was a great actor. To save his career, he poisoned actress Rachel Sabinson, the only person who knew he had killed his first wife. Now the pattern of death was being repeated, for Francys Maguire had seen him leaving Rachel's apartment after the murder. Francys' father, four brothers and three uncles were New York cops. Humphrey wondered how long he could trust her to remain silent.

Agent Cass Caruso swore that he would avenge Rachel's murder. But neither he nor the police had any real leads. Lieutenant Van Younger considered Brenna Ward, Humphrey's second wife, a suspect. Mightn't she have grown jealous over her husband's relationship with Rachel?

The poisoned candy that killed Rachel had almost incriminated Humphrey. For the actor's seventeen-year-old son, Gabe, had innocently eaten a piece and had become seriously ill. So far, the coincidence puzzled police. But even now, the poison and the smear of hair oil that had been found on Rachel's hand were being analyzed. The chemist who was doing the work was Japhet Briggs, the brother of Humphrey's first wife and a guest in the Ward home.

Humphrey mused that Francys very likely would have become a vibrant actress. What a pity that he would have to kill her before she had her chance.—*Synopsis of a story in the Saturday Evening Post.*

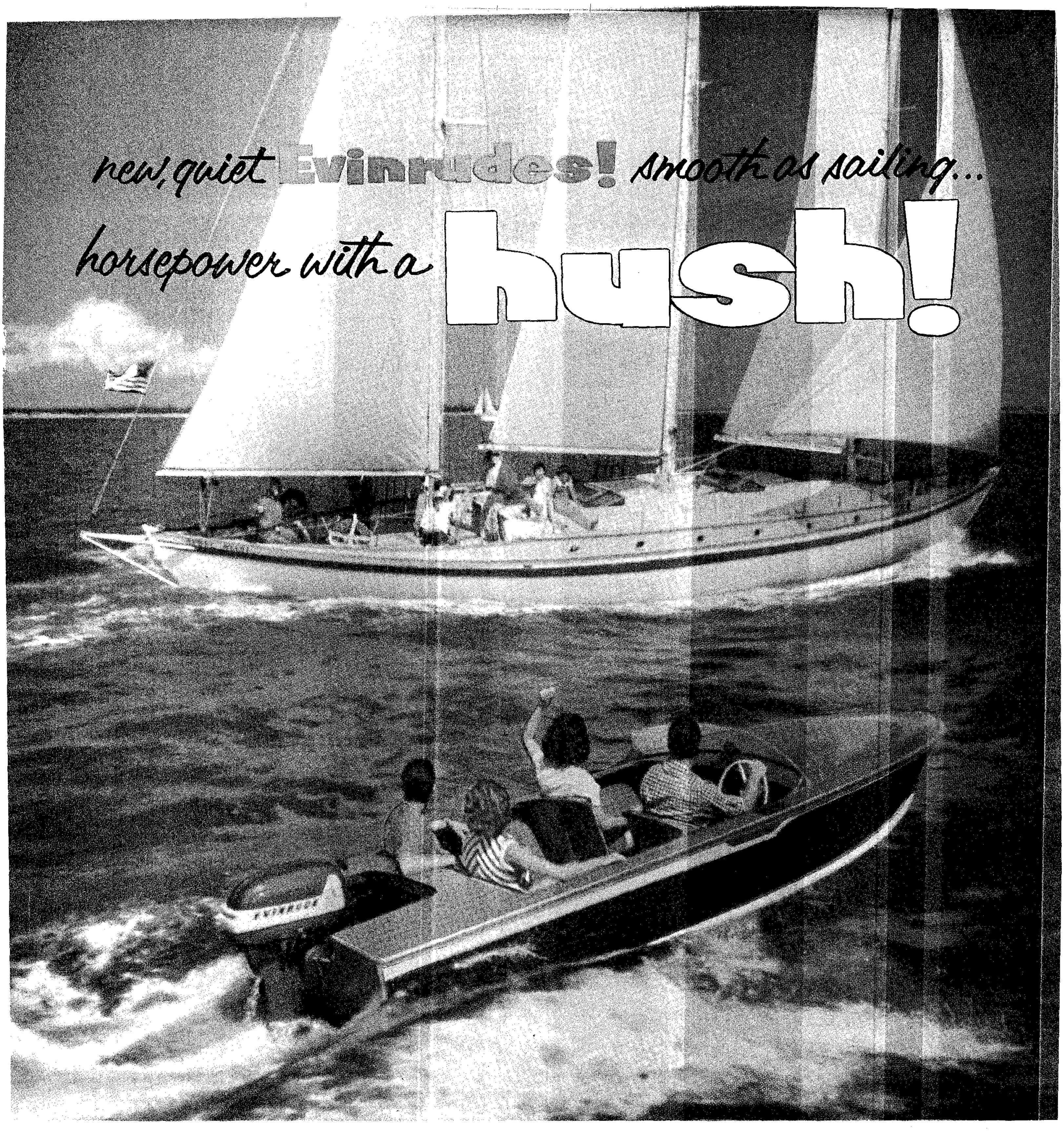
With all those relatives in the Police Department, she's had her chance.

•

Mechanic

Single man from near Kenosha, Wis., to dismantle and repair farm machinery; familiar with gas and elec. welding. $160 per mo., room, board, laundry. No drinking aloud. Apply Chris Paschen, 1450 Clybourn, aft. 4 P.M.—*Adv. in the Chicago Tribune.*

Good rule.


new, quiet Evinrudes! smooth as sailing...
horsepower with a hush!
EVINRUDE

A RIDE you will always remember—your first fabulous ride with a new *Whispering Power* Evinrude! So *quiet*... so blissfully quiet you hear the swish of the bow wave above the motor's hum!

But *quiet* is not all. You quickly sense that this ride is different from any before. There's a luxurious feeling of utter smoothness. Motor vibration and "boat shake" are magically gone! The wind in your face, the streaming wake, the whisking shoreline, all tell you you're going *fast*. But your ride is smooth as the glide of a sailboat in a kindly breeze.

You will know that here, beyond question, is the *future* in boating fun...a new standard of performance that plainly charts outboard development for years to come. But all the wonderful pleasure of it can be yours *right now!*

SEE YOUR EVINRUDE DEALER—look for his name in the yellow pages of your phone book under "Outboard Motors." Choose from a complete range of 1955 models—3, 7½, 15 and 25 horsepower. The 25 HP Big Twin *Aquasonic* is offered in both electric starting and standard models. Prices are no higher than you'd pay for ordinary motors. Time payments available. Your old motor brings top trade-in right now! For free full-color catalog of the complete Evinrude line, write **EVINRUDE MOTORS,** *Division of Outboard, Marine & Manufacturing Company*, 4499 North 27th Street, Milwaukee 16, Wisconsin.

In Canada: Manufactured by Evinrude Motors, Peterborough.

Evinrude
quiet *Outboard Motors*

Helena Rubinstein® presents the new

AMERICAN LOOK

* * *

Helena Rubinstein dedicates her newest cosmetics this Fall to you—the 60% of U. S. women and girls who have brown hair, clear skin and a fresh and shining look. This is the *new American Look.*

Too long neglected, brown-haired beauties are now blessed with colors and cosmetics of their very own. Cosmetics created and designed specially by Helena Rubinstein to enhance this new American Look of health, charm and physical magnetism.

The Look begins with shining brown hair. For these lovely Brownettes, Helena Rubinstein has developed BROWN GLOW SHAMPOO. A shampoo *plus* color, it adds a rich glow, bright sparkles of red gold, to brown hair of all shades. Changes it from mousey to magnificent!

For the bright, luscious lips of the new American Look, Helena Rubinstein creates WEAR-WITH-ALL RED Lipstick. Its amazing new texture increases color brilliance, and prevents dryness. This is a true *red red,* delightfully becoming to the brown-haired beauty.

For the clear-fresh complexion of the American Look, Helena Rubinstein introduces the new natural-beauty shade of MINUTE MAKE-UP, "Beige Glow." With every puff full, you apply foundation, powder and a healthy glow—all-in-one.

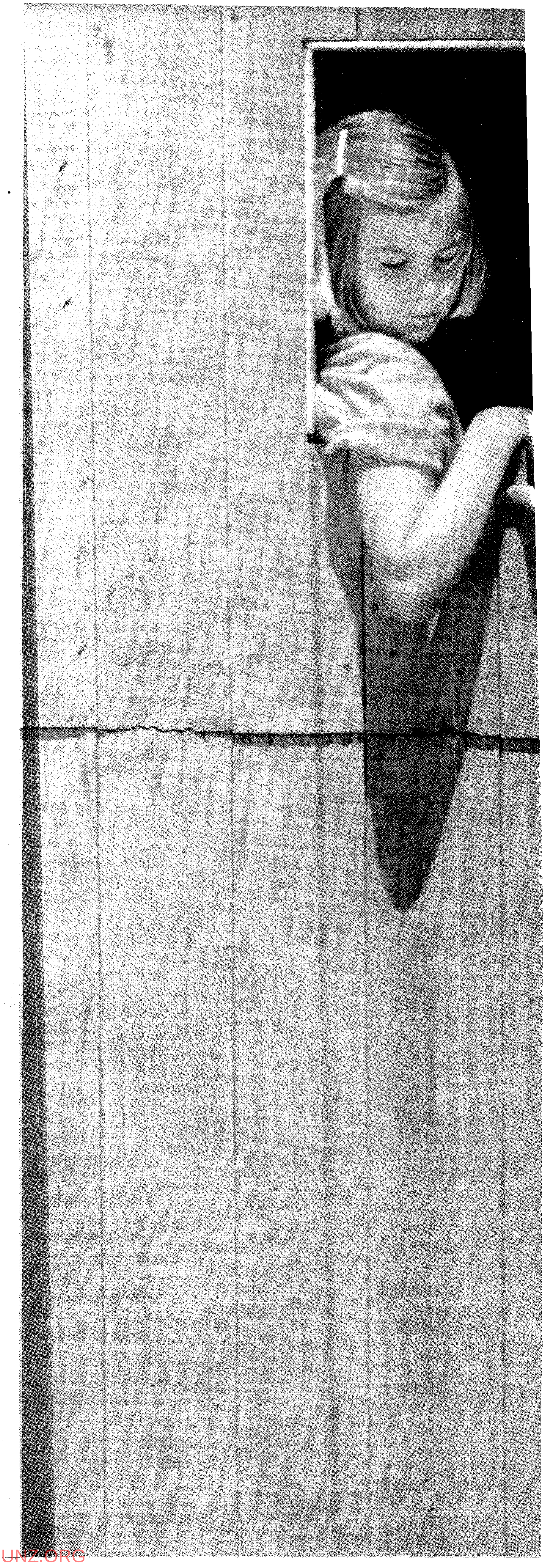
Sum total—the radiant new American Look that the whole world wants to copy!

Brown Glow Shampoo, 1.25. Wear-With-All Red Lipstick, 1.10. Minute Make-Up, 1.25. All prices plus tax.

©1954 Helena Rubinstein, Inc., 655 Fifth Ave., New York 22.

Brown Glow
Shampoo
Helena Rubinstein

JUMPER AND SWEATER BY GRETA PLATTRY



Fanny Farmer
Miniatures

Is it ever as much fun—*after* you grow up?

WE could learn a lot from our young ones about having fun. Maybe, simply because they're small, the same amount of feeling doesn't have to travel so far to make them happy all over.

When it comes to anticipation . . . excitement . . . enjoyment—*kids* know how to *live!*

But is it ever the same when you grow up—*and there's a box of candy in the house?*

It can be. But first you have to know about the kind of candies Fanny Farmer makes: Candies that taste exactly as excitingly good to grownups as to children!

Here's why: In the Fanny Farmer Studio you see candies made in a way no one else we know of uses. For instance, artificial flavors are just plain false and taste it. So we use only real foods. Fresh country butter, rich cream, whole-ripe-perfect fruits, natural essences. (Only exception is pineapple. We use the natural fruit but we *do* fortify it.)

Artificial preservatives cover up delicate flavors, so we don't use them. In fact, we don't need artificial preservatives, because we make candies in small batches as needed and rush them to the shops. Deliveries are made to each shop every 48 hours—or oftener—so that the candies you buy are completely fresh.

Because of the choice foods we use and the treasured recipes and the delivery system, we say without fear of responsible contradiction: More luxurious candies than Fanny Farmer cannot be made.

Proof? Come see the Studio nearest you (visitors welcome) or, easier yet, stop in at the handiest Fanny Farmer Shop. Taste at your leisure. You'll enjoy each delicate flavor just the way you did when you were a kid! We'll bet you'll feel happy about it, too!

Fanny Farmer . . . Candies of old-time quality

Fresh deliveries to our Shops every 48 hours from these Studios

7 Griffith Street
Rochester 3, N. Y.

3825 Corlear Avenue
New York 63, N. Y.

900 No. Third Street
Minneapolis 1, Minn.

211 No. Broadway
Milwaukee 2, Wis.

84 Sidney Street
Cambridge 39, Mass.

91 Glendale Avenue
Highland Park 3, Mich.

1923 East 19th Street
Cleveland 15, Ohio

341 So. Cameron Street
Harrisburg, Pa.

If there is no shop near you—we will be glad to send you mail order price lists and postpaid order forms. Just write to your nearest Studio.

Fanny Farmer
CANDIES

A NEW ORLEANS CHILDHOOD

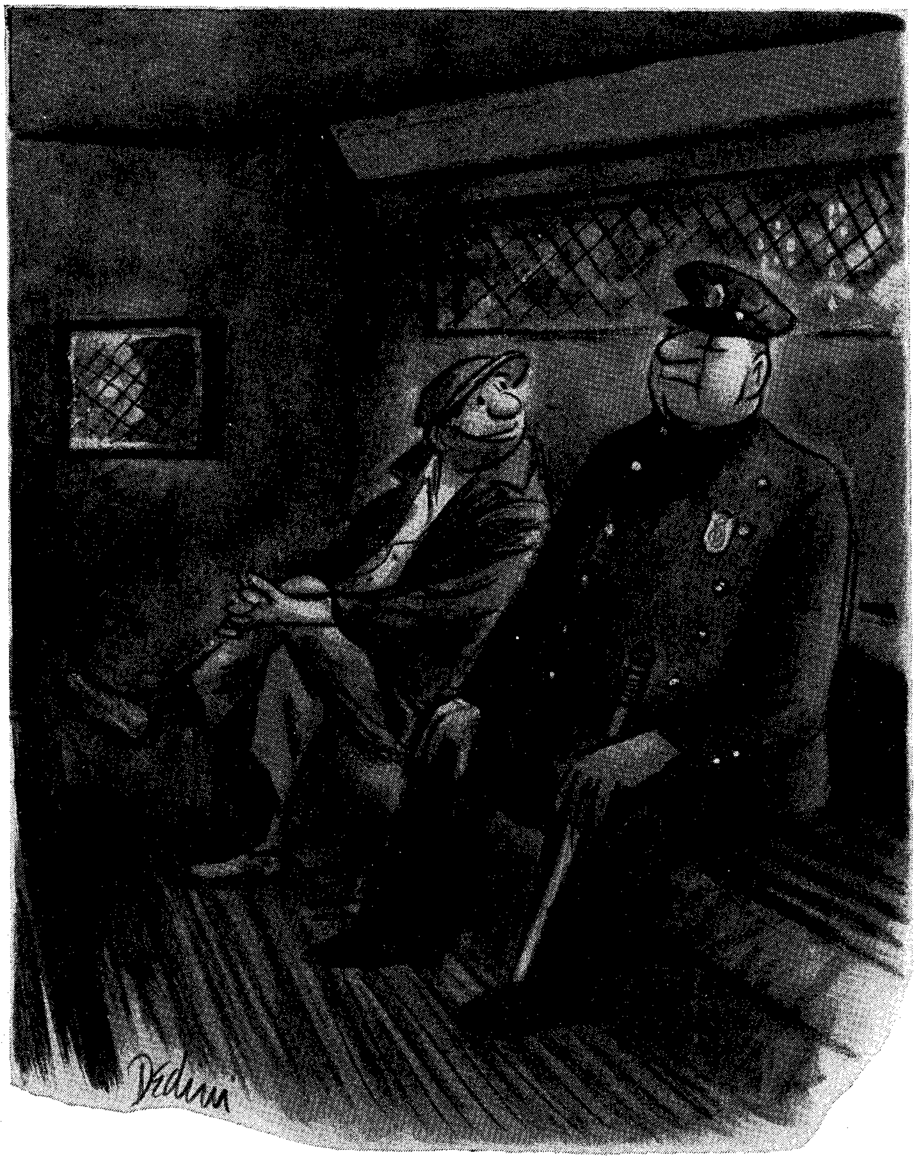
THE HOUSE ON DECATUR STREET

FINDING myself in New Orleans recently—a pleasant place to be and one that I get to as often as I can—I decided to have another look at the French Quarter. I say "another look" because I have been looking at the French Quarter, off and on, for well over forty years. It is where I come from. I was born in the Quarter and spent the first ten years of my life there. Then my family moved to another part of New Orleans, but I continued to spend a good deal of time in the section, because my father's parents still lived there. They had always lived in the Quarter, and it never occurred to them to live anywhere else. Certainly it never occurred to them or to me that the Quarter would someday become one of the principal tourist attractions in the United States, or that one of its main thoroughfares, Bourbon Street, would turn into as noisy a stretch of pavement as can be found this side of Hong Kong. This last trip to New Orleans was my first in several years, and I had not paid much attention to the Quarter on my two or three previous stopovers, so this time, largely because of what I had been reading about my old neighborhood in the magazines, I was curious to see for myself just what had happened to it. A lot had happened, I found, and the most unattractive part of it had happened to Bourbon Street. What they say about that particular bit of Dixie, it saddens me to report, is mostly true.

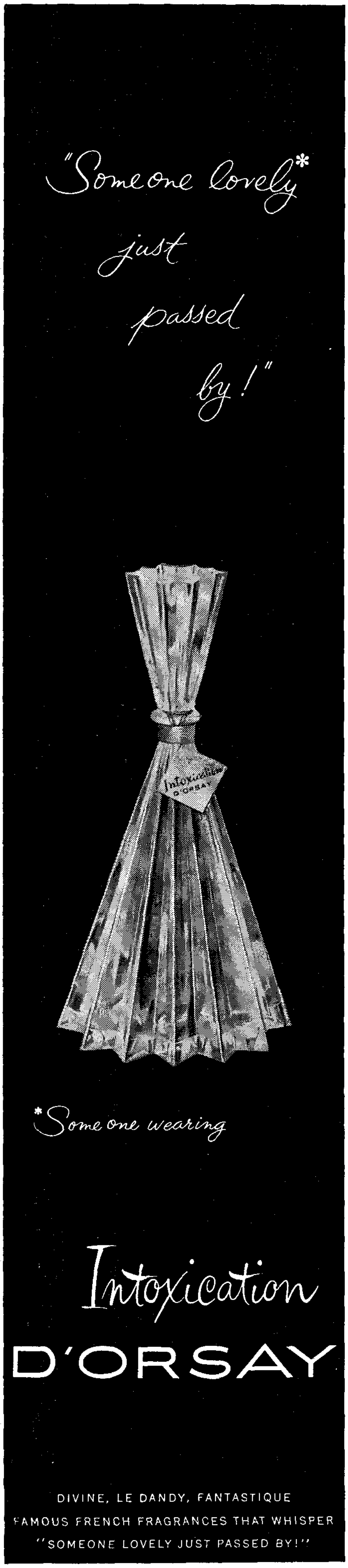
Bourbon Street runs the length of the Quarter, which is fourteen blocks long and seven blocks wide, and once was all there was to New Orleans. When French was generally spoken in the city, it used to be known as Le Vieux Carré. This translates into English as the Old Quadrangle. Nowadays, some local-color enthusiasts in New Orleans go rather out of their way to refer to the section as Le Vieux Carré—a tendency especially noticeable among those whose Gallic tradition has its roots in Kansas or South Dakota—but I think we can let that pass. We can also let pass the street signs that have been put up since my day—signs that read "Rue de Chartres" and "Rue Royale," for instance. There was never that kind of self-conscious Gallicizing in the Quarter when I lived there. Some of the older members of the French-speaking households might call a thoroughfare a *rue* in the bosom of the family, but in public a street was always called a street. My suspicion is that if any of these worthies had walked forth one morning in their alpaca coats and bombazine dresses and seen their streets labelled *rues* they would have concluded, not without testiness, that those American late-comers in the city administration were trying to have some ill-mannered fun at their expense.

MANY tourists think it is amusing that a convivial street like Bourbon should have the same name as a whiskey (I must say I have managed to keep from being bowled over by the coincidence), and a lot of them appear to be under the impression that the street was named after the beverage. The facts are otherwise. The street arrived first. The whiskey made its appearance in Bourbon County, Kentucky—a state that I wouldn't want to offend, God knows, but the truth of the matter is that hardly anybody ventured into it before 1750, and the whiskey didn't really start flowing until a couple of decades later. Bourbon Street was in business long before that. It was one of the first streets laid out in New Orleans, back around 1718, and it was christened in honor of the royal house of France.

The street we lived on during my childhood was Decatur Street—named after Stephen Decatur, the naval hero—which is parallel to Bourbon, and three blocks from it. We lived between Barracks Street, which was called that because it was where the French troops had had their barracks, and Hospital Street (now Governor Nicholls Street), on which the first hospital in New Orleans had stood. We were only two blocks from the Mississippi River, which was half a mile wide here, and we were even closer to the United States



"Well, the days are drawing in again, aren't they?"



"Someone lovely* just passed by!"

*Someone wearing

Intoxication
D'ORSAY

DIVINE, LE DANDY, FANTASTIQUE
FAMOUS FRENCH FRAGRANCES THAT WHISPER
"SOMEONE LOVELY JUST PASSED BY!"

Mint. There was, naturally, a kind of wonder attached to the river, where ships from all over the world mingled with our little ferryboats, and old men fished for catfish in the sun. The austere, gray Mint was still in operation during my childhood, and as soon as I was able to take in the fact that money was coined there, I regarded it with awe. Pennies were the coins I knew most about in those days—they bore the very Grecian profile of an Indian in a war bonnet, on the band of which was inscribed the word "LIBERTY"—and in the matter of wealth my imagination never went further than them. I used to have a dream in which I would light upon a small cache of pennies, blazing like the sun, and though the dream frequently repeated itself, I was always too overcome by my find to count up how much it amounted to—about twenty cents, I would guess. I stopped having that dream before we moved away from the Quarter, but even now when I am given pennies in change I go through them, hoping to find an Indian-head.

Bourbon Street had nothing that could compete with the river or the Mint, and my immediate neighborhood was much more entertaining in my eyes. Besides, Bourbon Street was then pretty much a residential street—no streets in the Quarter were completely residential, then or ever—while Decatur Street was given over to shopkeepers. My father's father was one of these—at least, to begin with. He had opened a shoe store on Decatur Street in the early eighteen-eighties, and in time he prospered sufficiently to branch out into what would nowadays be called small industry. Somewhere around 1890, he bought a few machines and set up a shoe factory behind the store. It was a modest operation during my childhood, employing no more than six men, two of them cobblers who made shoes to order, but when the workmen were bustling amidst a complicated arrangement of whirring belts and spinning wheels, I found the factory just as impressive as many years later I was to find Willow Run.

The building was quite large—large enough to house the store, the factory, and all of us besides. Built during the Spanish occupation of New Orleans, or shortly thereafter, it was L-shaped, consisted of three stories and an attic, and had the customary wrought-iron balconies—extremely simple ones compared to some of the others in the Quarter—and the customary courtyard in the rear. My grandparents lived on the floor above the store and the factory, and my parents and I lived on the floor above that. There were six rooms on each floor, and the living quarters were reached by a stairway spiralling up from a door that gave on the street. The ascending curves were contained in a high, shadowy well, whose walls, I remember, were always damp. I have forgotten how many steps there were, but our quarters seemed a long way up.

While I was still quite young, my grandfather roofed the courtyard over with a glass skylight, to provide more space for the factory, but I can recall how the courtyard looked before then, with my grandmother's flower garden, a pair of scraggly banana trees, and a jagged line of broken bottles cemented onto the top of the rear wall, which was about fifteen feet high. This was the Quarter's way of burglar-proofing, and there were few courtyards that were not similarly protected. The glass fragments on our wall always seemed rather ominous to me, telling of the danger that lurked in the outside world, but when the sun shone on them and brought out their colors—brown and green and garnet and blue—I thought they were beautiful. The impression they made must have gone deep, for I have never since seen a stained-glass window—not even in Notre Dame—without being reminded of them.

Apart from the broken bottles, what I remember best about the courtyard is one of its tenants—an alligator who lived in it for a time. We always had rather curious pets in our family, and the alligator was one of them. He was a present. My grandfather had a close friend who grew rice in the lower part of Louisiana, not far from the Gulf of Mexico, and he used to keep us supplied with the bounty of that part of the country—sacks of fresh oysters, braces of wild duck, rail birds, an occasional sea turtle, and, somewhere along the line, the alligator. A kind man, he thought the creature might amuse me. I thought so, too, when I first heard he was com-

ing, but that was pure ignorance. I had a lot to learn about alligators.

My mother tells me that ours was a relatively small specimen, only three feet long, but to me he seemed enormous. I didn't like his looks much, either, and, for me, he took on the role of the enemy in our midst. We had four other pets at the time: a parrot, who was a splendid conversationalist and could sing part of a march; two canaries; and a bright South American bird, given us by a sea captain we knew. I had heard tales about the cruel appetite of alligators, and I began to fear for the birds—particularly the parrot, a special friend of mine. The other birds were caged, but he had the run of the courtyard, and he thought he owned the place. I had visions of him tangling with the intruder, briefly asserting his rights, and then disappearing, with one last squawk, into the darkness of the alligator's maw. Feeling the need of outside help, I began to mention the parrot in my prayers.

I soon found that I need not have bothered. The alligator, as lazy and torpid as most of his kind, lay motionless for days at a time. The parrot, strutting about the courtyard and eating sunflower seeds within an inch of his ugly head, never gave him a thought, and neither, after a time, did I, except to reflect occasionally on what a big disappointment he was. He became simply another object in the courtyard. Then he vanished, leaving not a trace. One evening he was in the courtyard, and the next morning he wasn't. There weren't any holes or crevices he could have crawled through, and all the doors had been locked and barred for the night. We had a fine mystery on our hands. I didn't care two cents about that large lizard, and in my heart I knew it, but I wasn't going to miss the chance of making a scene, so I insisted that everybody look for him. Work was held up that morning while my grandfather led an alligator hunt, delivering commands in English, French, and Italian, and my mother, who has never been able to stand the thought of any creature in distress, wandered about the courtyard calling "Here, alligator! Here, alligator!" in a troubled, anxious way that moved even me. But the alligator was gone. I was enjoying the excitement, and, to prolong it, I suggested that we call in the police, but my grandfather and my father were cool to the idea. We never did find out what happened to the alligator; our best guess was that some pilferer had managed to scale the rear wall of the courtyard, braving the

Southwick "SUPERFLEX"
TRADE MARK

"Feeling is Believing!"

Jackets from $55. Slacks from $22.50

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS

SOUTHWICK clothes have made news by making sense to the discerning few who set the style. The casual distinction of their comfort-famous "Superflex" construction has become the talk of men of good taste.

WITNESS our new collection of hand-tailored sports jackets in genuine Imported Shetlands with the true feel and look of luxury.

OUR BLACK-BROWN diamond weave (top swatch and model shown) together with superb deep-tone checks (bottom) and Pitlochry homespuns share honors with our classically tailored slacks in fine new Whipcords (center) and Traditional Flannels.

Make sure you see this label Southwick TRADE MARK "SUPERFLEX" *on suits, jackets and slacks*

PAUL STUART
New York
HARRY ERWIN SCHUR
Southampton, L. I.
HOTEL SYRACUSE MEN'S SHOP
Syracuse
PELLER & MURE
Buffalo
JAMES CAMPION, INC.
Hanover, N. H.
HOUSE OF WALSH
Amherst • Williamstown
ARTHUR L. JOHNSON CO.
Boston
THE ANDOVER SHOP
Andover • Cambridge
HILLHOUSE, LTD.
Providence

VAN DRIVER
Greenwich, Conn.
HUGHES & HATCHER
Pittsburgh
C. J. CREGO & SON
Harrisburg
GROFF & WOLF CO.
Lancaster
JOHN WANAMAKER UNIVERSITY SHOP
Philadelphia
MANSURE & PRETTYMAN
Wilmington
ARTHUR A. ADLER
Washington, D. C.
PAUL H. ROSE CORP.
Norfolk
WILLS-CAMP, INC.
Lynchburg, Va.

THE YOUNG MEN'S SHOP
Charlottesville, Va.
STEVENS-SHEPHERD, INC.
Chapel Hill, N. C.
JACK WOOD, LTD.
Charlotte, N. C.
YOUNTS-DEBOE CO.
Greensboro, N. C.
SPENCER'S LTD.
Atlanta
FIELD & FIRESIDE, INC.
Columbus, Ga.
MEN'S QUALITY SHOP
Savannah
L. STRAUSS and CO.
Indianapolis
ARCH WILSON, INC.
Springfield, Ill.
SILVERSTONE'S
Milwaukee

MACKENZIE-BOSTOCK-MONROE
Grand Rapids, Mich.
BOYD'S
St. Louis
MAURICE L. ROTHSCHILD-YOUNG-QUINLAN CO.
Minneapolis
ANDY ANDERSON, LTD.
Tucson
ROBERT KIRK, LTD.
Carmel • San Francisco
BAYNE-WILLIAMS
Pasadena
TWEEDS and WEEDS
Santa Barbara and La Jolla
ALBERT, LTD.
Seattle

For stores in other cities write GRIECO BROS. Inc., 200 Fifth Avenue, New York

Exclusive manufacturers of SOUTHWICK Superflex clothes

A suitcase,
A flower,
A promise

tell you about
Duff Gordon Cream Sherry

It's remarkable that the delicate flavor of Duff Gordon Cream Sherry is so sturdy. Travelling cannot harm it, so you *can* take it with you for trips and gift-giving.

When wines that make sherry are perfectly married, only then does a "flower" bloom on top. These perfectly married wines become Duff Gordon Cream Sherry.

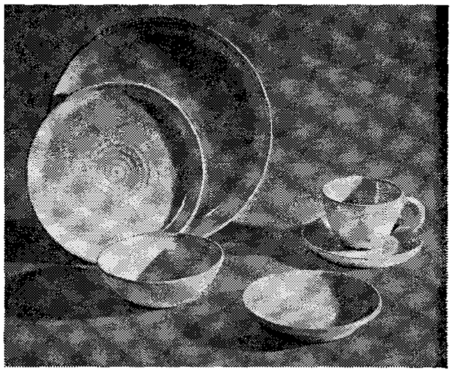
DUFF GORDON
Cream Sherry
EST. 1772

A glass of Duff Gordon Cream Sherry before or after dinner can promise you a far more enjoyable meal and a sociable evening. You will also like: Duff Gordon No. 28 (moderately sweet), Nina (moderately dry), Pinta (very pale, very dry) and Amontillado (a true Amontillado). Sole U. S. representatives, Munson G. Shaw Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

wicked barrier of glass, and had carried him off. If that was the case, the fellow must have wanted an alligator pretty badly.

ALL the other families in our block lived, as we did, over their places of business. Many of them had pets, too—mockingbirds, Brazilian finches, cardinals, macaws. Nor was my alligator the only unusual one. There were also a monkey and a squirrel, and—no less unusual in New Orleans, where the thermometer often hovers around a hundred during the summer—a huge St. Bernard. He belonged to a widow, Mrs. Wallansbach (whose name, like the names of all the other people mentioned in this chronicle, I have changed). A number of German families moved to Louisiana in the early seventeen-hundreds, and Mrs. Wallansbach's husband, a restaurateur, was a descendant of one of them. After his death, which occurred before I had a chance to know him, Mrs. Wallansbach sold the restaurant, but she continued to live above it. I can remember her only vaguely—a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles and a bun of reddish hair—and I doubt whether I would remember her at all if it were not for the St. Bernard, which accompanied her everywhere and was one of the attractions of our neighborhood. The French Market—the largest market in New Orleans, and very much like Les Halles, in Paris—was a few blocks away from us on Decatur Street, and whenever Mrs. Wallansbach went shopping there, the business of the day came to a standstill as everybody stopped to admire the St. Bernard. I felt privileged to be on intimate terms with such a spectacular animal. It was his size that appealed to me, not his personality. I knew that our parrot was more talented and more affectionate—he liked to perch on my shoulder and nibble my ear, whereas the St. Bernard resisted all my attempts at playfulness—but the sheer bulk of the dog made up for his lack of other qualities. Mrs. Wallansbach often let me lead him—or, rather, be led by him—on his evening stroll around the Mint, and I enjoyed nothing better, for then I was at the very center of attention.

Mrs. Wallansbach was a good friend of my grandparents, and I often dropped in to visit her. I was generally accompanied on these calls by my closest friend, a recently arrived little French girl named Hélène Rouillard. Hélène's mother and father had died of yellow fever shortly after they reached New Orleans, and Hélène, an only child,



hand-thrown
Rowantree pottery

. . . whose elegance lies in its
simplicity and texture. Made
from native Maine clays,
it comes in distinctive White,
Blue, Yellow, Charcoal and
Turquoise glazes. Highly
durable. 6-piece setting $9.25.
Mail orders, shipping collect.

catalog on request

AMERICA HOUSE
32 East 52nd Street
New York 22, N. Y.

THE "FEEL" OF
Real Puerto Rico
U.S.A.

Starlit nights
Sun-filled days
Old World Charm
But modern ways

- BEACH
- POOL
- SPORTS
- DANCING

Condado Beach HOTEL
AIR-CONDITIONED
San Juan, Puerto Rico

JAMES WEBER, Managing Director
Frederick Dieterle, Resident Manager
See Travel Agents or New York Office
212 Essex House. Tel CI. 5-6727

fine pianos by
KRANICH AND BACH
since 1864

had been adopted by the Wilsons, who kept a bookstore across the street from us. Since Hélène and I were the only small children on the block, we were much in each other's company. Hélène knew hardly any English at first, but we managed to get along. What entranced me most about her was her wooden shoes, the first sabots I had ever seen. Hélène could do anything in them—run, jump, even skip rope—and their hollow clack soon became one of the accustomed sounds of our street. My mother recalls that she could usually tell where Hélène and I were, and even what we were up to, by the clatter of those shoes. After a while, the process of Americanization set in, and Hélène put aside her sabots. For me, she was never again quite the same girl.

We were great droppers-in, we two. We had both houses to roam about in, along with our courtyard and the luxuriant walled garden that lay behind the Wilsons' bookstore, but more often than not we went visiting. We were greatly spoiled, and I am afraid we sometimes made nuisances of ourselves. One of our favorite ports of call was the blacksmith shop around the corner on Hospital Street, facing the Mint. It could not have been as smoky and cavernous as I now remember it, or the sparks as dazzling, or the horses as spirited, or the smith as grimy and gigantic, but about the rings that he used to make for us from horseshoe nails, I am altogether sure: They were masterpieces. After leaving the smithy, Hélène and I would often descend upon the two maiden Valvan sisters, who were milliners. We could count on a bonbon from them, since they both had a passion for sweets, and they thought Hélène was so chic that they let her model hats. We would then drop in on Mr. Gallardo, the baker; visit Peter, the gunsmith; admire the wares in Mr. Mayer's jewelry store; and pass the time of day with Mr. and Mrs. Scheidemann, who owned a crockery shop.

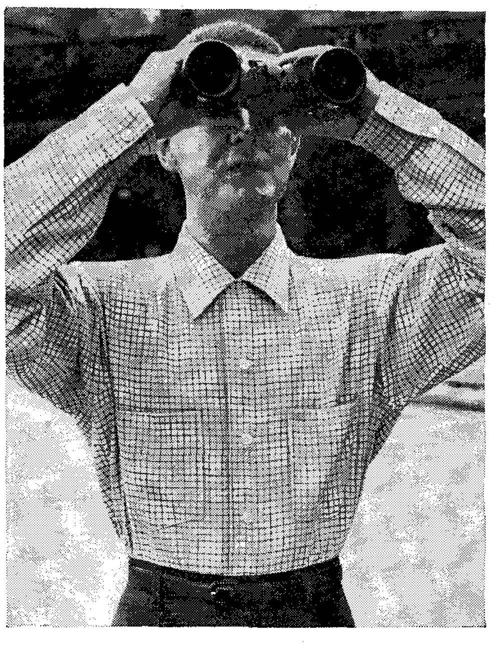
Mr. Scheidemann, a grave, slow-spoken man with heavy shoulders and a bald head, seemed to me to be slightly more than mortal. I had learned from family conversations that it was his habit to spend the late-afternoon hours in his courtyard writing poetry, and even though all I knew about poetry was Mother Goose, and perhaps the first few lines of "Paul Revere's Ride," this dedication of Mr. Scheidemann's set him apart in my eyes. I had only to listen to my grandfather or Mr. Wilson to know that it was no mean thing

Traditional...

from our extensive collection, which also includes modern and provincial groups. For an illustrated booklet, describing the entire collection, please write, enclosing 25¢, to Henredon Furniture Industries, Dept. N101, Morganton, N. C. (Name of your nearest dealer sent on request.)

HH Heritage Henredon

fine furniture



wallachs presents

washable

Kennebec flannel

These famous Hathaway sport shirts of Kennebec flannel achieve warmth without weight through the suave blending of cotton (66%) and rayon (34%) in a fabric that is luxurious to the touch, heroic about hard wear, and is completely washable. When you consider the qualities, the pedigree, and the very unextravagant price, you can see why we recommend at least one of these Hathaway shirts for every sports-loving man. Matter of fact, for every *man!*

Colored checks, on gray, blue or tan grounds. Also available in solid colors: gold, tan, blue, red, navy and gray. Sizes S, M, L, XL. **8.95**

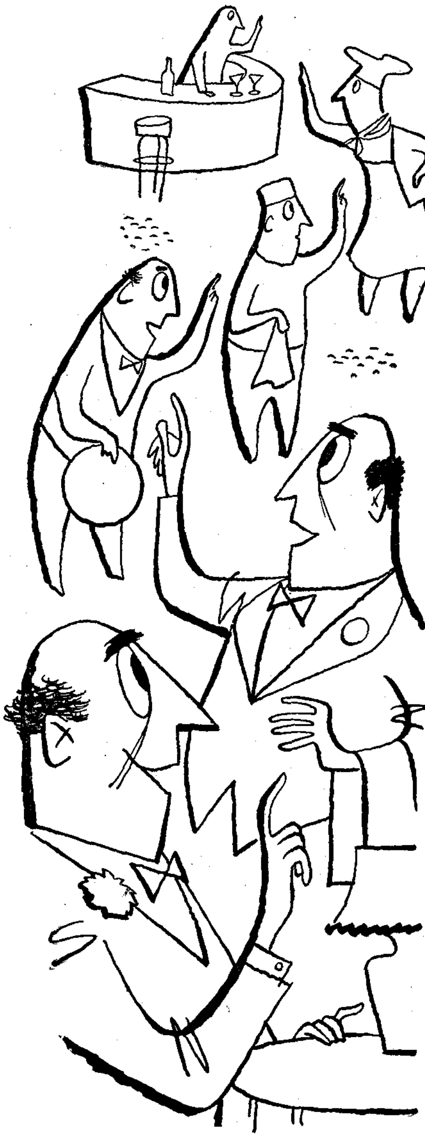
WALLACHS, 323 East 44th St., N. Y. 17, N. Y. Mail Shopping Service
Phone MU 6-3400
Kennebec Flannel Sport Shirt, 8.95

Style	Quan.	Size	Colors
Checks			
Solid			

M. O. or
Check ☐ C.O.D. ☐ Chg. ☐

Name________________________
Address______________________
City________________Zone____State________
N. Y. C. deliveries subject to 3% sales tax. Add 29c shipping charges beyond the United Parcel Service area.

(*Advertisement*)



Savoir Fare

Next time you're dining at one of the plushier spots, try ordering a cocktail made with Lord Calvert. By name, of course.

The captain will tell the head waiter, who'll tell the steward, who'll tell the bartender, and he, in turn, will give your waiter a drink fit for a king. Or for you.

Maitre d' to busboy, they know that Lord Calvert costs a little more, tastes a little better and rather spotlights your impeccable good taste. Unobtrusively, of course, but quite effectively.

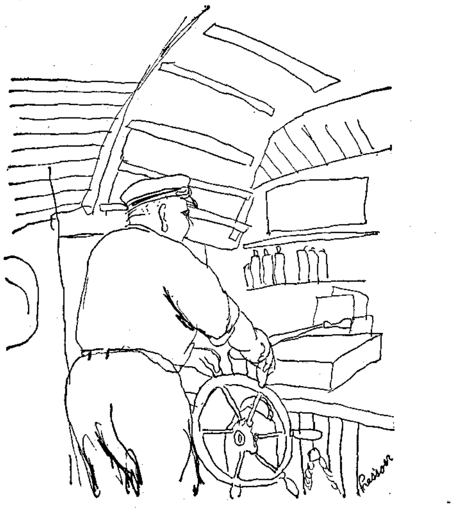
BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.

to be a poet. There was something, I gathered, called "the life of the mind." It interested me, this life of the mind, and I felt a great curiosity to see it close up. What did a poet do when he was writing poetry? How did he look? Did he speak his lines out loud, or what? There came a time when I simply had to find out. Late one afternoon, I left the Wilsons' garden, where Hélène and I had been catching dragonflies, and instead of going straight home as I had told her I would, I went down the street and stole into the passage that led to the Scheidemanns' courtyard. The long corridor was shadowy, with crates of china piled against the walls, and since this was no conventional visit but deliberate espionage, I was thrilled by my own recklessness. Tiptoeing to the end of the corridor, I peered into the courtyard. Mr. Scheidemann was sitting in a wicker chair, in his suspenders. He was smoking a cigar and had a small writing pad on his knee. I spied on him for what seemed like an hour, and nothing happened. Mr. Scheidemann just sat there, smoking his cigar. It was a disappointing experience, but it had its value. It taught me that poetry can't be hurried, and that a poet may well be a bald-headed man in suspenders, smoking a cigar.

AMONG the few events that really shook me in those days was the death of an animal with whom I was acquainted, and I was particularly sobered when Mrs. Wallansbach's St. Bernard gave up the ghost. He had been so large and was now so humbled, and my world, as it always did when somebody or something was removed from it, seemed smaller and emptier than before. Then, too, when it came to animals, I felt that there was a great unfairness about the mystery beyond the grave. I knew where dead people went—to Heaven—and it troubled me that no such harbor had been provided for dead animals. I trusted my elders, and hoped they were right when they said that even the smallest creature was sure to be looked after, but since they could not tell me *how*, or guarantee that there were angelic presences in the shapes of horses, dogs, cats, and parrots, the notion of unfairness persisted. I never brooded for very long, of course. I was as resilient as most children, and anyway I knew how risky it was to question the wisdom of Our Merciful Father. When somebody presently gave Hélène a mallard duckling, it expanded my universe, just as the death of the St. Bernard had contracted it. I quickly recovered from the loss of my towering friend.

Mrs. Wallansbach had a harder time of it. Though I was too young to know it then, I can see now that she gave the St. Bernard all her affection, except that part of it which in her kindliness she saved for Hélène and me. Unable to bear the thought of losing him completely, she called in a taxidermist and commissioned him to stuff the animal. Needless to say, I wanted to know all the details of the procedure, which sounded fascinating, and I was puzzled by the strange expression that crossed the faces of my parents and grandparents when I brought the matter up. Eventually, it became clear to me that they had certain reservations about the propriety of stuffing a household pet, but I still thought it was a fine thing for Mrs. Wallansbach to do, and so did Hélène. The mallard duckling was beginning to pall a little, for it didn't seem to comprehend that it was supposed to follow us wherever we went, and we were impatient for the day when we would see the St. Bernard again.

The day came about a month later. Hélène was in bed with the measles, and I had gone on a shopping expedition with my mother. On the way home, we ran into Mrs. Wallansbach. She invited me to stop in and visit with her, and I immediately knew the reason for the invitation. The St. Bernard had come back. I followed Mrs. Wallansbach up the stairs and into her parlor. The slatted blinds of the long windows that opened on her balcony had been drawn against the sun, and there in a corner, where the shadows were deepest, stood the St. Bernard. Looming even larger than in life, he stood motionless on his stiff legs, staring at me with blank, dismaying eyes. Mrs. Wallansbach asked me if I didn't want to pat him, and I felt



I had to, but I declined the glass of lemonade that she offered me. I stopped dropping in on Mrs. Wallansbach after that, and there has been something of a barrier between St. Bernards and me ever since.

COMPARED to this street and these people, Bourbon Street didn't amount to much. My grandfather owned a building on it, which he used as a warehouse, and sometimes I would go there with him. The building was thought to have been a barracks when New Orleans and the rest of the Louisiana Territory were ruled by Spain, and some of the windows had iron bars. Our family doctor was on Bourbon Street, too—a small, lively Creole gentleman who kept goldfish and always smelled of snuff—and I would have to go and see him every now and then, usually in connection with my tonsils. But the only real interest Bourbon Street had for me, and that only indirectly, was the French Opera House. The two cobblers who worked for my grandfather, Mr. Fisher and Mr. Auchin, used to make the shoes for the troupes that appeared there.

New Orleans naturally went in for opera—first light opera and then grand opera, too. As early as 1810, there were three theatres in the Quarter given over to musical dramas of one kind or the other, and long before I knew the date of the Louisiana Purchase or the fact that General P. G. T. Beauregard, another French Quarter resident, had ordered the firing on Fort Sumter and thus started the Civil War, I was aware that Jenny Lind and Adelina Patti had sung in New Orleans in the eighteen-fifties. It was sometimes hard for me to be sure where the past ended and the present began, so great was their overlapping. There were a number of things relatively remote from me in which I felt I had a personal stake—the great yellow-fever epidemics, for instance, since my grandfather and my grandmother had lived through several of them. Because of my grandfather's shoe factory I felt that I had a personal stake in everything that had ever happened in the French Opera House.

The building, which was one of the handsomest in the Quarter, was erected in 1859, but it did not come into its full glory until the years between 1890 and 1910. My father always insisted that the opera heard there was better than any ever presented by the Metropolitan in New York. I cannot vouch for his opinion, since my few visits to the French Opera House took place before

Once you have worn
DAKS®

—all other slacks
simply cease to exist.
Daks have the happy faculty
of making you look slimmer
and trimmer. They give you a
distinctly youthful dash.
And with their beltless
tailoring they are by all odds
the most comfortable of
trousers. See them in the
great Balton cloth and other
worsted flannels, tweeds,
gabardines of unmistakably
English extraction.
Nothing short of superb.
Write: Dept. N4—
Simpson Imports, Inc.,
9 E. 37th Street, New York.

the famous English
comfort-in-action trousers

Rogers Lingerie

Knee-deep in lace, the kind of gift every woman owes herself: It's done with newly-slim nylon tricot, flouncing Dacron lace and to tie it all up prettily, velvety bows. Black with Blue Belle or all White. The slip, #4090, 32 to 38, 19.95. Matching petticoat, #4652. 4 to 7, 16.95.

At: NEIMAN MARCUS, *Dallas*
LORD & TAYLOR, *New York*
J. W. ROBINSON CO., *Los Angeles*
and fine stores everywhere.

Rogers Lingerie Executive Offices, Chattanooga, Tenn.

I reached the age of appreciation. I do know that my father was a man of great local pride, and he tended to view anything—even people, I'm afraid—that came out of New Orleans as automatically superior. In this, I might add, he resembled a substantial portion of the population.

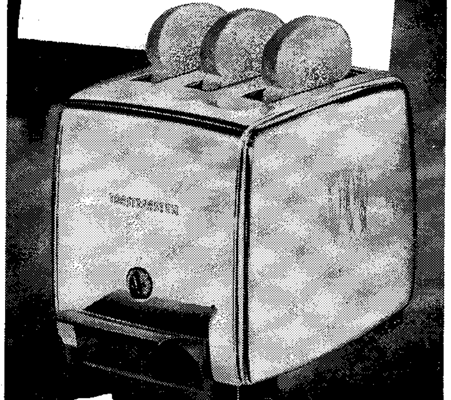
The Opera House was still going strong when I lived in the Quarter. My grandparents sometimes attended performances, and my father was a true devotee. My own link with the opera, however, came through Mr. Fisher and Mr. Auchin. Because of an arrangement my grandfather had with the management, he could always get them a pass to the upper gallery. Mr. Fisher did not go very often, but Mr. Auchin, like my father, rarely missed a performance. Though I find it hard to recall what Mr. Fisher looked like—all I am sure of is that he had a goatee and blue eyes—Mr. Auchin appears plainly before me whenever I come across a picture of Gustave Flaubert. Most of what I know about opera, which isn't much, I learned from Mr. Fisher and Mr. Auchin. I hung around them often, but never so steadily as when they were working on the shoes for the opera company. Their workbenches assumed a gala look then. The shoes were made with satin uppers, and bright squares of satin, of every imaginable hue, would be scattered about like small, dazzling flags; there was one particular shade of scarlet that burns in my memory as the most beautiful color I have ever seen.

It was something of a disappointment to my father, especially after he acquired a phonograph, that I did not appreciate the music of the operas as much as I might have. But I partly made up for that deficiency by my enjoyment of the plots, nearly all of which Mr. Fisher and Mr. Auchin, between them, knew to the last incident. Mr. Auchin was a superb storyteller. To be sure, he had the habit of lapsing into French at the most exciting moments, but he was very patient when I lost the drift, as I soon did, and he had to repeat himself in English. One year, he made the shoes for "Faust," and over his workbench he told me, bit by bit, what happens when you make a pact with the Devil. Mr. Auchin never called Mephistopheles Mephistopheles. He knew the scoundrel for what he was, and was not going to get fancy. In those days, the Devil was much in my thoughts. My grandfather took a scornful view of him, as did my father, but Mr. Auchin, who attended early Mass

Look, Mom, THREE SLICES!

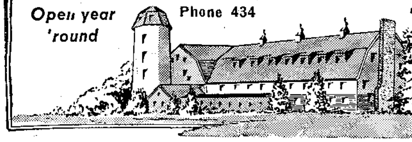
Are there more outstretched hands than toast to fill them in the breakfast rush at your house? Then this new toaster that features "Toastmaster's"* exclusive Power-Action is the answer. Takes the bread right out of your fingers—and gives it back perfectly toasted. Toasts three slices—light, dark, or in-between. Brand-new. If not yet available at your dealer's, ask him to order it.

$39.50



NEW Toastmaster
3-SLICE
SUPER DE LUXE TOASTER
*TM Reg.

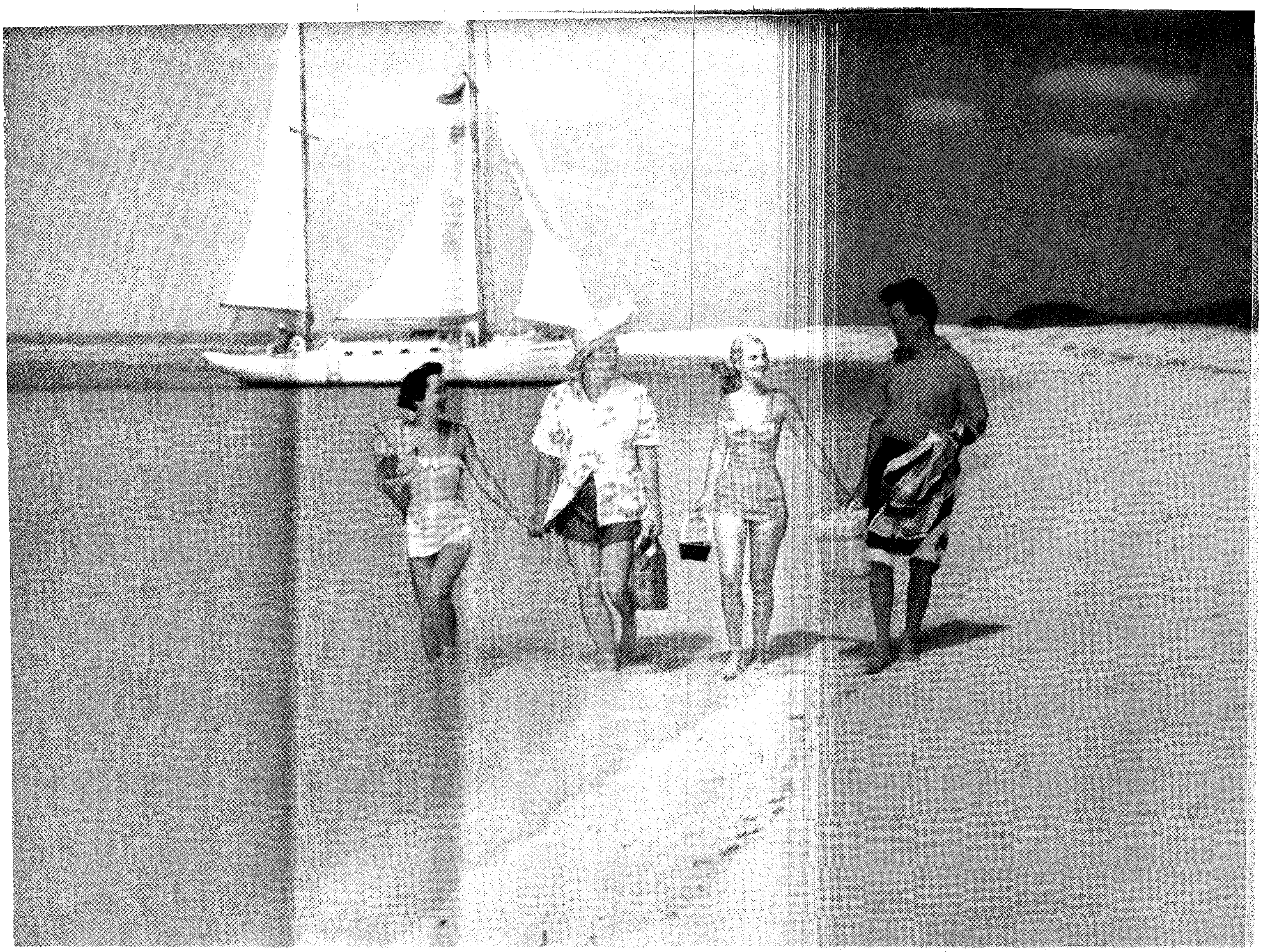
JUG END BARN
popular Club-Hotel resort
FAMOUS FOR FINE FOOD
Enjoy the best in Vacation or Weekend Fun!
Tennis, Golf, Saddle Horses, all Sports
Dancing, entertainment. Write for Booklet NN.
GREAT BARRINGTON 3, MASSACHUSETTS
Open year 'round
Phone 434

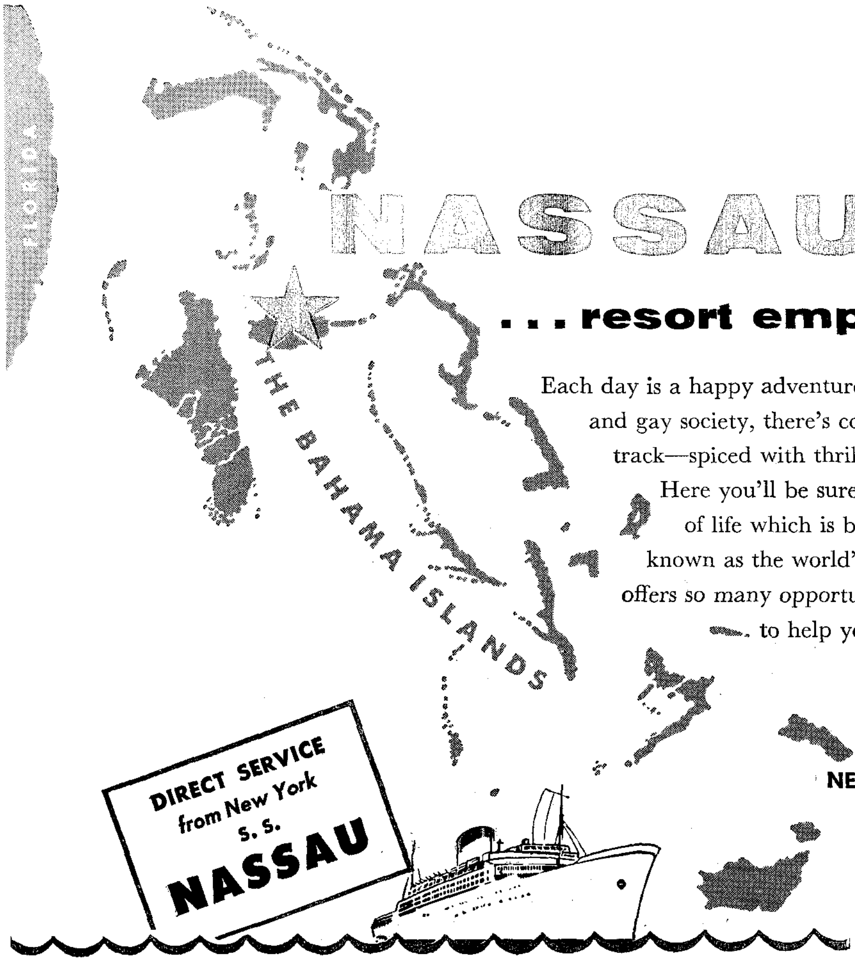


fly LAI to EUROPE

De luxe DIPLOMAT . . . thrifty Douglas DC-6B Tourist flights from New York to PARIS • MILAN • ROME • NAPLES • with LAI CONVAIR connections in Milan or Rome to principal cities in Europe and to the Mediterranean borderlands.

See your Travel Agent or
ITALIAN AIRLINES-LAI
LINEE AEREE ITALIANE
15 East 51st St., N. Y. 22, MU 8-3700




FLORIDA
THE BAHAMA ISLANDS
DIRECT SERVICE from New York S. S. NASSAU

NASSAU and the Bahama Islands

. . . resort empire of the western world

Each day is a happy adventure in zestful living in the Bahamas. For luxury and gay society, there's cosmopolitan Nassau. For relaxation off the beaten track—spiced with thrilling sport—there are the serene Out Islands.

Here you'll be sure of a kindly climate the year around—and a gracious way of life which is both practical and pleasurable. Pleasurable enough to be known as the world's finest year-round vacationland. Practical because it offers so many opportunities, especially through its highly advantageous tax situation, to help you protect the future happiness and security of your family.

6 CONVENIENT GATEWAYS

(*Only an hour by air, overnight by sea, from Florida*)

MIAMI **FORT LAUDERDALE** **WEST PALM BEACH**
NEW YORK (*4½ Hours by Air*) **MONTREAL** **TORONTO**

Consult your Travel Agent

NASSAU, BAHAMAS, DEVELOPMENT BOARD

Bay Street, Nassau, Bahamas • Cable address: Devboard, Nassau
1633-34 duPont Bldg., Miami, Fla. • British Empire Bldg., 620 Fifth Ave., New York
550 Grant St. (Suite 146), Pittsburgh, Pa. • 1210 Palmolive Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
1214 Gulf States Bldg., Dallas, Texas • 80 Richmond St. W., Toronto, Ontario

TIME WILL TELL

Grant's

GRANT'S
XII I II III IIII V VI VII VIII IX X XI
TIME WILL TELL
YEARS 8 OLD
Grant's
Blended Scotch Whisky
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
8 YEARS OLD
William Grant & Sons Ld
DISTILLERIES, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND
THE GLENFIDDICH AND BALVENIE-GLENLIVET
DUFFTOWN, SCOTLAND
ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH 86 U.S. PROOF
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INCORPORATED, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS for U.S.A.
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION
4,207,680 MINUTES
8
YEARS OLD

Time —— plus
selected quality ingredients
handled with traditional skill
produce Grant's
consistent excellence.

86 PROOF — SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc. BROOKLYN — NEW YORK
IMPORT DIVISION

every Sunday at the St. Louis Cathedral and was considerably more conservative, saw the Devil exactly as my friend Hélène had told me she did—horned, cloven-hoofed, and pitchforked, chalking up the black marks and coldly awaiting the day when he could settle his accounts. I was caught in the middle. I was eager to side with my father and grandfather, since the Devil was the last person I wanted hovering in the background, and I listened very hard when they said that the Devil merely stood for evil, which lurked in every crack and crevice of the world, and particularly in the heart of man. Mr. Auchin and Hélène, though, had Authority on their side. Pulled first one way and then the other, I took a long time to make up my mind. Though I hoped that my father and grandfather were right, and though they seemed quite able to look out for themselves, no matter what, I decided to take no chances. Hélène and Mr. Auchin, plus Authority, won out.

Mr. Auchin told the story of "Faust" so vividly that I asked my father to take me to it. Since I had never asked to go to the opera before, he was pleased to detect in me what he regarded as the first stirrings of a musical turn of mind. The truth of the matter was, however, that I was spurred by the same impulses that had caused me to sneak into Mr. Scheidemann's courtyard. I wanted to see the Devil at his deviltry, just as I had wanted to see a poet at his poetry. The evening was not a success. I had never been so disappointed in anybody as I was in that Devil. Compared to the fellow introduced into my mythology by Mr. Auchin and Hélène, he couldn't have frightened a sick cat. When he first appeared in a puff of smoke, I thought he was sensational and expected great things of him, but he never came through; he was even less convincing

that wonderful waistband

DAKS® Skirts

Very new... the sheath line, the welting front and back. Very British... the fabric, the tailoring. Made in England right down to the last stitch, they have the remarkably flattering fit that only Daks seem able to achieve. Wearable, wonderful tweeds in blue or brown. $25.00

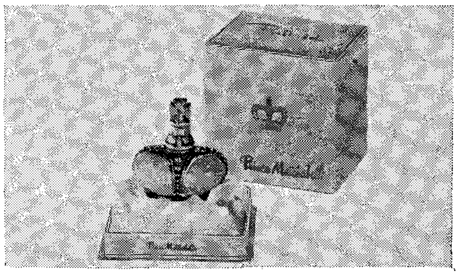
Simpson Imports, Inc.
9 E. 37 St., New York 16, N. Y.

At PECK & PECK New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit, Washington, St. Louis, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Cleveland, Kansas City and other fine stores.

shopper stoppers

by Helen Porert

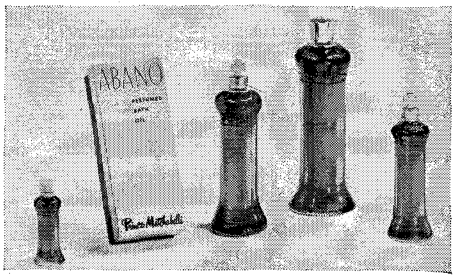
Dinner at eight? We'll be there in our best friend's chinchilla and fragrant with perfume, Belovèd by Prince Matchabelli. Next time you're near a perfume counter, try it . . . simply wonderful. There's Cologne to match.



Belovèd Perfume, imported from France, is a floral bouquet with a softness and warmth all its own. $6 up.

Stradivari
Prince Matchabelli

Don't fail to get your Stradivari Matchmates Special . . . the Cologne Parfumée with gift crown of precious Stradivari Perfume. $3 and $2.



A few drops of Abano Bath Oil and your bath blossoms into exotic fragrance. In you go, feeling younger by the minute. And looking it. $1.25 up.

Prince Matchabelli

than the maskers who paraded in his guise on Mardi Gras. As far as I was concerned, Mr. Auchin's shoes were the best part of the show. My father had to shush me throughout the first act, and for the rest of the evening I had a hard time keeping awake.

I never went to the opera with my father again. As he later admitted, he was driven to the conclusion that the vaudeville bills at the Orpheum Theatre were more in my line. They were, too. My father and I did not get together on the subject of music until I awoke to the appeal of jazz. He was able to appreciate jazz as much as he appreciated opera, and, of course, it had the further advantage of being a native New Orleans product. Here I do not think that his patriotism led him astray. Jazz was then first making itself unmistakably heard—in street parades, on marches back from the cemeteries after Negro funerals, on trucks that used to drive through the streets hung with signs advertising some coming event—usually a prizefight—and the sound of creation filled the air. New Orleans jazz needs no testimonial from me, but those, I swear, were the days.

THE French Opera House was destroyed by fire in 1919. My father had moved us from Decatur Street several years before—my sister Mary had arrived, and we needed more room—and when my grandfather died, in 1917, we sold the factory and the old house, and my last family tie with the Quarter was broken. Our new house was in a middle-class neighborhood on the "uptown" side of Canal Street—New Orleans' main thoroughfare, which divides the city in two—and although I eventually got more or less used to our new surroundings, especially after I entered high school and began to make a new set of friends, I don't think I ever felt really at home there. I'm sure my father never did. He had grown up in the French Quarter, and in spirit he never left it. The day after the fire at the French Opera House, my father came home early and took me down to see the charred ruins of the building in which I had spoiled his enjoyment of "Faust." He was silent and subdued, and I was then old enough to understand that he was thinking of the past and all that was in the past, and of how it could never be again.

I understood my father's feelings even better on my recent trip to New Orleans. Around eight o'clock one evening, I walked over to Decatur Street. It was the first time I had been there

Rodin's "Masque de l'Homme au Nez Cassé"
Original at the Philadelphia Museum of Art

Over 100 Handmade Sculpture
Reproductions of Originals
from 14 World-Famous Museums

$2 to $75

Authentic in every detail
Size Shape Finish

Handmade
SCULPTURE
REPRODUCTIONS
OF
MUSEUM
ORIGINALS

New 112 Page Catalog 25¢
A source for the Unusual Gift

MUSEUM PIECES
114 East 32 St., Dept. Y-14, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

COMING TO PHILADELPHIA?

FOR *Comfort's* SAKE

COME TO

The Barclay
Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania
Arthur T. Murray—Managing Director
Rooms from $7 single and $10 double Suites $16 and up

Protect Your LP Records

H.R.S. LP CASE NO. 7

Deluxe dust-proof cases to hold 10 LP records. Available in Red, Blue, Green and Tan and in two sizes for either 10" or 12" records. Rich book-like binding of simulated Levant leather is stamped with 23 k. genuine goldleaf. **See your dealer,** if not available order direct. Please specify size and color. 10-inch $2.75 and 12-inch $2.95 (10-inch $3 and 12-inch $3.25 W. of Miss. and in Ala., Fla., La., Miss., Minn.). Two or more cases postpaid in U.S.; add 25c for one case. No COD's please.

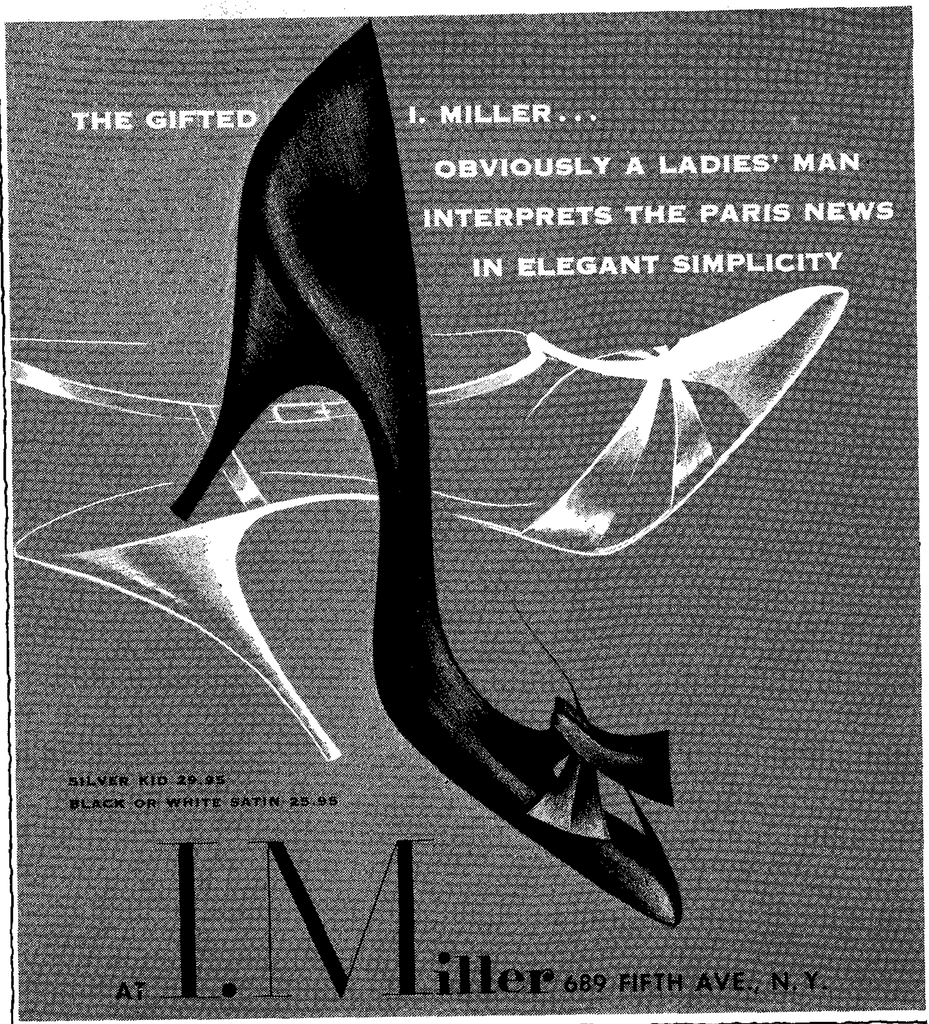
Manufactured by **H. ROYER SMITH CO.**
Philadelphia 7, Pa.

in more than twenty-five years. All my former friends were gone, I knew—Hélène, the Wilsons, the Misses Valvan, Mr. and Mrs. Scheidemann, Mrs. Wallansbach, Peter the gunsmith, and Mr. Gallardo the baker. Our old house was still standing, and as large as I remembered it, but it was barred and shuttered and empty, falling into ruin, and the whole block had a similarly derelict appearance. The only lighted buildings were several of those mean, shabby bars to be found in waterfront districts all over the world. One bar had taken the place of the Wilsons' bookstore. As I stood before it, I found myself shaking my head.

At that, though, I liked what has happened to Decatur Street better than I liked what has happened to Bourbon Street. It is lined with one cabaret after another, and apparently the tourists find them attractive, for there are always throngs of them on the street. I don't want to give the impression that I have anything against tourists, because I haven't, and it is perhaps foolish of me, simply because I used to have my tonsils looked at on Bourbon Street and because it was part of my childhood in other ways, to object to its bars and strip-tease emporiums, and to its silly pretense of old-world romanticism. I do object, though—strongly. I don't like to see all the walls come tumbling down.

After leaving Decatur Street, I had a cup of coffee in the French Market and then a drink in a non-tourist bar, and, at about nine o'clock, I strolled over to Bourbon Street. Even at that early hour, business was thriving. A line of more than a hundred people was waiting to witness the performance of a lady who calls herself the Cat Girl, and I noticed that the Wildcat Girl, the Cupcake Girl, the Tassel Girl, and twenty or so more were also getting a play. These, of course, were only the featured performers, with star billing. I have no idea of the number of other, uncapitalized girls who were less conspicuously stashed away. Each of the divinities who grace Bourbon Street has a barker in her retinue. These attendants stand at the doors of the temples, and it is evidently one of their duties, when they sight a likely customer, to open the doors for an instant, permitting a glimpse of the rites within.

All this activity—the tourists touring, the barkers barking, the doors opening, the ladies exposing more pink and powdered flesh than ever Rubens got around to painting in his whole industrious lifetime—takes place to the



THE GIFTED I. MILLER . . .
OBVIOUSLY A LADIES' MAN
INTERPRETS THE PARIS NEWS
IN ELEGANT SIMPLICITY
SILVER KID 29.95
BLACK OR WHITE SATIN 25.95
AT I. Miller 689 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.

SEE BRITAIN FIRST —BY RAIL!

. . . and enjoy rail, motor coach and ship tours of bonnie Scotland. First, London to Scotland by famous "name" trains, then enchanting tours of the Lochs and Highlands. Plan your delightful, thrifty Scottish holiday now.

"Thrift Tour Tickets" at real savings. 1000 miles for $18.00! 6-months limit.

"Guest Ticket" for 9 days of unlimited rail travel for $24.00. Above facilities *not obtainable in Britain.*

•

Train and cross-channel ship reservations.

Tours—by rail/motor coach/ship.

See your TRAVEL AGENT BEFORE LEAVING

TYPICAL TRAVEL TREATS

A bedroom, London to Scotland, for only $5.08.

•

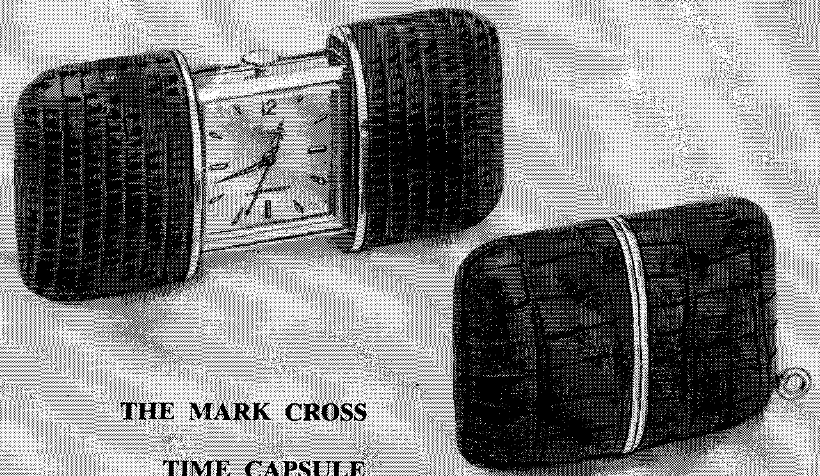
See the Trossachs, Scotland's scenic wonderland, for $3.38 (from Edinburgh or Glasgow).

BRITISH RAILWAYS

For literature and information please write Dept. 29 at any British Railways Office—

NEW YORK 20, N. Y., 9 Rockefeller Pl. • CHICAGO 3, ILL., 39 So. La Salle St.
LOS ANGELES 14, CAL., 510 W. 6th St. • TORONTO 1, ONT., 69 Yonge St.

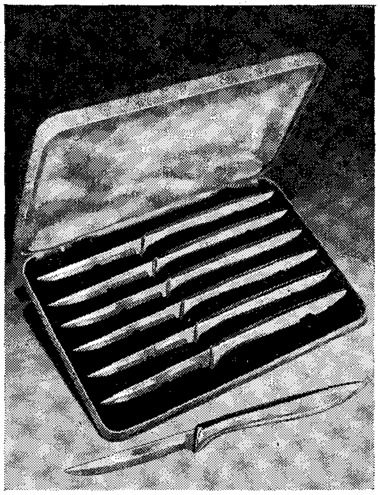
MARK CROSS
Fifth Avenue at 55th, N. Y. 22, N. Y.



THE MARK CROSS
TIME CAPSULE

Capsuled, it's no bigger than a minute, to slip in a pocket or hang on a chain. Opened, the watch stands on a desk or night table on its own automatic easel. We think so much of the whole idea that we do it in four different leathers. Gold-plated watch, 17-jewel movement, luminous markings. 1⅜ x 2" closed. Red, black or brown morocco; tan pigskin; brown, green or blue lizard, $31.50. Black or brown crocodile, $35.00 plus 10% excise tax. Mail and Phone Orders. SU 7-4000

Surest way out of a Christmas quandary is the new Mark Cross Catalogue—yours for the asking.



Steak Knives
for dining delight

These superb examples of American craftsmanship are yours at exceptionally little cost. Magnificent hollow ground stainless steel blades—that do a real cutting job—seated in sleekly crafted aluminum handles. Delightful contemporary appeal and practical, too. Set of 6 in crackled ivory leatherette covered metal box . . . **7.80**

Shipped Free anywhere in U. S. A.

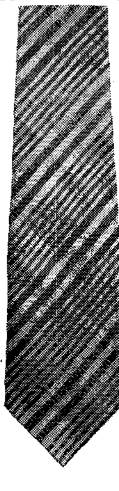
Hammacher Schlemmer
145 East 57 Street, New York 22, N. Y.
ELdorado 5-4700 *Write for Housewares Book N-2*

good taste speaks one language

From far-off Siam come the world-famous hand woven silks of the Thaibok neckties. Their impeccable good taste, rich colors and textures make these ties a treasured gift and possession.

$7.50 – $8.50 – $10.00

THAIBOK
ACCESSORIES
3 East 52 St., New York City



Siamese Stone Head, 14th Century.
Courtesy The Detroit Institute of Arts

accompaniment of jazz. On the whole, I did not think that it was good jazz, and some of it sounded terrible, but I am getting to be cross and irritable, and after my visit to Decatur Street I was perhaps not in a very responsive mood. I went by the parking lot where the French Opera House used to stand, and then, a block or so farther on, a whole series of doors began opening as I passed. Through one, I saw a lady, standing on a bar, who appeared to be in danger of losing her skirt. A moment later, I came upon two small, white-haired gentlemen talking on the curb. One look at them—their sober clothes, their coloring, the general hang of their appearance—and I knew that they were not far from their homes. They could have been two of our neighbors on Decatur Street. Paying not the slightest attention to their surroundings, or to the blare of noise that welled up all about them, they were talking most earnestly. Their speech had an unmistakable French Quarter accent—a way of pronunciation greatly tempered by the several foreign languages that have long been used there, though less today than formerly—and I was able to catch a few sentences as I strolled past. They were talking about the Holy Name Society's picnic the following Sunday. Suddenly, I felt much better about everything. The Quarter was not yet lost. It was being defended, and at its center it still held fast.

—HAMILTON BASSO

●

Robinson Crusoe couldn't sleep for 20 years nowadays. He would be awakened for a loyalty investigation.—*Austin (Texas) American.*

To explain why he used to go by the name of van Winkle.

●

An eight-year-old boy got his chin over a counter at the main Carnegie Library the other day and asked to borrow "Crime and Punishment." A wise librarian guessed what had happened, and told him that Tolstoy's great work isn't a cops and robbers tale.—*Pittsburgh Press.*

Kids get the *darnedest* notions.

●

WDS. OF 1 SLBL. DEPT.

[*From Show Business*]

YG. CLARK GABLE

Lenny Strausberg at the Charles Conway Agcy, 510 Madison Ave. is looking for a yg. Clark Gable type, early 20's, rugged actor over 6 ft. tall. Physical qualifications are more important than acting experience since this is for a lead in a motion pix.

THE DOG IN THE MILLPOND

WHEN Allardyce Meecham, who had been a war correspondent for a good eight months, returned from Europe in the fall of 1944, he learned he had an impersonator on the home front. The night-club columnist of the paper he worked on told him about it. The columnist had walked into a place called the Club Hula-Balu one night when Meecham was in England, and had been warmly greeted by the press agent. "You fellows are giving us a big play tonight," the press agent had said. "Your war correspondent Meecham has just been in here having a lot of drinks, and he's been telling Poola Poil, our strip-teaser, that he wanted to do a book about her. Just flew in from the combat zone this morning, he said. 'I've had it,' he said. 'I want to forget the horror of it all.' Nice fellow. Poola went home with him."

When the real Meecham heard about this, he said "Well, I'll be damned," but he felt set up. It flattered him that his reputation for insouciant courage, which he had written nothing under his byline to diminish, had resulted in a vicarious conquest in a field in which he had never shone. He even thought of following it up in person, but when he telephoned Miss Poil, who was by then playing the Hudson Ladies Club Theatre, in Union City, New Jersey, she told him to get lost. Meecham hung up, but for months, and even years, thereafter he had occasion to be grateful to his impersonator for furnishing him with something to talk about.

Meecham's conversation was almost wholly anecdotal, and his anecdotes were almost exclusively autobiographical. "I wonder where the fellow will turn up next," he used to say when he related what he considered this glamorous episode of his past, or "Would have been awkward if the broad had squawked to my wife. Sybil's a hot-tempered gal." Sybil was the name of the wife he then had.

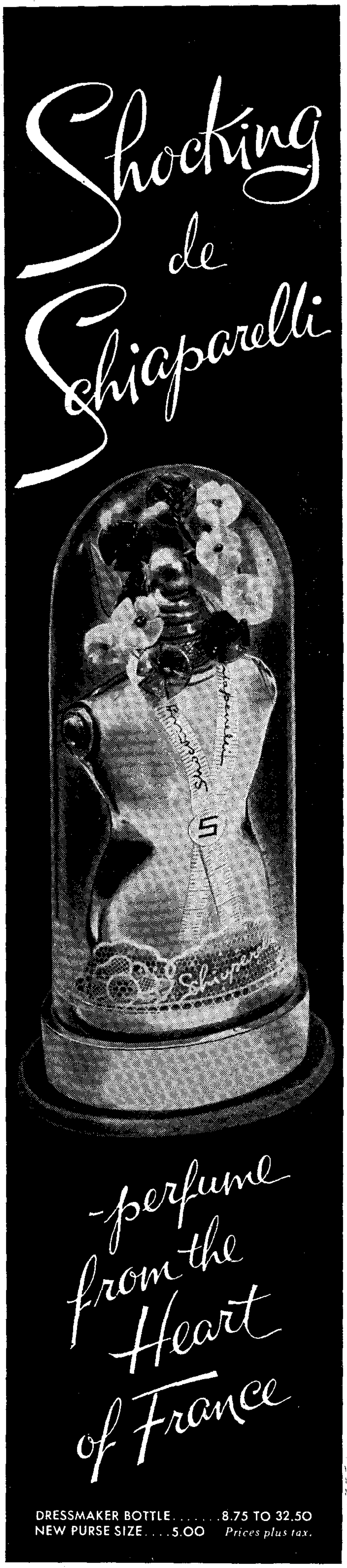
In fact, however, he soon began to look forward to the reappearance of his dashing alternate, because he was less sure with each passing semester that he was still somebody worth pretending to be. Meecham, before his crusade in Europe, had for one or two seasons been a drama critic, but during his expedition the newspaper that employed him had discovered another chap, with a more oracular manner. The new fellow, for example, used the words "*hubris*" and "*Kitsch*" as easily as Meecham wrote "heart-warming" and "three-dimensional," his old-fashioned critical standbys. The new critic kept the job.

After a few assignments to Persian-cat shows and luncheons at the Advertising Club, Meecham resigned to do free-lance writing and deliver lectures. But his star, never of the first magnitude, paled with the years, until he once awoke, sweating, from a dream in which a night-club doorman seized him by the lapels of his coat and threatened to throw him out for impersonating himself. The front of the coat came away as the man grabbed it. Meecham woke up still trying to prove to the doorman that he was he. He immediately remembered that the last of the suits he had had made in London during the war was indeed on the point of dissolution, and that he would soon have to regress to ready-made clothes obtained in a department store. It was all he could afford after paying Sybil's alimony.

MEECHAM'S fortunes picked up abruptly in midsummer of 1953, when he wrote a magazine article called "I Was an Intellectual." His agent exclaimed triumphantly, as soon as he read it, that this struck the new note of the season. "The market is glutted with pieces by people who used to be Communists, or used not to be Catholics," he said. "But the public has just been made aware of the menace of the intellectual, or egghead. The terms 'subversive' and 'intellectual' are just about interchangeable in American usage, but 'intellectual' has not yet been legally recognized as a libellous designation. This is an advantage from the article writer's point of view."

The piece was enthusiastically received (its first sentence was "This country is a honeycomb of secret ratiocination"), and led to a staff job with *Documentary*, the News Magazine with a Conscience.

With the change in his fortunes, Meecham was able to buy as many suits



DRESSMAKER BOTTLE.......8.75 TO 32.50
NEW PURSE SIZE....5.00 *Prices plus tax.*

as he wished, and to eat all his meals in restaurants with French names and Piedmontese proprietors, where the soup had whipped cream in it, the lobster was stuffed with wild cherries, and the ice cream was burned in crème de menthe and served in a lattice of fried *zucchini.* But he was conscious that something was missing from his life. He was suffering from this feeling, which made him snappish, when, answering the telephone on his desk at *Documentary*, he heard a woman's voice, young and throaty, say, "Al-*lard*is, I have decided you must write my book." As he paused before replying, the woman, suspecting she had the wrong extension, said, "This *is* Al-*lard*is Meecham, isn't it?"

Meecham answered with some asperity, "My name is *Al*-lardyce Meecham, Madam, but I don't know what book you're talking about. Are you sure you have the right number?"

"Good grief!" the young woman said. "You've changed the pronunciation since last night—and such hoatcheur!"

Meecham gazed out on Park Avenue, and it seemed to him passersby walked with a more joyous stride than when he had picked up the phone. He felt himself no longer half a man. His double had returned.

"What did we do last night?" he inquired, eager to see how far the fellow had pushed this imposture. He heard a click at the other end of the wire as the young woman hung up. He should never have been so flip, he told himself. Now he would have no chance to hear the rest of the girl's story.

He turned wearily to the piece in the typewriter in front of him, but his interest flagged, although the stuff was now bringing him three dollars a word.

The telephone rang again.

"*Is* this the Al-*lard*is Meecham who wrote 'I Was an Intellectual'?" the same woman's voice asked. "Please don't be funny—it's very important to me. My name is Chuchu Désirée, and a man who says he is Al-*lard*is Meecham has been following me around for three months, saying he wants to ghost-write my autobiography."

"Well, I'm *Al*-lardyce Meecham," Meecham said, "but I'm pretty sure I've never met you, Miss Désirée, though I've heard of you." He had seen the name somewhere, perhaps on signs outside the strip-tease places on Fifty-second Street. "What did this man look like?" he asked.

"He was about thirty-five," the

If our trumpeter could toot

Our famous trademark, the regal little trumpeter astride his bedecked mount, has posed uncomplainingly for generations. There he sits, in a permanent attitude of blasting eardrums, near and far, with a salvo of metallic salutes. But no one has ever actually heard even the tiniest toot!

Too bad, for if ever a Hart Schaffner & Marx suit deserved a hi-fi fanfare, this suit is *it.* The superb worsted fleece is imported from a renowned English mill and is of finest quality. The color is new and enlivening . . . deep, dark Charred Green. The tailoring is masterly and precise.

The suit model is The Trend . . . a carefully correct 3-button coat with a plain center vent, welt breast pocket, and lower piped pockets with flaps. And the label is the Gold Trumpeter.

Imported, important and imperial.

Gold Trumpeter represents the finest, and only the finest, in tailoring . . . extra hours of extra hand work . . . traditional understanding of basic shaping and molding . . . countless, tiny hand-finishing stitches.

The Gold Trumpeter is your certainty of finest fabrics, richest trimmings, painstaking details throughout.

Introduce yourself to the label of perfectionists, the favorite and familiar label of America's well dressed men.

Was that a toot we heard?

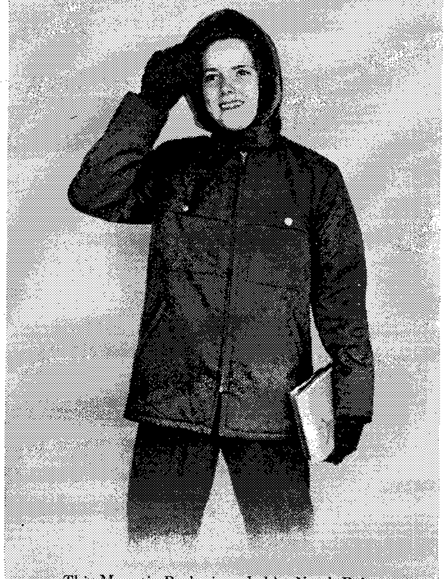
At these and many other fine dealer stores:

Scranton	Schreiber's
Tampa	Wolf Brothers
Cincinnati	Dunlap Clothes Shop
New Orleans	Stevens
Sacramento	Heeseman, Inc.
Salem, Ore.	Bishop's

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

REEVES

"first in functional fabrics"



This Mountie Parka is styled by North Point of lightweight yet heavy-duty Reeves combed cotton sateen...a truly *functional* fabric that looks better, wears longer, is durably water-repellent. Warm quilted lining. Red, green, brown, navy, O.D. Sizes 4-20, about $21. At leading stores.

LOOK FOR THIS TAG

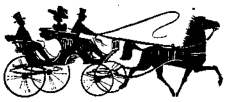
...your assurance of fabric satisfaction.

For stores near you write Energy Mfg. Co., Finch Bldg., St. Paul 1, Minn.

REEVES
REEVES
FINE QUALITY
Fabric
COMBED COTTON YARNS
REEVES
REEVES

Fabric by **REEVES BROTHERS Inc.**, 54 Worth St., N.Y.

**WELL
INFORMED
TRAVELERS
STOP AT**

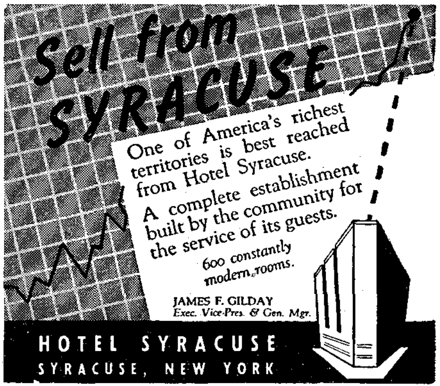


FIFTH AVENUE AT 81 STREET, N. Y. C.

The Stanhope Hotel

OPPOSITE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
NEW YORK CITY

COMMODIOUS DOUBLE ACCOMMODATIONS FROM $13
SUITES WITH SERVING PANTRIES FROM $23
RESTAURANT • BAR • 995 FIFTH AVENUE
BUTTERFIELD 8-5800



Sell from SYRACUSE

One of America's richest territories is best reached from Hotel Syracuse.

A complete establishment built by the community for the service of its guests.

600 constantly modern rooms.

JAMES F. GILDAY
Exec. Vice-Pres. & Gen. Mgr.

HOTEL SYRACUSE
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

DINE IN PAGAN SPLENDOR...

Bali Haí

Distant drums are calling you to enchanted evenings in a South Seas setting! Romance, moonlight, booming surf...out-of-the-ordinary food and drink. A "must" on your itinerary.

ON SHELTER ISLAND IN SAN DIEGO BAY, CALIFORNIA

throaty voice replied, "and short, and he had shell-rimmed glasses and black crew-cut hair—"

"It couldn't have been me," Meecham said firmly. "I have reddish-gray hair, thin on top, and I'm six feet tall and don't wear glasses except for reading, and I'm older than that." He had been about to say "I'm fifty" when he reflected that he was probably going to meet Miss Désirée and there was no need to plant a discouraging preconception.

"Oh, I knew it couldn't be you as soon as I heard your voice, *Al*-lardyce," Miss Désirée said warmly. "You have such a nice voice, and his had an obnoxious quality."

Meecham thought Miss Désirée perceptive. "Good of you to say so," he said. "But how did you happen to call me here today? Trying to check up?"

"No," the girl said. "He asked me never to call him at the office, but I lost this other number he gave me, and I thought he wouldn't mind if I called just this once. I read the piece in this last *Documentary*, and I meant to tell him that I'd love to have him write my book. The son of a bitch."

"That's very nice of you," Meecham said. "But tell me, how did this character first approach you, Miss Désirée?"

"The press agent at a place called the Bali-Hoo, on Fifty-second Street, brought him over to my table between shows when I was working there last October," the girl said.

"But didn't you try to identify him?" Meecham asked, wondering at the simplicity of the approach.

"Certainly," Miss Désirée said. "I asked several people if they had heard of this Meecham, and they said he was a very well-known writer. Anyway, this jerk first said he wanted to do something called a 'silhouette,' which he said was a biography in about seventy-five words, for a picture magazine, but after a while he came up with this idea of a whole book, in which he could do a rounded treatment of my life. Stripping is only an interlude for me. My true goal is the serious theatre."

"Surely," Meecham said. "I understand. Did he ever get any money from you?"

The girl said he hadn't, and Meecham asked, trying to sound ingenuous, "Well, what do you think was his object?"

Miss Désirée said, "To gain proximity."

That was the punch line of the story,

that's the Scotch
DAWSON
SPECIAL
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
DAWSON
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
WILE

"Special" ... ideal, all purpose Scotch

"Old Curio" a premium Scotch

Peter
DAWSON
Scotch

the spirit of Scotland!

A wee bit **smoother.**
A wee bit **mellower.**
A wee bit **tastier.**

Julius WILE IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

Let this seal be your guide to quality.

JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., N. Y. ★ BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKEY ★ 86.8 PROOF

Connoisseurs
Choose
Church's Shoes

British-made by craftsmen who, from the moment they hand-cut the shoe, care greatly about only one thing--upholding their reputation for the finest footwear in all the world.

CHURCH'S
Famous English Shoes, Ltd.
428 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

which Meecham repeated a couple of hundred times during the ensuing weeks.

MISS DÉSIRÉE did not call again for six weeks, and when Meecham used the telephone number she had given him, he got no answer. Meanwhile, he devised several different story treatments. His favorite was based on a mixture of whimsey and psychoanalysis: "An impersonation is a schizophrenia acted out. While I sit here talking to you, my alter ego may be strangling a strip-teaser I haven't met yet in a Victorian hotel in Hoboken."

Some listeners professed concern, but others suggested ribald alternative versions of what the double might be up to at the moment. Meecham did not find these genuinely amusing. His next-best treatment began, "I wonder what sort of chap he is." He had a private intuition it was a young man who had been a copy boy when he was the drama critic of the *Globe-Clarion & Informer*. "Whoever it is must know I never go to night clubs," he would tell his audiences.

Meecham had, in fact, got out of the habit of going about much during his postwar slump, when he had neither money to spend nor a connection to use as a crowbar in prying loose gratuitous refreshment. But he now began to visit a few night spots again, mostly to tell his story. Among them was one called La Boîte Rose and conducted by a fellow named Monte Spieler, whom Meecham had known since the twenties.

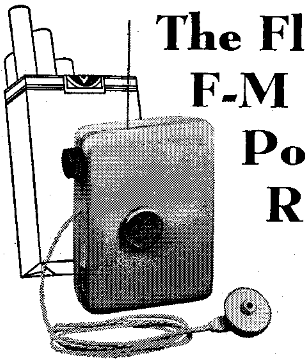
Monte had a theory radically different from Meecham's about the probable identity of the double.

"He will be some shmo, like a dentist from Englewood, New Jersey, who likes to imagine he had all those thrilling adventures as a war correspondent," Monte theorized. Monte knew Miss Désirée. "You could do worse very easily," he told Meecham. "A smart kid." But the girl had gone out to Las Vegas to work, Monte said, and he didn't know when she'd be back.

Each time Meecham's telephone rang during the first weeks of Miss Désirée's absence, he turned to it with fresh anticipation. "Is this Al-*lard*is Meecham?" he expected a contralto to sigh, and then, "This is Bébé La Grande," or "Dolores Enchilada"—a new adventure. But nothing happened. Then, when the conversation with Miss Désirée had begun to lose reality, he heard the unforgettable

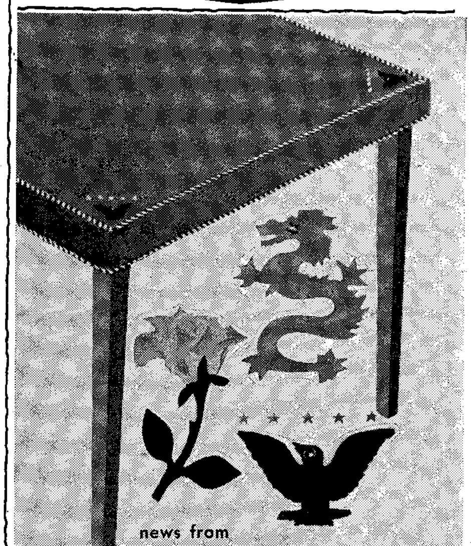
A&F

The Florac
F-M Vest
Pocket
Radio



Ultra miniature electronics at their most amazing in this new Florac FM radio—smaller than a pack of cigarettes! Within local FM limits it gives strong static-free fidelity even inside steel office buildings, hospitals, hotels. Full FM band coverage, 88 to 110 Megacycles. Two tubes plus new crystal Crystonic Power Multiplier Circuit (Pat. Pending) give 4-tube performance with very low battery drain. Complete with hearing-aid type batteries and earpiece . . . $29.95

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
MADISON AVE. AT 45TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
CHICAGO STORE:
VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE
9 NORTH WABASH, CHICAGO 2, ILL.



news from
The Gift Shop . . .

our exclusive bridge table cover, pin-wale corduroy with gold threaded ric-rac. The eagle with stars comes in yellow or pink on grey, and brown on gold. The dragon is red on navy, the rose pink on dark green 5.95

Please add 40c postage . . . no c.o.d.

Jane Engel
madison at 79th • new york 21 • rh 4-0300

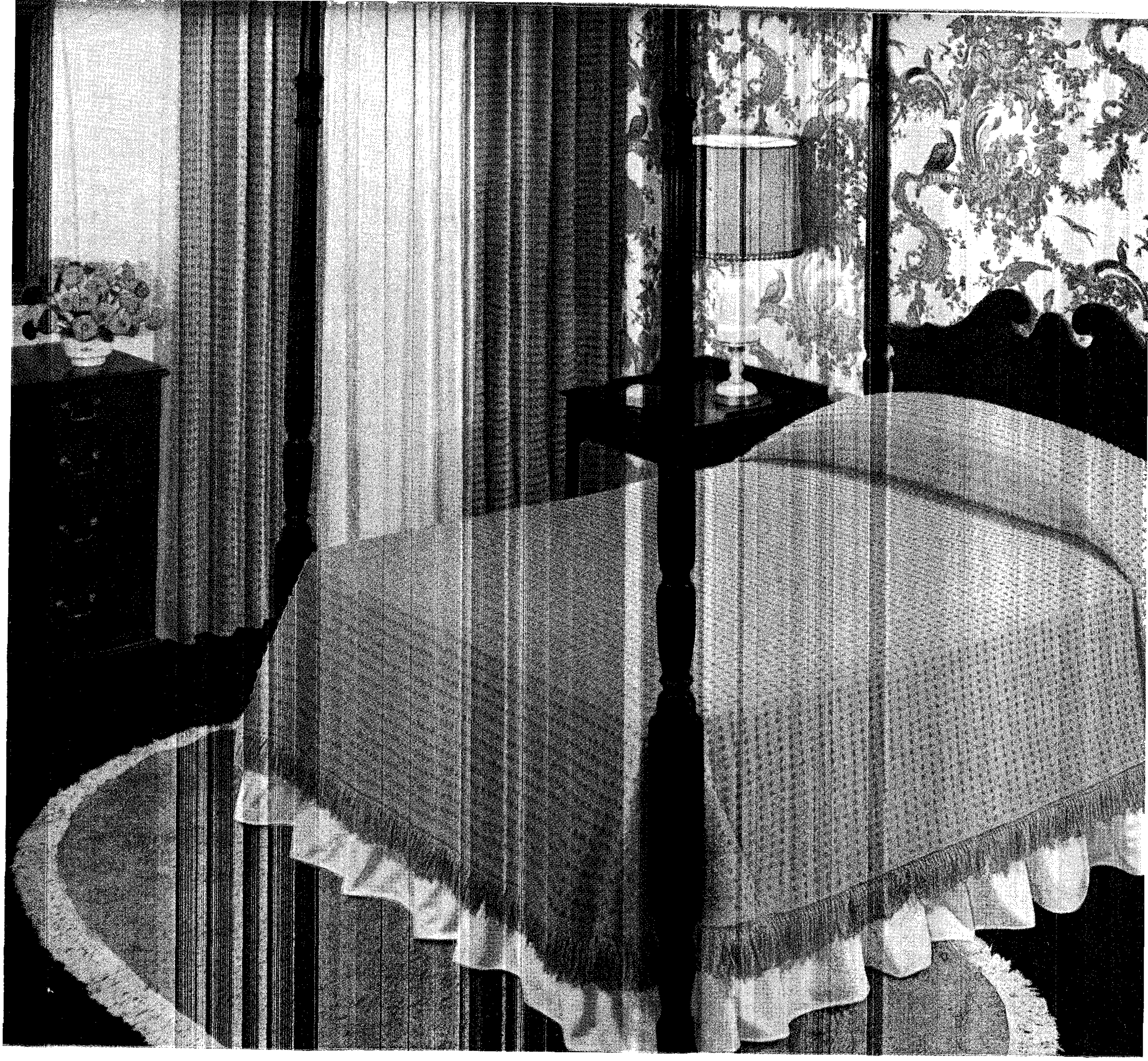
Whether cruising the Caribbean
or crossing the
Atlantic refresh your zest for living
on
France-Afloat
Villemot

Your heart and your spirits lighten the moment you cross a French Line gangplank—whether you're to cruise the Caribbean or sail for Europe.

For, almost instantly, your mood is caught up and carried along with the vivacious, fun-loving spirit of the French. Your cares and tensions dissolve in the whispering waves of your trip.

You can anticipate other pleasant bonuses on France-Afloat. Each meal is an adventure in world-famed French cuisine. You'll enjoy gay entertainment, pre-release movies, deck sports or deck-dozing relaxation. Each hour is an enchanted holiday. Consult your Authorized French Line Travel Agent or French Line, 610 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

French Line



Bedspread and matching draperies by Bates

Modern edition of a well-loved classic

Now the heritage of the lovely old handmade hobnail bedspread comes into its own! Modern fabric construction with Avisco rayon achieves a new standard of beauty and usefulness.

Rayon makes the new candlewick spreads lint-free. They're easy to handle, easy to wash and never need ironing . . . and rayon's affinity for dyes makes for colors that are clear, true and lasting.

Manufacturers have been inspired to create designs of elegant restraint, at home with modern or traditional.

The spread shown here, with its beautiful textured background, and unusual crimped tufts, is just one example—a dream of luxury at an eye-opening price. It is a proof and a promise of what rayon can do in making textile news. American Viscose Corporation, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

Avisco

AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION

AVISCO RAYON AND ACETATE FIBERS • **SYLVANIA** CELLOPHANE throaty voice say on his telephone one afternoon, "Mr. Meecham?"

"The genuine Mr. Meecham," he answered gaily.

Miss Désirée said the fellow had called her again and wanted to make an appointment.

"Make a date with him," Meecham said, "and I'll come up and join you." He told himself it would be well to take along a detective.

"Where?" the girl asked. "I don't want that creep up in my apartment. I don't know what he'd do."

Meecham had an inspiration. "At La Boîte Rose," he said. "You know, Monte Spieler's place. Make it for eight or eight-thirty—early, when there'll be nobody around. Say you have to see Monte about a job. After they put you at a table, I'll have Monte bring me over and introduce me. 'Miss Désirée,' he can say, 'this is an old friend of mine, Mr. Meecham.' "

"Wonderful," the girl said, already writing a part for herself. "And then *I'll* say, 'But I thought *this* was Mr. Meecham.' "

After their talk, he called a detective sergeant named Eddie Rubinstein, with whom he sometimes conversed at a literary bar on Third Avenue. Rubinstein had once been a professional sparring partner, and had become addicted to reading Proust to while away the long evenings in training camps. This had given him a taste for the company of authors, and he had even taken to wearing odd jackets with leather patches on the elbows. He said he would be glad to accompany Meecham, just to give the fellow a scare.

As Meecham's taxi made its way toward La Boîte Rose on the appointed night, he was as pleasantly excited as a boy on his third date. He identified vigorously with J. Edgar Hoover, the great sleuth. Meecham had never before tried to trap anybody, even Sybil. At La Boîte, he checked his coat and hat and went to the bar. The interior of the club was on two levels. There was a dais with the bar and tables and a wrought-iron rail, and from this steps led down to the dance floor. There was only one customer at the bar—Detective Sergeant Rubinstein. When Meecham entered, Monte Spieler and his *maître de*, Flynn the Chin, came out of the garnet shadows by the walls. Both were freshly shaven, at the beginning of their business day.

"They here?" Meecham asked.

"Not yet," Monte said.

The house set up a drink, and Rubin-

Menu
PERKINS HIGH MAN AT THE END OF THE FIRST QUARTER
THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER
RAW MATERIAL PRICES
ANNOUNCING ACME'S SALES CONTEST
FOOTBALL SAT. OCT. 20 JONES STADIUM
URBANA vs PEORIA
Ditto

New low-priced Ditto D-10 makes 120 bright copies a minute!

of anything you type, write, trace or draw.

No Stencil! No Mat! No Inking! No Makeready!

● The new Ditto D-10 provides the quickest, most economical and most satisfactory way to make copies. It's ready for instant use: your original writing, typed sheet or drawing is your "Master"—No stencils to cut, no type to set, no inking, no makeready. You turn out 120 bright copies a minute, in one to five colors at once, on varying weights of paper or card, in sizes from 3 x 5 up to 9 x 14 inches in size.

®

Used in over 300 kinds of business to make copies.

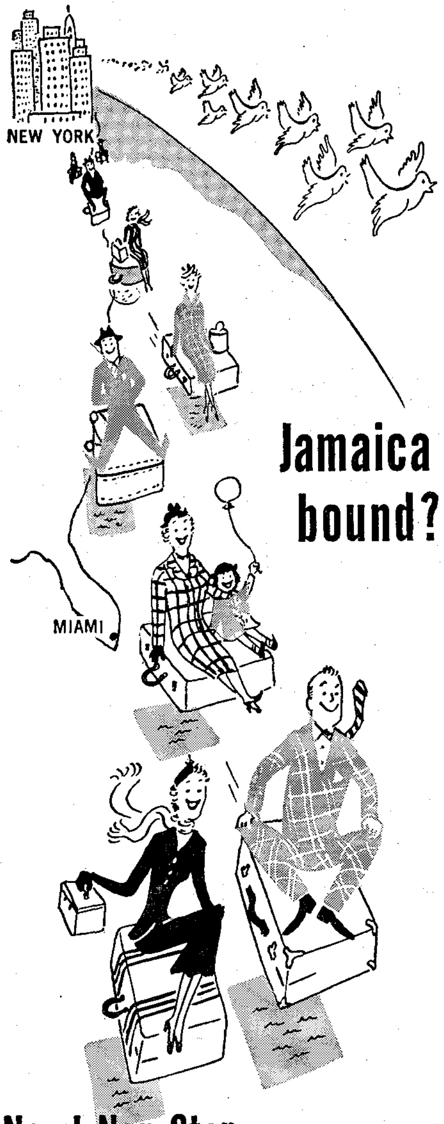
SALES LETTERS
BULLETINS
MAPS
PRICE SHEETS
MENUS
QUOTATIONS, BIDS
POSTCARDS
ESTIMATES
BLANK FORMS
SKETCHES
STATEMENTS
SPECIFICATIONS
GRAPHS
CONTRACTS
MUSIC SCORES
HOUSE ORGANS
NOTICES
RADIO SCRIPTS
DRAWINGS
EXAMINATION QUESTIONS
NEWS RELEASES
LESSON SHEETS
REPORTS
ADDRESSING

NOW! FREE! LITERATURE OR DEMONSTRATION ON YOUR WORK IN YOUR OFFICE. free

Ditto, Inc., 2276 W. Harrison St., Chicago 12, Ill.
In Canada: Ditto of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario
In Great Britain: Ditto (Britain), Ltd., London, England

Gentlemen: At no cost or obligation to me, please—(check your choice)
( ) Literature on new Ditto D-10 Duplicator and Full Color Process.
( ) Arrange a demonstration for me.

NAME, POSITION..
COMPANY..
ADDRESS..
CITY..................COUNTY................STATE........



Now! Non-Stop
Super Constellation
Service to both
Montego Bay
& Kingston

Less than
6 hours from New York! Luxurious accommodations . . . wonderful food and service. Comfortable tourist flights, too, via Miami.

AVIANCA
"Oldest Airline in the Americas"
See Your Travel Agent or
PAN AMERICAN Gen'l Agts.
80 East 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y. • ST 6-0600

stein said to Meecham, "It is my opinion that he is suffering from a compulsion."

They drank, and the detective said, "I checked in my book and the man is not guilty of any crime. If he had impersonated an officer, that would be different, but impersonating an author is only a misdemeanor. The most we could charge him with is discon—disorderly conduct—and I doubt we could make that stick."

"Only a misdemeanor?" Meecham said, still feeling good. "It's more serious than grand larceny. Don't you remember your Shakespeare? 'Who steals my purse steals trash . . . but he that filches from me my good name—' "

"Shakespeare's not sitting in night court tonight," Rubinstein said. "It's Hymie Bushel."

Then Monte Spieler, who was looking toward the door, said, "Here comes a couple."

Flynn the Chin said, "That's them. Chuchu made the reservation."

Meecham turned his head and saw a girl about five feet tall, with a white face and dark hair rigged in what the women that season called a pony tail. She was wearing a white blouse and a black skirt, and he estimated that she weighed about a hundred pounds. The man following her, short, with tortoise-shell glasses and crew-cut hair, wore a dark flannel suit and shoes with thick soles. In his left hand he carried a pipe.

Monte said, "I told you he would turn out to be a shmo."

The man swung the pipe in a small arc, and said something to Miss Désirée, perhaps conveying to her a distinguished author's distaste for such Runyonesque surroundings. For a second, he turned a faintly amused smile upon the group at the bar. Meecham had a sudden impulse to yell a warning, but it was too late. Flynn had already greeted the couple and was steering them to a table next to the wrought-iron rail. The girl sat across the table from the impostor.

Rubinstein said, "Give them a chance to order a drink and get settled. Then Monte can lead Mr. Meecham over to the girl, and I'll walk behind and move into the chair at the guy's left, in case he tries to make a break."

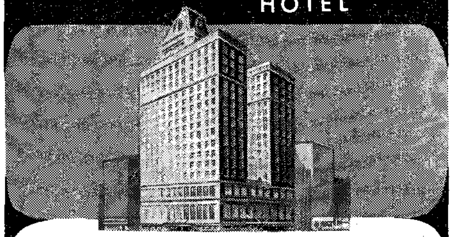
While Miss Désirée and the false Meecham waited for their drinks, the real Meecham had the sensation of being where he shouldn't be, and of being the author of a practical joke. The shmo again waved his pipe toward the dim garnet recesses about him. Meecham fancied he could hear him saying, "This kind of pretentiousness always

Give Royalty

There's a fresh, new feeling to Royal Doulton bone china. You'll see it in the open, airy design of Autumn Breezes and the sparkle of pure gold on its warm brown autumn leaves.
5-pc. setting, $19.75.
The same pattern in green is "Spring Zephyr."

Give
Royal Doulton
SEND FOR FULL COLOR CHINA LEAFLETS (10c) FIGURINE BOOK (25c)
DOULTON & CO., INC., DEPT. J-26, 11 E. 26TH ST., N. Y. C.

WHY YOU'LL LIKE TO STAY AT
The Lord Baltimore HOTEL



When you check in here, you'll be joining most of Baltimore's famous visitors.
Teletype: BA263.

Bradford Bachrach knows how to photograph the woman who looks younger than she is.

Bachrach
BRADFORD BACHRACH
Photographer of Women
54 East 52nd St., New York, Pl 5-6233

amuses me.” The waiter brought the drinks—both whiskey-and-soda.

Rubinstein put a hand on Meecham’s shoulder and urged him gently forward, but the ex-intellectual hung back. “Give him a chance to get a good slug inside him,” he said. “He’ll need it.” The man with the crew cut drank deep, and Monte grabbed Meecham by the left elbow and led him toward the girl. Rubinstein followed and moved in.

“Miss Désirée,” Monte said when he was behind the girl, “I want you to meet a very dear friend of mine who expressed a wish to make your acquaintance, Mr. Allardyce Meecham.”

The girl popped bolt upright, her pony tail aquiver. As she rose, the man across the table from her fell away to his right, until his shoulder touched the top of the railing, and then looked up at her from table level, as if expecting a blow. He blinked behind the owlish glasses. The girl pointed her right hand down at his face, the index finger extended, and said, “This is astounding. I thought *you* were Allardyce Meecham.” It was her first dramatic role, and she was making the most of it.

The fellow said, as if he had thought of something bright, “I have used Meecham as a nom de plume—though not on any manuscripts that have as yet been published—but I did not say I was *the* Al-*lard*is Meecham.”

“You said ‘of *Documentary*,’ ” the girl said implacably.

Now Rubinstein entered the game, with more gusto than Meecham found himself approving. “I’m an officer of the law,” he said, flashing his badge in the fellow’s face with his half-open left hand. “My identification. Did you realize you were committing a serious crime?”

Meecham opened his mouth to intervene. This was not cricket; Rubinstein had just assured him it was at most a misdemeanor.

The stranger sat up, knowing he was under police protection, and spoke before Meecham could put him wise. “I wasn’t aware of that, sir,” he said. “I thought it was a harmless prank.”

“You could get quite a bit,” Rubinstein said mendaciously. “Five to twenty, maybe. Ever done this before?”

“No,” said the stranger.

“Ever hear of Poola Poil?” Meecham had coached the policeman. He now wished he hadn’t.

“I—approached Miss Poil,” the stranger avowed. “But I accompanied her only to her door. My purpose was solely literary.” Now he spoke fast. “I

G. Washington’s

The Only Instant Coffee SO GOOD...

IT HAS TO BE
Locked in Tin
Keeps light rays OUT.
Seals flavor IN
TURN TO OPEN
G. Washington's 100% PURE INSTANT COFFEE
G. Washington's
INSTANT
COFFEE
100% PURE
PUTS TRUE COFFEE IN YOUR CUP

G. Washington’s in NEW BEAD FORM

If you are one who can’t stand that off-coffee flavor, this is the instant coffee for *you.* A blend of the world’s finest coffees—*and nothing but coffee*—G. Washington’s is percolated in small batches, extracted, then sealed with all its rich, fresh flavor into light-proof, flavor-lock tins.

Thus you enjoy G. Washington’s natural, mellow coffee taste—never harsh or bitter, never flat or wishy-washy. Yet it costs no more.

Try the new Bead-Form G. Washington’s Instant Coffee for the sheer pleasure of deep-down *true-coffee* flavor. We think you’ll agree it’s the best instant coffee you ever tasted.

Yes, the New G. Washington’s is the only one flavor-locked in tin...

LIKE PREMIUM QUALITY GROUND COFFEES

ALSO-QUICK 1 CUP “ACES” Sized for purse or pocket, they give you the same fine coffee wherever hot water is available. For home or office, for trips of all kinds, for real *true coffee* anywhere. Strips of 3 or packets of 12.

"Hunt Cords" give a man a lift...

In pursuit of whatever game you will, nothing so well becomes you as these handsome corduroys. A superb fabric, tailored with our natural line ...pockets of jackets and trousers leather-trimmed for fashion and function; trousers with leather backstrap. In covert-color, lovat, and black-brown. Suit about **$53**, jacket about **$35**.

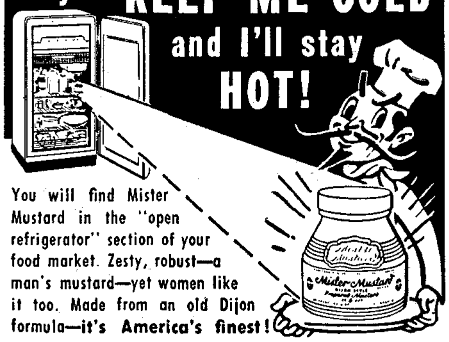
For store nearest you write: Gordon-Ford Sales Co. Empire State Bldg., New York 1, N.Y.

MINIMUM WEIGHT · MAXIMUM COMFORT GORDON OF PHILADELPHIA

available at the following fine stores:

N.Y.	Whitehouse & Hardy, 695 5th Ave.
Ardmore, Pa.	Strawbridge & Clothier
Boston	Arthur L. Johnson
Charlotte	The Mellon Co.
Chicago	Jerrems
Cincinnati	The Gidding Co.
Dallas	Neiman-Marcus Co.
Hartford	G. Fox
Madison, Wis.	MacNeil & Moore
North Conway, N. H.	Carroll Reed
St. Louis	Boyd's
Washington	Lewis & Thos. Saltz

Mister Mustard says: KEEP ME COLD and I'll stay HOT!



You will find Mister Mustard in the "open refrigerator" section of your food market. Zesty, robust—a man's mustard—yet women like it too. Made from an old Dijon formula—it's America's finest!

Write for FREE Recipe Booklet. Dept. N

THE FRANK TEA & SPICE CO., CINCINNATI 2, OHIO

am a married man; I am the principal of a large high school in Connecticut; I have a dozen women teachers under me—I never laid a hand on any of them. If you arrest me, you will ruin my career."

"He never made a pass at me, either," Miss Désirée said, in a tone compounded of wonder and contempt.

The man looked up at her with an expression of extravagant gratitude.

Miss Désirée, having run out of lines, burst into tears. Flynn the Chin, noting her embarrassment, approached the table and said, "There's a telephone call for you, Chuchu." Miss Désirée left, still in tears. The real Meecham had no chance to say goodbye. He never saw her again.

"I have three children," the man said. "In their name, I implore you—"

Meecham said reassuringly, "Oh, we aren't going to do anything to hurt them," but Rubinstein turned on him.

"I am doing the questioning here, Mr. Meecham," he said. "This man looks to me like a pretty dangerous character. Running around with these women. What *did* you expect to get from them?" he shouted at the impostor.

"As God is my witness, I really meant to write a story," the man said. "I am a free-lance writer in addition to my academic activities. Science fiction, mostly, but I meant to branch out. I thought that if I had a more distinguished name to offer, these ladies would grant me their confidence more readily. I enjoyed their company. When I had written the book, I intended to reveal my true identity."

"I'm terribly sorry," Meecham said. He felt as if he had opened a door without knocking. "What names did you publish under?" he inquired politely.

"Norman Abergavenny, Walter de Richmont, Delancey Murchison," the other Meecham answered happily, as if pleased to recall less criminal ventures.

"What *is* your name?" Rubinstein asked. "Got a draft card? Driver's license?"

Extreme dejection clouded the stranger's face as he handed over the identifying documents. "My name is Alvin Nienauber," he said. "I never thought it would be a good name for a writer."

Rubinstein checked through the cards and carefully copied down the information they contained. "Mr. Meecham is the complainant in this case," he said. "If he wants me to take you in, it's O.K. with me."

Meecham was horrified. "Oh, no,"

Seasoned Traveller

Our classic raincoat that never stays home. All cotton—in long-wearing poplin with a checked lining. Cravenetted, of course. Natural only. Sizes 10-18 **$25.00**

The Bermuda Shop

554 Madison Ave. at 55th St.
New York 22, New York

IF YOU SUFFER PAIN of HEADACHE NEURALGIA NEURITIS

get **FAST RELIEF** with

the way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend.

HERE'S WHY . . . Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. No other product gives faster, longer-lasting relief from pain of *headache, neuralgia, neuritis* than Anacin tablets. Buy Anacin® today!

"Haunting as a Love Theme"

TOBRUK

THREE OUNCES $2.00 POSTPAID
LASTING CONCENTRATED COLOGNE
PERFUME, 2 DRAMS, $2.50, ½ OZ. (Gift Box) $6.00
Other sizes to $36

By Mail—Direct from the Perfumer

WHEN IN NEW YORK VISIT THE PERFUME SHOP

MICHEL PASQUIER
7 W. 46th St., New York 36, N. Y.

he said. "Mr. Nienauber meant no harm, I'm sure."

"I swear it will never happen again," Nienauber said.

"If Mr. Meecham refuses to make a complaint," said Rubinstein, making himself sound angry and disappointed, "there's no use making an arrest. Pay your check and get out."

Nienauber slumped back in his chair. His mouth fell open and he looked as if he were about to keel over. Meecham shoved Miss Désirée's glass, which still had most of a drink in it, toward the teacher's right hand, and Nienauber emptied it. Rubinstein left the table and walked back to the bar, and Meecham got up, uncertain how to take his leave. He extended his right hand to Nienauber and felt extremely grateful when the impostor accepted it. "Good-bye," Meecham said, "and if you ever feel like doing it again, please say you're J. Donald Adams."

He joined Monte and Rubinstein and Flynn at the bar, and before they had emptied their glasses, Nienauber was out of the place, leaving a ten-dollar bill on his table.

"His wife can be sure of him now," said Flynn.

"I disagree with you," said Rubinstein. "He'll do it again, using a different name. His conduct has all the earmarks of compulsive behavior."

Meecham said nothing. He felt alone again.

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

REAR VISION

The cars in the mirror come swiftly forward,
While I, in thought, move slowly back;
Time past (reflected) seems to wind
Along the boundaries of mind,
A highway cold, distinct, and black.
Who knows to what the years have led,
And at which turning up ahead—
On the white-stitched road reflected back—
The furies gather in a pack,
While all the sky above burns black,
Unwinding still the darkening thread?

—WILLIAM JAY SMITH

•

Others on the squad are Mildred Boyce and Mrs. Dorothy Stack, of the Fencers Club: Sophronia Pierce, of Salle Santelli, and Mrs. Julia Doershuk, of the Fencers Club. Alternates are Dorothy Friedman and Grace Makabe, of Salle Santelli and Phyllis Boyd, of the Grand Central Y.M.C.A. (yeh, yMca.)—*The Herald Tribune.*

Just give the news, please.

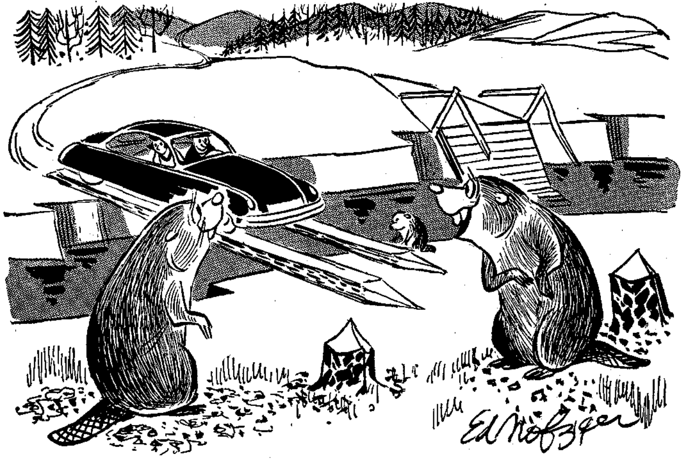
only the woman you kiss can tell!

Dunhill After Shave Lotion
is the quiet type
. . . for the man who
would use fragrance
without being fragrant.

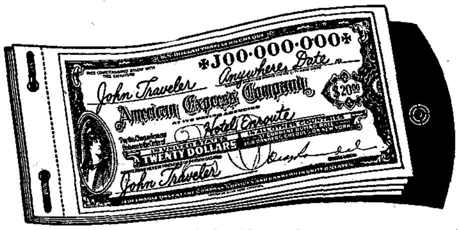
In spiral plastic
or glass, 4 oz., $2.00
In glass, 8 oz., $3.50
plus 10% fed. tax

dunhill after shave

FIFTH AVE. AT 50TH ST., NEW YORK • 136 S. RODEO DR., BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.
after shave


"You call this service? . . . you ought to see the service you get with American Express Travelers Cheques."

That's right! Complete service is what you get with American Express Travelers Cheques: Instant acceptance anywhere • Full protection for travel cash • On-the-spot refunds of lost cheques • World-wide travel service • Uniformed interpreters overseas • Holding and forwarding of mail at American Express offices.



Insist on

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

100% SAFE—SPENDABLE ANYWHERE

Buy them at any BANK, Railway Express or Western Union offices. Only 75¢ per $100.

classic
as
your
favorite
cardigan
Tweed

Tweed . . . the one fragrance above all others . . . to wear anytime, anywhere.

Tweed Perfume from 2.00 to 57.50
3½ oz. Bouquet Tweed 1.50
plus tax

Lenthéric
NEW YORK PARIS LONDON

Sweaters by Lyle & Scott

WE SUGGEST: You get acquainted with this world-famous fragrance by trying the Helene Curtis special offer: a purse size bottle of *Tweed* perfume free with purchase of Helene Curtis Spray Net.*
*limited time only

FOOTBALL

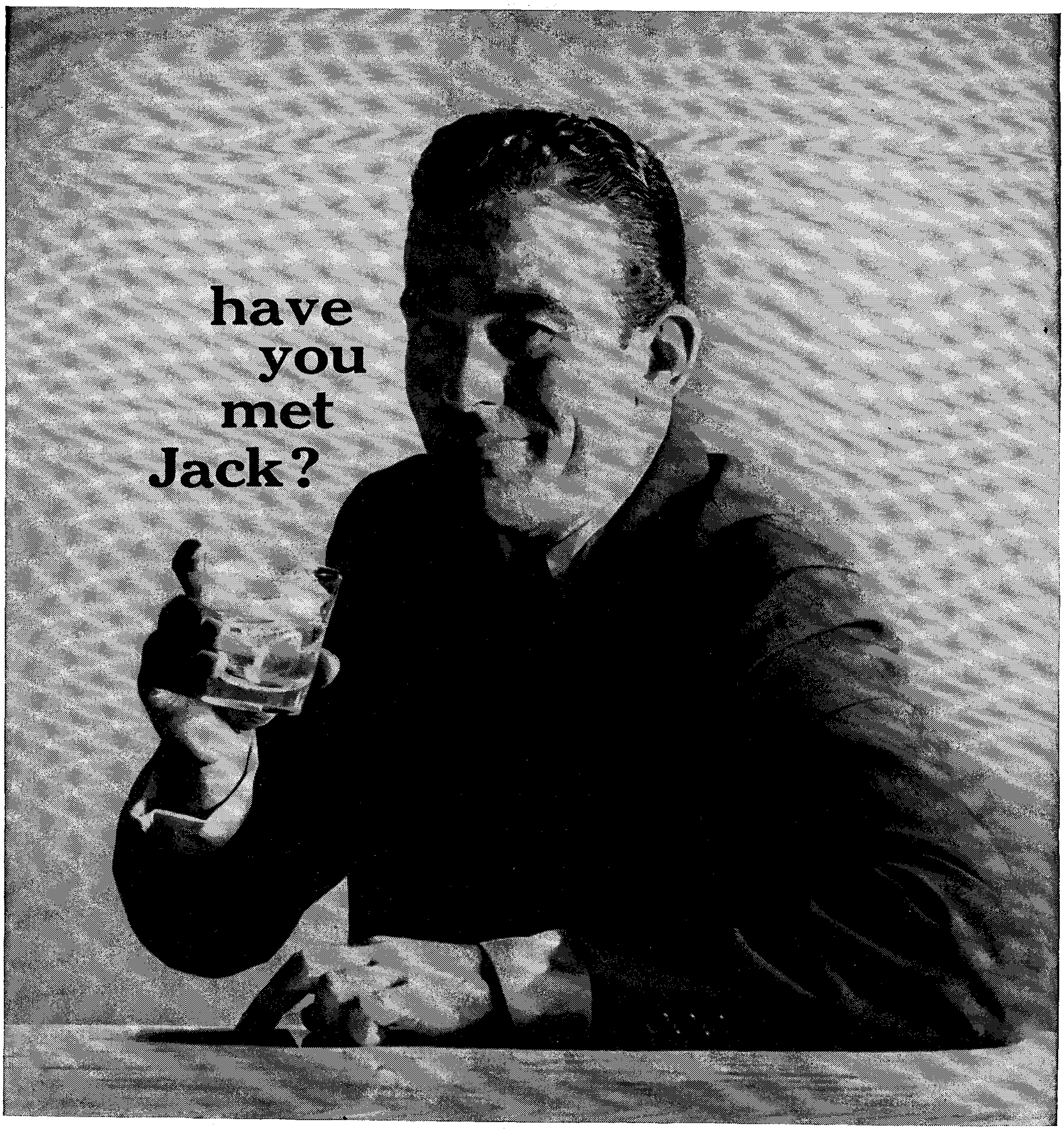
Sixes and Sevens

THESE are quiet days for drawers of conclusions, conceivably because there is very little material with which to work. It did seem possible that Pennsylvania, since it had imported a new coach and a new system of play from Michigan State, would be in for a spot of trouble this season, but no one could have expected it to start off by losing to Duke by a score of 52–0 and to William and Mary by a score of 27–7. Notre Dame, too, is under new management, but no one could have anticipated that on the second Saturday of its season Purdue would run up a score of 27–14 against it. Army, operating with a rather green line, lost to South Carolina, 34–20, which was not an overwhelming surprise, and then went out to Ann Arbor and beat Michigan, 26–7, which was an enormous surprise. Yale, neck-deep in new talent, had fun beating the University of Connecticut, 27–0, and a terrible time beating Brown, 26–24, even though Brown, at least knee-deep in new talent, was operating without four of its backfield stars, who were damaged in its victory over Columbia, 18–7, the week before. Columbia, though suffering from an apparently perpetual manpower shortage, put up a pretty fair game against Brown and then came completely apart (54–20) against Princeton, which had needed all the luck in the world to beat Rutgers, 10–8, the previous Saturday. There are other handy instances of general disorganization; these just happen to come first to mind. Perhaps it's just the result of an inability to play a temperate-zone sport like football in what has, for some weeks, been a tropical-zone mixture of dampness and heat. Of course, there's always the chance that some of the performers have built up a deep feeling of rejection after staring at the rows and rows of empty seats in some of our most important stadiums this fall.

THE dampness and heat were at their most extreme last Saturday up at Baker Field, where Columbia was host to Princeton for the first major game of the season in New York. Columbia and Princeton have been playing forever; Lou Little, who runs Columbia, has been coaching it for twenty-five years, and Charlie Caldwell, who runs Princeton, has been coaching his team for nine years. Even when Columbia and Princeton are not the greatest teams in the world—a state of affairs that could be called prevalent—the spectator is sure to see two carefully thought-out and often well-executed attacks at work, and occasionally a brilliant bit of defensive play. The Caldwell theory seems to be that a high score is the best defense, and his team accordingly ran up a total of fifty-four points during the afternoon—far more than were needed to match Columbia's twenty. The Little theory seems to be that one should take an early lead and then set up a defense that will preserve it. All Caldwell teams are constructed around a good runner, a good line-bucker, and a good passer, plus a defense that at times is downright whimsical, especially in the matter of enemy forward passes. All Little teams are constructed around a good passer—since Columbia almost never comes up with a crack line-bucker—and a defense composed of a few exceedingly wiry linemen, who tend to wear out from overuse in the course of an afternoon. Saturday, Columbia had not one but two good passers—the veteran Carr and the novice Benham—and it was not until late in the game, when Princeton began snaffling more Columbia passes than Columbia did, that anyone could be sure how the game was going to come out. Princeton's best runner, Royce Flippin, also turns out to be Princeton's best passer, to say nothing of being its best defender against enemy passes. The slowness of some of Columbia's weary ends, who futilely tried to contain him on Saturday, may have made him look faster than he really is. He is fast, though—as fast as Tom Bell, Army's great backfield man, and probably faster than Walt Hynoski, of Penn. Flippin, let it also be said, got off some of his longest runs without benefit of blocking.

IT was nearly a hundred in the sun in Cambridge, where Harvard undistinguished itself by losing, 13–7, to the University of Massachusetts. Harvard football has been deëmphasized almost to a whisper, it sometimes appears. The heat was not such a problem up in Hanover, New Hampshire, where Dartmouth held Navy to a tie until the fourth quarter, and then lost what had been an even game, 42–7. Navy looks wonderful, its observers say, but Navy so often comes in like a lion in October.

—J. W. L.


have you met Jack?

The first inkling you get that you're going to like Apple Jack is the aroma . . . a rich delicate fragrance that promises a superb drink. Apple Jack is aged in charred oak barrels. It is extraordinarily smooth, easy to take. It has a fine bold flavor yet a natural lightness it shares with no other drink. Distilled since 1780, Laird's Apple Jack is made today by the same family from the same private formula now 8 generations old. This accounts for the mellow taste and the fact that the only thing that lingers on is the pleasant memory. The next time you're at a bar or liquor store, ask for Apple Jack. Whether you drink it straight, on the rocks or in a highball, you'll thank us for introducing you to this delightful new friend.

Laird's Apple Jack

84 Proof Straight Apple Jack • Laird & Co., Scobeyville, N. J.

LAIRD
Three ★ Star
LAIRD'S
Straight
Apple Brandy

Handy for Brandy!
HENNESSY
COGNAC
Direct to You from France

4 Crystal Brandy Snifters to Serve Hennessy Cognac

Through special arrangements by the makers of famous ★★★ Hennessy Cognac Brandy, a limited supply of these crystal, crest-engraved brandy snifters awaits you in France. Tap the rim with your fingernail and the clear ring reveals the exquisite perfection of this crystal glassware. A set of 4 glasses, shipped direct from Cognac, France, is yours for only $1. The coupon below is for your convenience.

By law, Cognac is distilled only in the Charente district of France. No other brandy is Cognac. And the world knows that the *finest* Cognac Brandy is ★★★ Hennessy. You can enjoy ★★★ Hennessy to the utmost, in these Hennessy snifter glasses, as can your guests. *Mail Coupon Now.*

★ ★ ★
HENNESSY
THE WORLD'S PREFERRED
COGNAC BRANDY
84 Proof • Schieffelin & Co., New York

HENNESSY, Dept. 8X
P. O. Box 580, New York 46, N. Y.

Here is my dollar for 4 Hennessy Brandy Snifters described in this offer, direct from France. I will pay 15¢ U.S. Customs handling charge when my glasses arrive.

Name____________________

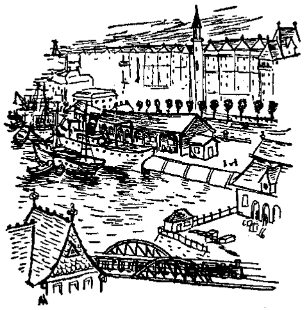
Address____________________

City__________Zone______State______

NOTE: Sorry, this offer is limited to one set per person. Offer good in U. S. A. and possessions.

LETTER FROM HAMBURG

IN the summer of 1946, a fifty-nine-year-old naturalized American citizen named Max Brauer made a trip from New York to his former home—the ancient German free port of Hamburg. A prominent Social Democrat and trade-union leader in Hamburg before the days of the Nazis, Brauer had been Mayor of Altona, a suburb of Hamburg, from 1918 to 1933. When Hitler rose to power, Brauer was declared "an enemy of the state," and had to run for his life. He went to Austria, and then on to Switzerland and France, and, in 1934, to China, where he became a labor adviser to Chiang Kai-shek. Early in 1936 he went to the United States, where his wife and two children later joined him, and for the next ten years he taught and lectured in various parts of the country. His daughter now lives in New Hampshire and his son in New York, and his wife is here with him. The American Federation of Labor sent Brauer back to Hamburg to try to help build up an independent trade-union movement in Germany. He expected to stay for only a few months, but he's been here ever since.



Almost immediately after his arrival, Brauer, a heavyset, gray-haired man, became a member of Hamburg's Senate, and shortly after that he became Mayor of the city, a position he held until last November. Holding office in Hamburg meant giving up his American citizenship—which he was reluctant to do—but he felt he had no choice. "I just couldn't run out on my old friends when I saw what they were up against," he told me when I paid a call on him the other day. "I'd spent most of my life here, and I felt I had to help rebuild the city. It was quite a job." It was indeed. In all Germany, only Berlin suffered worse destruction during the war. Hamburg was the target of two hundred and forty air raids, and in the midsummer of 1943 it was hit with a practically continuous nine-day "saturation" bombing, an assault that Hamburgers still refer to as "*die Katastrophe*." The big attack came during the hottest part of a dry, hot summer. The water was low in the city's two beautiful lakes—the Binnen-Alster and the Aussen-Alster, which are separated by the great Lombard Bridge—and even if there had been plenty of water it wouldn't have helped much, for the mains were smashed by some of the first bombs. Whole blocks of the city went up in flames, and the asphalt pavements boiled. The Binnen-Alster had been covered with floating camouflage that was supposed to look like streets and buildings from the air, but the bombardiers were not fooled. The port, with its shipyards and industrial installations, and the workers' districts, with their factories and large, overcrowded tenements, got the worst of it. Many churches were burned out (but not the baroque St. Michaelis Church, where Philipp Emanuel Bach is buried and which is a Hamburg landmark; it was heavily damaged but remained standing). For days, the city was covered with a thick blanket of gray ashes, and a pall of black smoke hung over everything. It took Hamburgers a long time to add up their losses: sixty thousand people dead and fifty thousand badly hurt, out of a population of a little more than a million and a half; three hundred thousand buildings destroyed; three-quarters of a million people left without homes. Hamburg was pretty much out of the running for the rest of the war.

A local truck driver told me that in one night during the big raid, the night of July 27th, he lost his wife, a son, and twelve other relatives. The next morning, he was assigned to a group of emergency workers who were given flame-throwers and sent down into underground air-raid shelters and subway stations that had suffered direct hits. "I suppose there was no other way to dispose of what we found down there," he said. "And everything had to be disposed of, or there'd have been an epidemic, especially in that weather. They gave us so much brandy that we hardly knew what we were doing. Later on, I began to remember, and now I can't forget. I've made up my mind that if I should ever have to do anything like that again, I'd take an overdose of the sleeping pills I always carry with me."

At the time Brauer became Mayor, the city was still badly crippled. The water supply had by no means returned to normal, sewage disposal was inadequate, there was little electricity or gas. The streetcars ran infrequently, and there was no gasoline except for essential vehicles. Doctors were woefully short of both anesthetics and bandages. Food supplies were low. Then came the winter of 1946-47—Hamburg's severest in the past hundred years. The lakes were frozen over from December to April—something nobody could remember ever having seen before. Coal trains from the Ruhr were looted en route and arrived almost empty. "The ink froze in our office inkwells," Brauer told me. "When Herbert Hoover came here to attend some relief meetings, they had to wrap a blanket around his knees at each session. Inflation and black markets added to our troubles. Anyway, we set right to work cleaning up the rubble and pulling down the ruins. We wanted to clear the stuff away as quickly as we could, so that people wouldn't be constantly reminded of what had happened. In one respect, we were lucky—the old Inner City had not been burned, so our *Rathaus* [town hall] was usable, and that gave us at least a headquarters. I kept telling the people that we must make the most of a unique opportunity. It wasn't enough just to rebuild the city along its old lines. While I was in the United States, I'd read books by Frank Lloyd Wright and Lewis Mumford, and they'd given me some idea of how to proceed. I saw this as a big chance to make Hamburg a better, healthier place. No more overcrowded tenements. No slums. Plenty of playgrounds and parks. But how can you sell playgrounds and parks when hundreds of thousands of people have nowhere to live? Well, Hamburg was under British military rule, and their Regional Commissioner—he was Sir H. Vaughan Berry, a Fabian Socialist—did a lot to help me. Looking back now, I think we got away with murder. We levied confiscatory taxes, and we collected customs duties, and the money was supposed to go to the Administrative Council that was helping run the country at the time, but of course it didn't. There were plenty of protests, but we went ahead with our plans, and we did it all without going into debt, even though we got less Marshall Plan money than the cities in the American Zone and had to pay two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a day in occupation costs."

It is generally agreed that Hamburg has done just about the best job of rebuilding in all Western Germany. The casual visitor who was not familiar with the city before the war can hardly appreciate the extent of the devastation and the magnitude of the reconstruc-

Little more than a day away by TWA

EGYPT

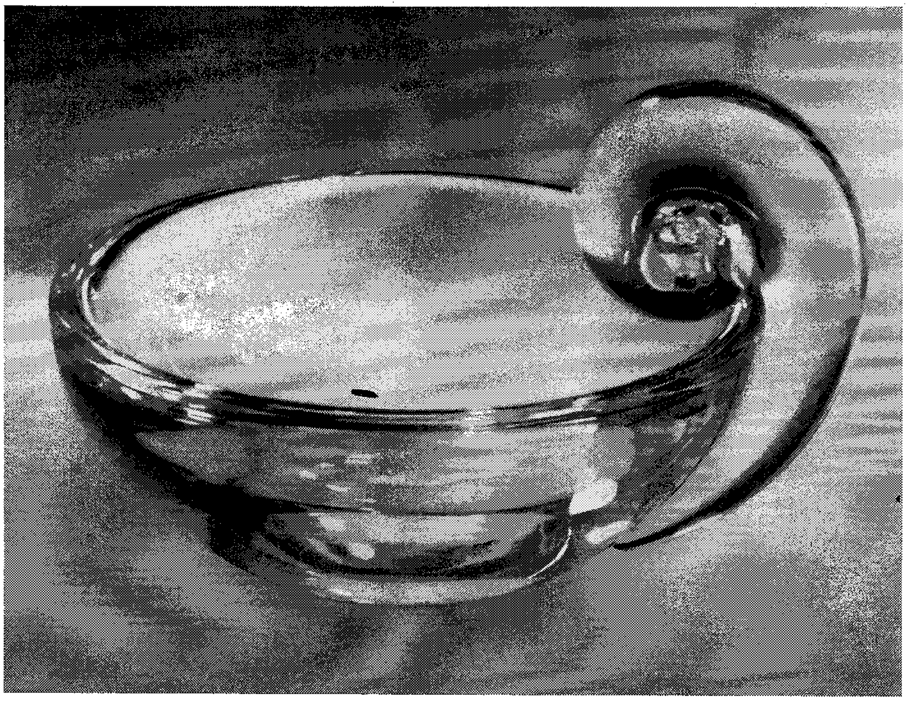
Where East Meets West Amidst The Wonders of Antiquity

The Sphinx and the Pyramids . . . the newly discovered treasures of ancient Pharaohs . . . the mighty Nile and the vast desert . . . mosques and bazaars and caravans . . . all the fascination of Egypt now so easily accessible by swift TWA Constellations . . . and at low, low Sky Tourist fares! Enjoy a wonderful travel treat . . . take advantage of an outstanding travel value . . . visit Egypt by TWA!

CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR TWA

Fly the finest... FLY **TWA**
TRANS WORLD AIRLINES

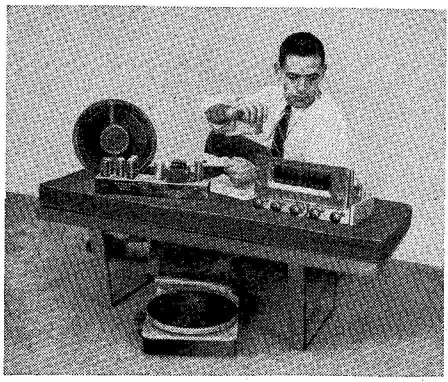
in cooperation with
EGYPTIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE
630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.



DISH FOR OLIVES OR NUTS • DIAMETER 5½ INCHES • $17.00

MADE AT THE CORNING GLASS CENTER • CORNING, NEW YORK

STEUBEN GLASS
718 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 19, N. Y.



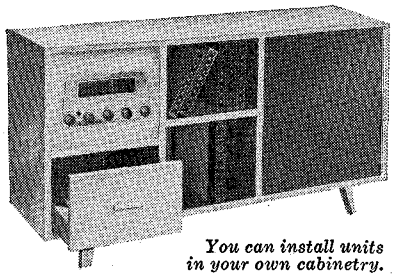
'bring the musicians right into your room with a

CUSTOM HI-FI MUSIC SYSTEM'

by L. H. BOGEN, Member, Audio Engineering Society

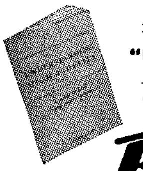
MUSIC LOVERS are swinging to custom high fidelity because it brings music into the home with a life-like "presence" that you just can't get from a conventional radio-phonograph.

For as little as $200 you can buy "the works" of a connoisseur's radio-phono system: Bogen R300 FM-AM radio tuner and D010 amplifier, with matching record player and speaker.



You can install units in your own cabinetry.

YOUR DEALER or decorator can install your custom system practically anywhere: in existing furniture, a book case, break-front, as a built-in system, or in a cabinet like the one shown. (Incidentally, if you're handy, do the installation yourself.)



SEND FOR 48 PAGE BOOK

"Understanding High Fidelity"

Explains how to plan your installation. Send 25¢ with the coupon.

Bogen

ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

David Bogen Co., Inc. Dept. ZJ
29 Ninth Ave., New York 14, N. Y.
Please send "Understanding High Fidelity" (for which I enclose 25¢).

name__________
address__________
city______ **zone**____ **state**____
☐ *Send free catalog only*

tion. Around the Binnen-Alster, the ornate marble-and-sandstone buildings, the fine hotels and shops, the Lombard Bridge, and the Alster Pavilion, an eating place that is the pride of Hamburg, at first seem just as they always were; then, here and there, one sees an unexpectedly shiny copper roof or a façade that is obviously of a more recent vintage than the rest of the building. The railroad station has a spick-and-span million-dollar glass roof that most certainly wasn't there in the fall of 1943. At night, even these reminders of *die Katastrophe* are invisible and forgotten as the visitor contemplates the bright lights of the luxurious shopwindows reflected in the waters of the Binnen-Alster—a breathtaking sight. It is the hard-hit outskirts of Hamburg that have undergone the greatest change, and anyone who knew the city in the old days is bound to be staggered by them. Here, in the midst of miles of neat, empty, grassy lots, and wide-open spaces dotted with bushes and clumps of weeds, stands an occasional modern *Hochhaus* (skyscraper) or a large housing development, surrounded by playgrounds and parks. All this land was once covered with noisy streets and shabby five-story tenements, both jammed with people. No one seems to know exactly where all the people have gone. At the city hall, I was told that there is a list of more than a quarter of a million people who live "somewhere"—with in-laws, in Nissen huts—while they are waiting to get into the low-rent apartments the city is running up as fast as it can. During the past four years, the city has been providing new quarters for two thousand families a month. (A new school has been opened every month, too.) Large tax reductions are granted anyone who builds himself a home, and a local joke is "How can I deduct for a new house this year when I'm living in one I deducted for last year?"

Today, Hamburg, with a population of one million seven hundred thousand, is the largest city in Western Germany. And people keep coming, at the rate of seven thousand a month, because they think there may be an opportunity for them here. Brauer, whose constituents called him "our Yankee at the *Rathaus*," also made progress in other fields. Hamburg's municipal power plants now sell twice as much electricity as they did in 1938, and the city's new sports stadium is the biggest in Western Germany. It's a California-style boom, and if the civic-minded Hamburgers were like the people of Los Angeles, they would never let you hear the end

Wherever you go in **Canada** *there's smart new comfort* on **Canadian National**

Hundreds of new passenger cars—the latest, smartest type of equipment—now yours to relax in on Canadian National trains serving all ten provinces of Canada.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Ask about Canada's 10 Top Maple Leaf Vacations

Offices in principal U.S. cities or Passenger Dept., 360 McGill St., Montreal, Canada.

GARNIER *Liqueurs*

Quality Cordials . . . made in America according to original French formulae

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC.

JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., NEW YORK IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

Olé the **MATADOR SHIRT**
sheer white batiste
sizes 30 to 36
(to order for men)
$15.00
plus 50c handling
Brochure upon request

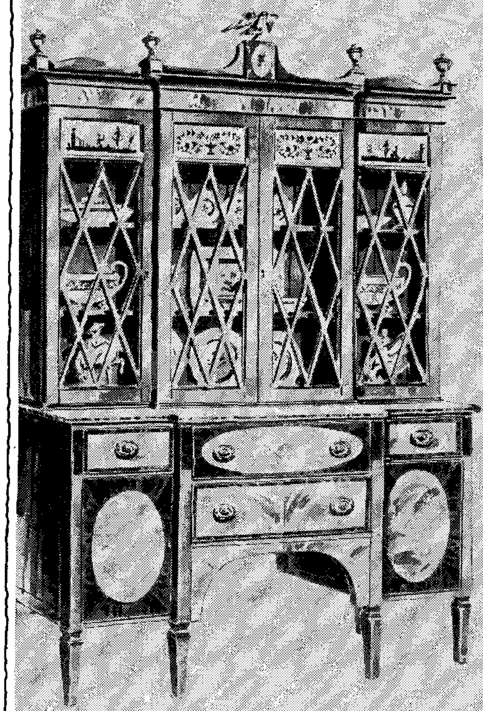
PHOTO BY SEAWELL

WILLIAM B. RILEY, LTD.
150 SOUTH RODEO DRIVE
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

of it. But the Hamburgers are reticent by nature; they have all the energy of Berliners, but they combine it with a positively English inclination for understatement. When you ask them how they have managed to achieve so much in such a short time, they simply shrug and say, "What else could we do?" Apparently, few of them realize that there are many cities in Europe where even now plans for reconstruction have not got beyond the talking stage. One Hamburger was amazed when I told him that in the Cottage district of Vienna, a pleasant residential section, the ruins of several villas that were hit by stray bombs toward the end of the war have been left untouched; their owners disappeared during the Nazi era and the courts have not yet decided who holds title to them. "That couldn't happen here," my Hamburg acquaintance assured me. "The city would see to it that something was done. It's quite impossible not to do something about such places." An American friend of mine who lives here says that the attitude of the Hamburgers toward the job they have done reminds him of something Toscanini said a few years ago. When an admirer asked the conductor how he had managed to bring off an amazingly fine radio performance of Verdi's "Otello," Toscanini replied, "I followed the score."

Brauer was forced out of the *Rathaus* when the Social Democrats were narrowly beaten by the "Hamburg Bloc," a middle-of-the-road coalition that was formed shortly after Adenauer's success in the federal elections. The present city administration is carrying on many of the projects Brauer initiated, and there is a widespread feeling that his political career is not yet over. Since the death of Lord Mayor Ernst Reuter of West Berlin, Brauer has been regarded as the outstanding Social Democrat. He is now serving as the director of a large workers'-insurance company, and not long ago he said to me, "One hears that since the war the German people are spending all their money. Well, that's not true. After losing their savings twice in a lifetime, the Germans are saving again."

I FIRST saw Hamburg when I was ten years old and my parents brought me here to visit my father's oldest brother, who had been banished by my grandfather for marrying a girl he disapproved of. Now Grandfather was getting old and mellow, and my father was to prepare the way for a reconciliation. I'd expected to find my uncle living in



Marlboro Manor

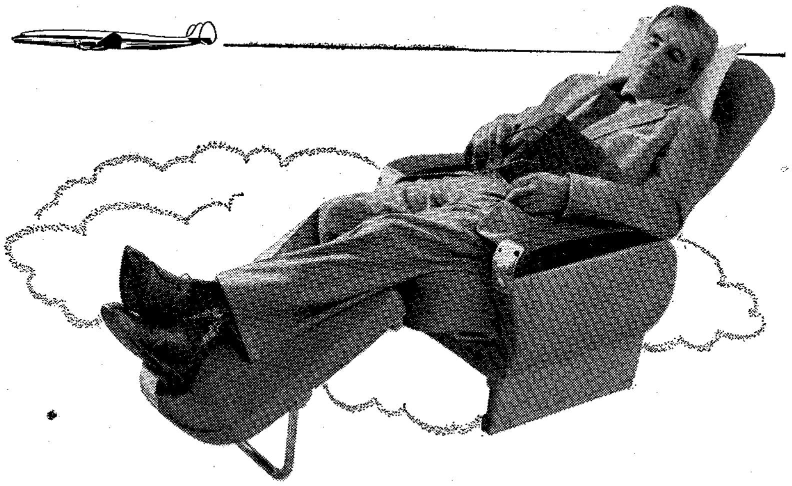
HEPPLEWHITE crowned it with an EAGLE!

Marlboro Manor reproduces every magnificent detail of the original Hepplewhite masterpiece . . . even to the Eagle at the crown.

Since 1899 . . . the highest fidelity in furniture reproduction

Through Decorators and Dealers only.

H. SACKS & SONS BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS
New York Gallery: 667 Madison Avenue
Chicago • Los Angeles • San Francisco • Atlanta • Dallas



This man hurrying to Australia on THE Connoisseur

has never felt quite so luxurious. Small wonder.

The Connoisseur, *Qantas' special new all-First Class Super Constellation service to the South Seas, limits its passenger list to a very few, and cares for these exceedingly well. Sleeper chairs, delicious full-course meals with champagne, a spacious lounge, complimentary bar service; the attention of a cabin crew of *four*. And at no extra fare!

For details on this or any of Qantas' global air routes—68,000 extremely comfortable miles serving five continents—see your travel agent or any Qantas or BOAC office.

* Q as in the Quintessence of elegance

*QANTAS
AUSTRALIA'S OVERSEAS AIRLINE

impoverished exile, sharing a dungeon with rats, and I felt let down when he turned out to be the owner of a beautiful house overlooking the Aussen-Alster. My disappointment was quickly over when my uncle started taking me for sailboat rides on Hamburg's lovely lakes; for years, Hamburg was synonymous to me with fireworks reflected in the water. Years later, I was pleased to learn that the only Hamburg attraction to get two stars in the postwar Baedeker was the Binnen-Alster.

On my second visit, during the inflation days of 1923, I heard a good deal about St. Pauli's Reeperbahn, one of Europe's most famous red-light districts; it was said that the Place Pigalle, in Paris, was as dull as a convent courtyard by comparison. Since then, the Reeperbahn has become a noisy tourist center, shabbier than Times Square and jammed with "bachelors' clubs" and taxi-dance halls, restaurants, a hippodrome where horses drink beer, and bars where hostesses drink anything the customers will buy them. Prostitution is now licensed in Hamburg, and restricted to certain of the Reeperbahn's alleys, at the entrance to which are signs reading, "*Für Jugendliche Verboten*" ("Young People Forbidden"). To these the British have added, "Out of Bounds for All Allied Personnel." Behind large windows on the ground floor of the houses, the tenants exhibit their charms for the benefit of passersby. Despite the signs, these passersby often include children from the neighborhood, and sometimes their mothers, all of whom must either use the alleys on errands or else make long detours. A few years ago, the respectable women of Hamburg protested against this constant proximity to sin, and the prostitutes were banished from the alleys. Thereupon the Jungfernstieg, the city's most elegant shopping street, took on the after-nightfall aspect of Piccadilly or the Boulevard des Capucines. It was the turn of Hamburg's merchants to protest. In a town devoted to trade and commerce, merchants' complaints carry greater weight than housewives', and the alleys were reopened to prostitutes. Police President Bruno Georges feels that it's just as well. "There are no rackets in the alleys," he told me. "The people who own the houses are permitted to collect room rent only, and no percentage of the girls' earnings. Many of the girls are refugees from the Soviet Zone who were unable to get jobs, and at least they're not starving. I must say I'm much less concerned about what goes on in those alleys than

Ever put **your** foot in it?

In an Expand-O Sock . . . the *one-size* sock that e-x-p-a-n-d-s to fit perfectly *any* man's foot from size 10 to 14. 100% NYLON — guaranteed for one year against holes caused by wear. Individually gift boxed. $1.50 at leading men's and dept. stores. For name of nearest one, write: Esquire Socks, Dept. N, 210 Madison Ave., N.Y. **The perfect gift because one size fits all.**

EXPAND-O®
FIRST AND FINEST ONE-SIZE SOCK

exclusive with
ESQUIRE SOCKS®
"the smartest thing on two feet"
DIV. OF C. H. ROTH CO., INC.

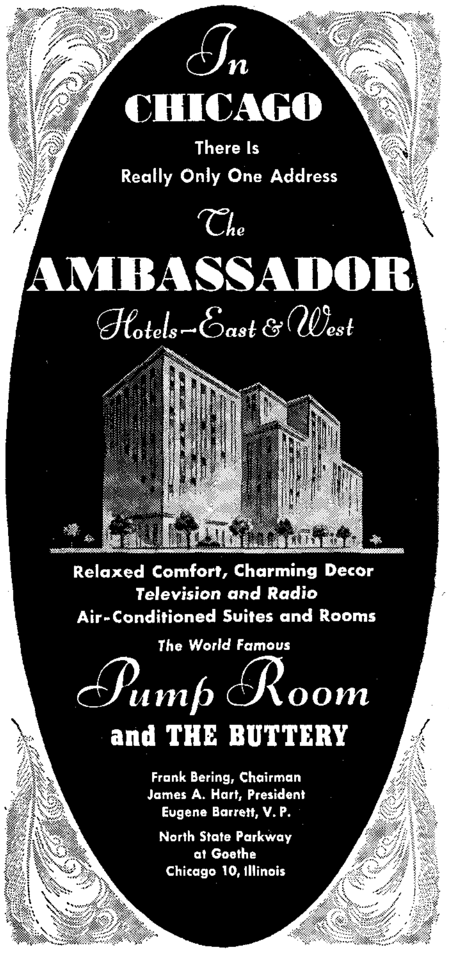
Taste Tour the Vineyards of Europe with Julius Wile Wines

LIEBFRAUMILCH
"Hanns Christof Wein"

A superior quality of the universally popular Liebfraumilch. A mature, soft full-bodied Rhine Wine. Since 1650.

PIESPORT
ZELTINGEN
BERNKASTEL
JOHANNISBERG
RUDESHEIM
GERMANY
NIERSTEIN
OPPENHEIM
WORMS
RHINE R.

Deinhard
RHINE AND MOSELLE WINES
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.


In
CHICAGO
There Is
Really Only One Address
The
AMBASSADOR
Hotels—East & West

Relaxed Comfort, Charming Decor
Television and Radio
Air-Conditioned Suites and Rooms
The World Famous
Pump Room
and THE BUTTERY

Frank Bering, Chairman
James A. Hart, President
Eugene Barrett, V. P.

North State Parkway
at Goethe
Chicago 10, Illinois

NICE CAR ?

Wipe it off every nice day with a $2 KozaK Auto Dry Wash Cloth and you'll NEVER have to hose it. KOZAK will even DRY wash a nice car that is so dirty you can hardly tell the color of the paint. Been doing it for 28 years now. For people whose cars are ALWAYS clean. This $2 investment will return you fifty in car wash savings. And has been so Guaranteed to 10 million buyers since 1926. **Mail coupon to:**

THE ORIGINAL
KOZAK
Auto Dry Wash
223 S. Lyon St. Batavia, N. Y.

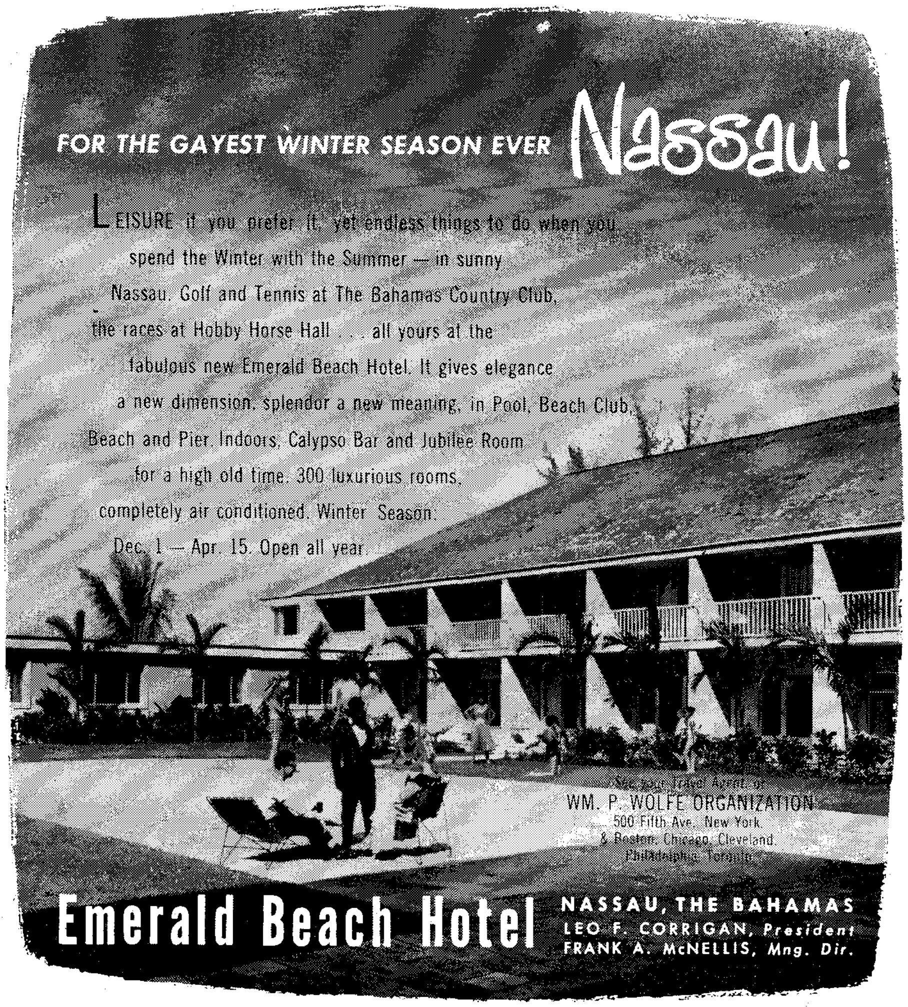
©KOZAK, 223 S. Lyon St., Batavia, N. Y.
Please send me:
Reg. $2 Kozaks (Millions Use Them) ☐ 1 for $2 ☐ 3 for $5
Super $3 Kozaks (Last 4 Times Longer) ☐ 1 for $3 ☐ 2 for $5
....
....
....
☐ CASH ☐ CHECK
Order at least 2—one for each hand.
Clean your car twice as fast and as easy!
Offer limited to continental U. S. A.

Turknit®
Baby Goods
Shower Gifts
Bibs
Towels
Wash Cloths
Bath Robes
Bath Blankets
PUTNAM KNITTING CO., BOX N, COHOES, N.Y.

these factories—they turn out machinery, electrical equipment, chemicals, rubber, asbestos, and so on—are taking the place of the old families. Until recently, people connected with industry were looked down upon. Now the presidency of Hamburg's Chamber of Commerce, a position that had nearly always been held by a shipping magnate, is held by an industrialist—the general manager of the Phoenix Rubber Company.

Hamburg's rich men are a conservative lot, whatever the source of their money, and they make little display of their wealth. The other evening, in the dining room of the Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten, Hamburg's—and probably Germany's—finest hotel, I saw two men in threadbare clothes being treated with conspicuous deference by the manager and the waiters. The pair ordered the cheapest dish on the menu—*Seemanns-Labskaus*, which is the local version of corned-beef hash. (Hamburger steak is as unknown in Hamburg as vichyssoise is in Vichy. In Hamburg, a hamburger is called *Deutsches Beefsteak*, and anyone who likes the American-style hamburger should definitely steer clear of it.) After dinner, the manager told me that the two seedy-looking guests were among Hamburg's greatest merchant princes, and that they came to the hotel every day for *Börsenfrühstück*, or the stock-exchange lunch, an inexpensive blue-plate special that is included on the menu especially for thrifty millionaires. "We make out all right in the long run," the manager assured me. "Last year, one of those two gentlemen you saw gave a wedding breakfast here when his youngest daughter got married. Five hundred guests. There was plenty of the best French champagne, but the waiters had orders to serve it in water glasses and to keep the bottles, with their famous labels, out of sight. A Hamburger will entertain a hundred people at dinner with three wines, and the next morning at his office he will give orders to save the backs of used envelopes for note-

A. FABRY

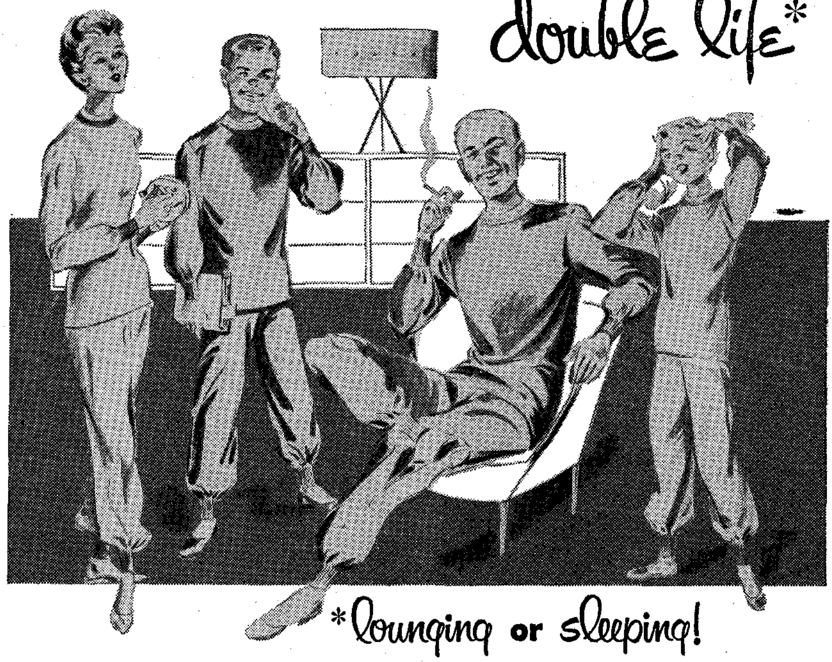

FOR THE GAYEST WINTER SEASON EVER Nassau!

LEISURE if you prefer it, yet endless things to do when you spend the Winter with the Summer — in sunny Nassau. Golf and Tennis at The Bahamas Country Club, the races at Hobby Horse Hall . . . all yours at the fabulous new Emerald Beach Hotel. It gives elegance a new dimension, splendor a new meaning, in Pool, Beach Club, Beach and Pier. Indoors, Calypso Bar and Jubilee Room for a high old time. 300 luxurious rooms, completely air conditioned. Winter Season: Dec. 1 — Apr. 15. Open all year

See your Travel Agent or
WM. P. WOLFE ORGANIZATION
500 Fifth Ave., New York
& Boston, Chicago, Cleveland,
Philadelphia, Toronto

Emerald Beach Hotel
NASSAU, THE BAHAMAS
LEO F. CORRIGAN, *President*
FRANK A. McNELLIS, *Mng. Dir.*

SMŪTHTEX PAJAMAS lead a double life*



*lounging or sleeping!

Handsomely styled in specially knit cotton; Nylon reinforced collar. Wonderfully machine-washable SMŪTHTEX! Retains its *super-soft* texture and *fast-color* tone combinations. Won't shrink, sag or stretch out of fit. Budget priced, too.

Jones QUALITY SMŪTHTEX® PAJAMAS

At Better Stores Everywhere

AUGUSTA KNITTING CORP., UTICA, N. Y.

(*Advertisement*)

R. O. R.

—*or*

"Regal on the rocks"
is all right with us

We have an old friend in Wall Street. He is highly conservative. He was the last man on the Street to give up white piping on his vest.

Some years ago we had lunch with him at his club. He said to the waiter, "A Scotch Old Fashioned, please, with no fruit. And no sugar. And no bitters."

When the waiter left, we remarked, "This may be news to you, but the young men today have a way of simplifying things. The drink you want is now known as *Scotch on the rocks.*"

He reflected a moment, then added, "Scotch on the rocks, eh? Not bad. Very handy. It will save me a lot of time in ordering."

Last week we lunched with him again at his club. He gave his order, *"Regal on the rocks, please!"* The waiter took off, and we raised a question: "Wouldn't it be clearer to order *"Chivas Regal* on the rocks?" (We have a certain feeling for the full name, because we are associated with the importers of Scotland's Prince of Whiskies.)

Our friend snorted: "This may be news to *you.* Today any good barman knows that "Regal on the rocks means Chivas Regal." Then he added, "There's something you'd better explain to me. You fellows have brought over a whisky so good that it has spoiled my taste for any other, and then you don't have enough to sell me every time I want to buy it. *Why?"*

We explained. It is not the dealer's fault, or our fault, that the demand for 12 year old Chivas Regal has run ahead of the supply. A whisky of this mellow majesty cannot be mass-produced. When you ask your dealer for Chivas Regal (or your barman for "Regal on the rocks," which is all right with us), please forgive him if it happens to be unavailable. We are doing everything —as far as nature will allow—to bring over more of this noble whisky that so many people want to buy.

•

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
86 PROOF
CHIVAS BROTHERS IMPORT CORP.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

paper. One of our most distinguished guests keeps telling me that you can't make a fortune, you can only save one."

Prior to the Second World War, it was customary for the sons of Hamburg's traders and merchants to serve an apprenticeship abroad—in a Wall Street office, perhaps, or in the City of London. They would return home to become members of the Ibero-Amerikanische Verein, the Amerikanische Gesellschaft, or some other cosmopolitan-minded group of businessmen favoring free trade. Hamburg is more interested in economic prosperity than in the complexities of politics. In the beer halls and waterfront saloons of Hamburg, people talk about business, jobs, taxes, and money. Most Hamburgers are disgusted with politicians and "want to be left in peace." At the last municipal election, only three and two-tenths per cent of the population voted Communist—fewer than in 1917. Hamburg's shipyard workers make only fourteen marks ($3.50) a day, but they get cheap housing, seven-cent meals in their canteens, and other benefits; in 1951, a Communist attempt to organize a wildcat waterfront strike failed badly. Three years ago, the Deutsche Partei and other neo-Nazi groups were active in town, but now they operate mostly in the outlying areas of Lower Saxony and Schleswig-Holstein, among rich, ultraconservative farmers, who seem to have learned little from recent history. Hamburgers admit that many Nazis hold important jobs in the city but explain that they are "technical experts," whose advice is needed. Anti-Western feeling, which was strong immediately after the war, has subsided. In Paris, Rome, and Vienna, one hears frequently of acts of vandalism committed against cars with United States Army license plates; in Hamburg, one night a few weeks ago, the windshield of a car belonging to a British colonel was broken, and the police and the populace were more indignant about it than the colonel was. It was generally felt that the incident was a disgrace to the city of Hamburg.

At the end of the last war, the port of Hamburg was a shambles, its pier sheds and warehouses destroyed, its rail and road facilities shattered. The hulls of thirty-five hundred vessels lay at the bottom of the harbor, blocking all approaches from the sea. The Allies needed the port for the maintenance of their armies on the Continent, and on May 3, 1945, the day the first British troops entered the city, a group of

Sexton
Olde English
Mince Meat
Sexton
Quality Foods

Olde English
Mince Meat

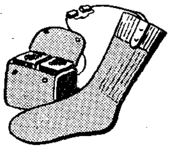
Although, like plum pudding, a popular winter holiday favorite, Sexton Mince Meat is so wholesome and nutritious that it finds a welcome spot on the daily menu. The singularly delicious flavor and smooth consistency of Sexton Olde English have made it a universal favorite.

John Sexton & Co., Sexton Square, Chicago, Ill.

WORLD FAMED
Hotel DEL PRADO
Mexico City

For Warm Feet All Winter...

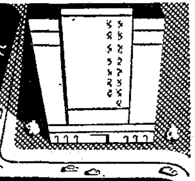
Northern
ELECTRIC
SOCKS



Now go hunting, fishing, tobogganing or ice skating . . . watch football or hockey games . . . yet enjoy every minute because feet stay warm for hours! Finest quality, heavy, virgin wool sports socks are wired like a tiny electric blanket. Shipped in attractive storage carton complete with batteries, wires, etc. Small, medium or large. Fully guaranteed. An ideal gift. Price, postpaid....................$19.95

NORTHERN ELECTRIC COMPANY
Dept. NY2, 5224 N. Kedzie Ave., Chicago 25, Ill.

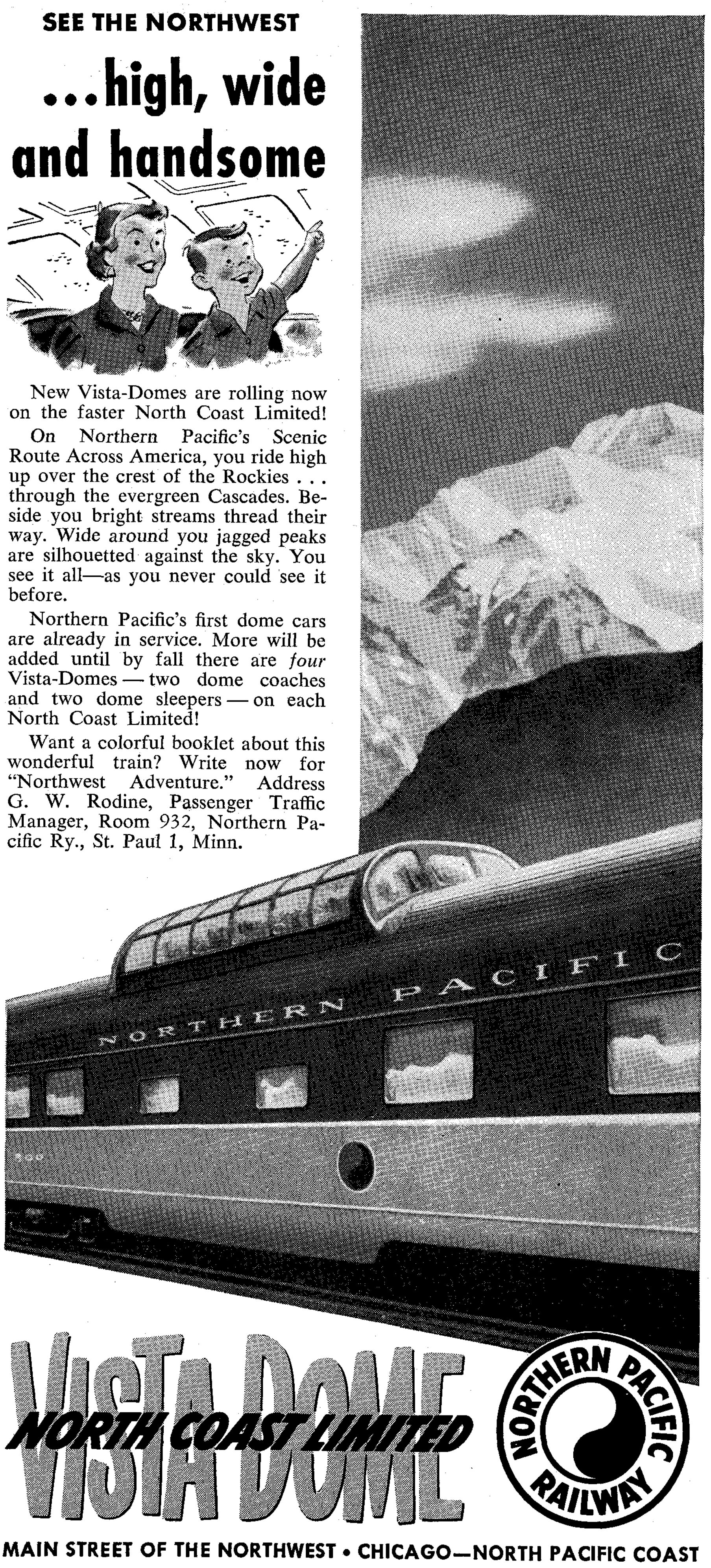
Lake
Shore
Drive HOTEL
ROOMS and SUITES
181 East Lake Shore Drive CHICAGO



I am about some other things, like our steadily increasing traffic jams."

Organized high jinks such as Cologne's *Fastnacht* carnival and Munich's *Oktoberfest* are unknown in Nordic, Protestant Hamburg, unless one counts the traditional *Domfest*, early in the winter—it was originally a market festival held near a church—when tens of thousands of local families walk out to St. Pauli's Reeperbahn. Showing no interest in such attractions as "Salome Without Her Veils," they pile into the restaurants and consume enormous amounts of roast chicken, *Wurst*, and beer. Most of Salome's customers are burghers from the provinces and tourists from the neighboring Scandinavian countries, who think that Hamburg is the widest-open place on earth. Even the women who make a trip from the north are impressed by what it has to offer. One day, I watched a bus filled with Swedish tourists pull up in front of the railroad station. A number of portly matrons alighted and made for a nearby liquor store, where, since liquor is strictly rationed in Sweden, they cast ecstatic glances at the rows of bottles in the window. They began to discuss labels and prices, and agreed that it was all too good to be true. At last, one of them sighed and said, "What's the use? We can't take it with us." Her companion gave her a stern look. "No," she said, "but we can drink it here." And with that she went into the store, purchased a bottle of Steinhäger, and hurried out with an expression of happy anticipation on her face.

ON May 9, 1189, Frederick Barbarossa, the Holy Roman Emperor, grateful for Hamburg's help during one of the Crusades, signed a charter granting the burghers the right "to pass to and fro with their ships and goods, from the sea to the said city, free of any duty or charge" and stipulating that "no man may build a castle within eight miles of their city [and] that the burghers shall be free of all military service or from the defense of the country." This amounted to a guarantee of independence, and from that time on, except during the Nazi regime, Hamburg has been an independent city, ruled by its own council. (Since 1871, when it joined the German Empire, it has always, of course, been subject to federal laws.) In 1266, when some Hamburg merchants were living in London, Henry III of England recognized them as members of a hanse, or trade league, with the phrase "*quod ipsi habeant hansam saum*" ("that they have their own



SEE THE NORTHWEST

...high, wide and handsome

New Vista-Domes are rolling now on the faster North Coast Limited!

On Northern Pacific's Scenic Route Across America, you ride high up over the crest of the Rockies . . . through the evergreen Cascades. Beside you bright streams thread their way. Wide around you jagged peaks are silhouetted against the sky. You see it all—as you never could see it before.

Northern Pacific's first dome cars are already in service. More will be added until by fall there are *four* Vista-Domes — two dome coaches and two dome sleepers — on each North Coast Limited!

Want a colorful booklet about this wonderful train? Write now for "Northwest Adventure." Address G. W. Rodine, Passenger Traffic Manager, Room 932, Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul 1, Minn.

MAIN STREET OF THE NORTHWEST • CHICAGO—NORTH PACIFIC COAST revolutionary new method puts stencil duplicating in the printing class

Gestetner

TWIN-CYLINDER IMPRESSION SYSTEM PRODUCES AMAZING PRINT-LIKE RESULTS!

The twin-cylinder system of the Gestetner sweeps away all the old concepts of stencil duplicating. Its reproductions approach professional print-shop work in clarity and attractiveness. Automatic operation throughout eliminates guesswork, speeds up production and steps up quality.

AUTOMATIC INKING.......

NO CANS
NO BRUSHES
NO PADS

SIMPLY CLIP THE INK TUBE INTO PLACE

Your most fastidious office girl will find the *Gestetner* a clean simple operation. Dials are set to the ink density and the number of copies desired . . . and . . . the *Gestetner* does the rest . . . automatically. Color . . . too . . . in a dozen different hues . . . with changes made in *three minutes! Yet Gestetner costs no more!*

Gestetner is the World's Oldest and Largest Manufacturer of Duplicating Equipment

Gestetner Duplicator Corp.
50 McLean Avenue
Yonkers 5, New York

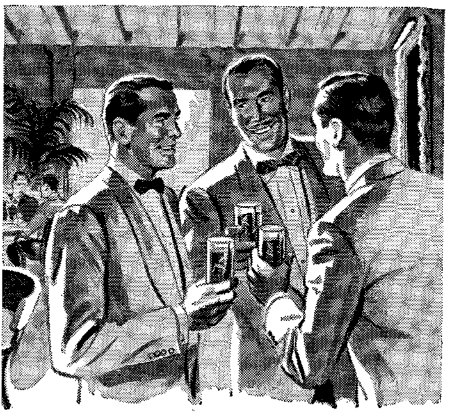
PARTS AND SERVICE FROM COAST TO COAST

Please send Booklet A.

Name__________
Address__________
Company__________
City__________ State__________

hanse"). Thus Hamburg joined the loosely knit Hanseatic League, along with such other North German commercial centers as Lübeck, Kiel, Bremen, Wismar, Rostock, Stralsund, Greifswald, Stettin, and Kolberg. Originally a trade monopoly, the League later became an armed alliance and successfully waged war against Denmark. Hamburgers are proud of their traditional independence. Once, Kaiser Wilhelm II, on an official visit to the city, was greeted by the mayor as *"Lieber Bundesgenosse"* ("Dear Ally"), which delighted the citizens and irritated the Kaiser. Hamburg is a city-state, comparable to Athens and Venice in their day, and has the same rights under the German constitution as the other *Länder*, or states. It elects its own parliament, which in turn elects a twelve-man senate; the senate then elects a mayor. Hamburg has three members in Bonn's *Bundesrat*, which is made up of representatives from the nine *Länder* in West Germany.

For centuries, Hamburg's shipbuilders, shipowners, and merchant princes considered themselves the equals of the nobility in other parts of Germany. The old families of Hamburg—the Petersens, Slomans, Godeffroys, Chapeaurouges, Sievekings, and so on—repeatedly refused to accept titles from German rulers. Members of the old German nobility moved into the city when it grew in importance, and some of their descendants still use their titles; there are a number of men here with dazzling ones, such as Freiherr Johann von Berenberg-Gossler and Freiherr Achim-Helgs von Beust—but among the younger set there is a tendency to drop even the "von" from their names, and titles actually mean little unless they are backed up with money. The old families no longer play a dominant role in the city. After the First World War, some of them were left without their fortunes, and after the Second World War, others were left without even their ancestral homes. Those who still own large houses are tormented by taxes and servant problems, and find it difficult to run them in style. There is still a group of shipping magnates and merchant princes who live in splendid isolation and will have nothing to do with anyone who doesn't "belong," but the tide is running against them and their ways. A social revolution of sorts is going on in Hamburg, which, with two hundred thousand workers employed in its factories, is now the largest industrial city in Germany. The owners and managers of



"FOR VARIETY, spice your life with MYERS"

Traditional dark
MYERS
Jamaica Rum

"Planters' Punch" Brand
not too heavy...
not too light...
but just right

Write for FREE Rum Recipe Booklet

97 Proof

R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc., Dept. H,
655 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.

JEWELS OF THE HOUR

ORA
CREATIONS
Guaranteed for life

RALPH SINGER CO.
656 N. Western Ave. • Chicago 12, Ill.

ENCHANTING FLAVORS
by
Grace Rush

BRANDY SAUCE
JOSEPHINE
RUM SAUCE
DON JUAN

For garnishing fruit cups, compotes, sherbets, ice cream, etc. 100 Proof rare rum or brandy. $1.25 each plus 20¢ postage

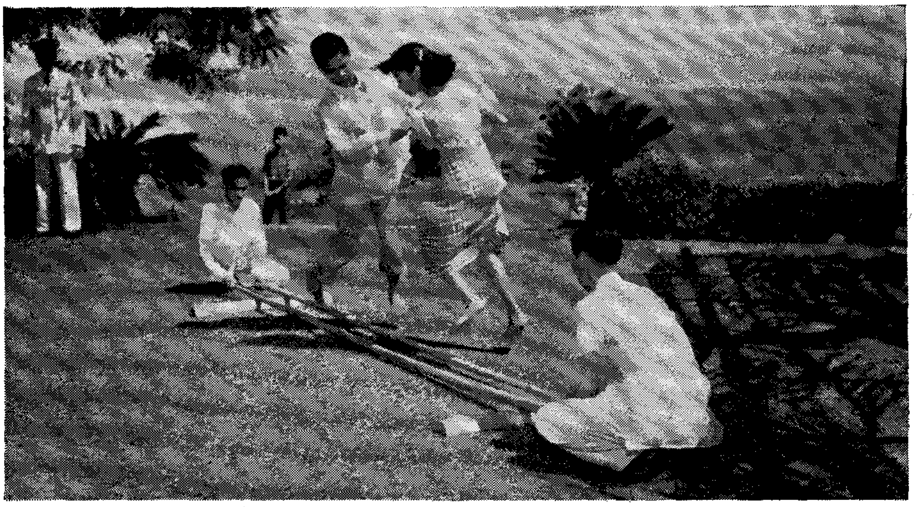
Grace Rush, Inc.
OAKLEY : CINCINNATI 9, OHIO

BRANDY SAUCE
Josephine

Allied specialists moved into the harbor area, equipped with the technical resources of a modern army and helped by a good many Hamburgers, who take a very personal interest in their waterfront. Three weeks later, the port was partly reopened, and pilots could steer ships through narrow channels between wrecks and mines to reach the docks and discharge their cargoes. Then the British began to blow up the shipyards that had been used to build the Nazi fleet. This almost caused a revolt in Hamburg. No one dared object openly when forty submarines were blown up in underwater bunkers with the help of their own torpedoes, but each time a drydock was destroyed, there were angry mutterings about the British being afraid of German competition. The mutterings came to the ears of even the notoriously hard-of-hearing British officials when it was announced that a drydock located near the vehicular tunnel under the Elbe River was about to be demolished. (Motorists accustomed to the Lincoln and Holland Tunnels would hardly be impressed by the Elbtunnel's two narrow fourteen-hundred-and-seventy-foot tubes, but Hamburgers appear to hold the conviction that their tunnel, which was completed in 1911, is the greatest engineering achievement since the completion of the Great Wall of China.) Into the tense situation stepped Dr. J. K. Dunlop, the Allied Land Commissioner for Hamburg, and later the British Consul-General. He announced that the demolition of the drydock would not harm the Elbtunnel, and that to demonstrate his confidence, he would take a chair down into the tunnel and sit there while the drydock was blown up. After Dr. Dunlop had made this gallant offer, his engineers informed him that no one knew much about the effect of such an explosion's shock in the water and that it might not be quite safe to sit it out in the tunnel, but the Commissioner refused to listen to them. While thousands of Hamburgers looked on, Dr. Dunlop seized a chair and marched down into the tunnel, more bothered by an attack of influenza that had sent his temperature to a hundred and three than by fear of being blown up. The explosion slightly shook, but didn't harm, the tunnel and Dr. Dunlop, and it strengthened the British position in Hamburg.

Under Allied orders, the Hamburg shipyards were at first permitted to do only repair work, but as the controls were gradually relaxed, the yards began to build coastal vessels for foreign owners, and then larger ships. Since

"Home" is never more than strolling distance away when you cruise the Orient!



Your days ashore contain many bits of Orient lore like this Filipino "Tinikling" dance. Magnificent shopping opportunities also abound in Orient ports.

FASHIONS: SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

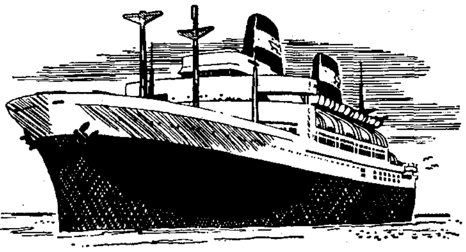
Day's end—you "return to America," tuck the children into bed—then retire to your own air-conditioned stateroom for a refreshing sleep aboard ship.

Seeing the Orient is lots more fun when a relaxing "President Liner" vacation goes with it. Swimming, deck sports, dancing, movies! Meet world travelers and enjoy the finest cooking on the Pacific. Complete shopping center and children's playroom. Cruise fares from $1278*. The *S.S. President Wilson* or *S.S. President Cleveland* sail every 3 weeks from California to Hawaii, Yokohama, Hong Kong, Manila, Kobe. Take 350 pounds of baggage free.

**Tax added on California-Hawaii portions only.*

CRUISE TO CALIFORNIA

in 16 or 18 days via Havana and the Panama Canal. World Cruise Liners. Low auto rates.



Ask Your Travel Agent For Descriptive Folders

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES

General Offices: 311 California St., San Francisco 4, California

"What passion

cannot music raise

or quell?"

When John Dryden posed this question he emphasized, as we like to do, the emotional hold music exerts on listeners. Raising or quelling passions, music arrests attention, attunes ear and mind to the sales messages that go with it. Many advertisers, among them the Wheatena Corp., use WQXR, America's Number One Good Music Station, to reap the sales benefits this extra attention gives them. Ask to see the score.

WQXR

The radio station of The New York Times

April, 1951, all controls have been off except for a restriction against raising the total capacity of the yards without the consent of the Allies. Last year, the Deutsche Werft, Howaldtswerke, Stülckerwerft, and several of Hamburg's smaller yards launched fifty-nine ships, among them what was then the largest tanker in the world—the forty-five-thousand-ton Tina Onassis, built for Aristotle Socrates Onassis, the Greek-born shipping king, who lives in New York.

The one shipyard that has not yet been allowed to resume operations is the biggest of them all—Blohm & Voss, which employed seventeen thousand workers before the war. This shipyard has become a "national symbol" in Hamburg and a fine talking point for nationalist orators, who refer to Blohm & Voss the way Hitler and Goebbels used to refer to "the chains of Versailles." The other day, I went along with some German sightseers who were being taken on a boat trip around the harbor, and as we passed the broken debris that had once been the gantries and shipways of Blohm & Voss, the guide, an otherwise sober and businesslike fellow, became quite emotional. "The Europa, the Vaterland, and the Cap Arcona were built in these yards!" he exclaimed. Everybody stopped talking, and a tall man got up out of his deck chair and stood at attention, as at a funeral. The guide didn't mention that the German battleship Bismarck and other vessels in Hitler's navy had also been built by Blohm & Voss, but they were, and that, of course, is why it has not been restored.

In spite of the swift pace of reconstruction, wide areas in the harbor are still deserted, and signs reading "DANGER! NO MOORING!" warn ships away from quays whose walls were cracked during one explosion or another. But two-thirds of all the pier sheds and half of all the warehouses have been rebuilt—and rebuilt along the most modern lines. Port experts from other nations who visit Hamburg return home envying the city's new roomy and neon-lit harbor installations built of steel and reinforced concrete, with wide ramps, a minimum of pillars, and paved-in railroad tracks. "First we bomb them and then we dismantle them," a Briton said to me recently. "And what happens? Today, Hamburg is the most modern port in Europe, famous for its speedy handling of cargo and clearing of ships. It's got over two hundred regular shipping lines making over five hundred regular departures a month,

Cox, Moore of England

$3.50 to $5

Twin Panel Argyles

by COX, MOORE OF ENGLAND

New, eye-catching design. Frame knitted in Robin Hood country in finest quality shrink-resistant wool. Four-toned, hand-tied, double panels. Charcoal, Brown, Cambridge Grey or Navy backgrounds.

At America's Best Shops. Write for one nearest you.

COX, MOORE & CO., LTD.
3 East 44th St., New York 17

our wonderful

Shetland sweaters

hand frame knitted for us in Scotland.
Colors: med. grey, heather, charcoal grey, black brown, natural, jet black.
Sizes 38 to 46.

$12.50

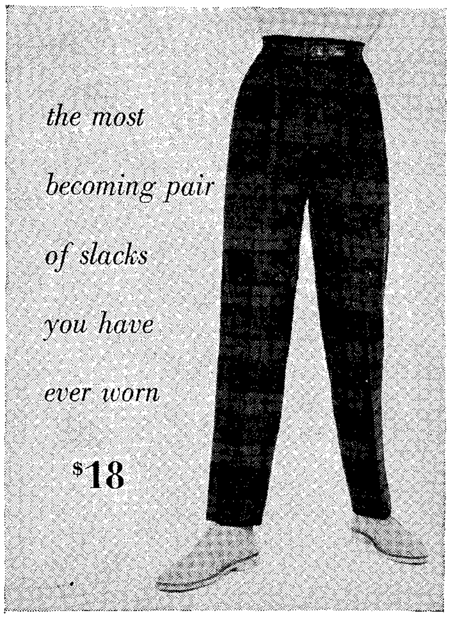
Mail orders: State size and color. Add 35¢ shipping. No C.O.D.'s please.

Fenn-Feinstein
of NEW HAVEN
Tailors and Furnishers
9 EAST 49th ST. NEW YORK
264 YORK ST. NEW HAVEN

JEWELS OF THE HOUR

RALPH
SINGER CO.
656 N. Western Ave.
Chicago 12, Ill.

ORA
CREATIONS
Guaranteed for life



A skilled men's tailor fashioned these slim slacks expressly for the feminine figure... and exclusively for Edward Reed. Faultlessly cut from imported Black Watch tartan, they feature the preferred front closure. Sizes 10-18. *Also available in smart charcoal grey wool-and-Orlon flannel at* **$18.**

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

EDWARD REED, Ltd.

49 West 49th St. in Rockefeller Center, N. Y. 20

BLACKBERRY MAGIC...

NUYENS
NUYENS
Blackberry
Flavored
Brandy

made in U.S.A.
from an original
French formula
70 proof

NUYENS
CORDIALS

A choice selection of 25 fine cordials, liqueurs and flavored brandies.

Write for Nuyens Royal Recipe Book.

Sole Distributor:
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N.Y.

also are obviously governed by the aim to promote the East-West trade and traffic. What is more obvious than that we in Hamburg do not want to exclude ourselves from this general trend?" The publication has also expressed hope for "a gradual improvement of the sea-transport relations with the Soviet Union." The British claim that they have the activities of the free port well under control and that little illegal East-West trade gets by. But no one is quite sure. For instance, the Czechoslovakians have an enclave here—a pier established under the Treaty of Versailles to give them a seaport—and it is difficult to control the cargoes of their barges, which ply between the free port and Prague, passing through the Soviet Zone of Germany.

THE most astonishing phenomenon of postwar Hamburg is the city's emergence as one of the chief cultural centers of Germany. A few years ago, people anywhere in the country would have smiled at the thought of such a thing, for Hamburg, with its population of "cold" North Germans, was traditionally interested in commerce rather than culture. Money, not music, was the international language the Hamburgers understood, and few of the town's old families were patrons of the arts. But nowadays Hamburg seems to be more favorably situated, both geographically and economically, than many other German cities, and there has been an influx of gifted refugees. From Leipzig, in the Russian Zone, which once printed most of the nation's books, have come publishers and illustrators; from East Berlin, actors and journalists; and from Dresden, also in the Russian Zone, musicians and painters. As word got around that Hamburg was becoming the Athens of Germany, incredulous members of artists' colonies in Munich came to see for themselves—and stayed on. Hamburg's Kunsthalle is Germany's largest picture gallery, its State Opera is one of Germany's three leading opera houses, its Philharmonic is almost on a par with Furtwängler's Berlin Philharmonic, and its Deutsches Schauspielhaus and Thalia-Theater are among the country's best repertory theatres. "It has become more fashionable to be seen at the Musikhalle during a Philharmonic concert than at the Alster Regatta," a patrician old-timer said to me the other day, with an air of bewilderment.

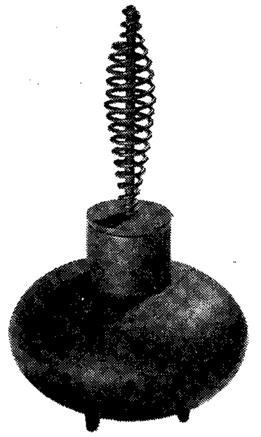
Hamburg now awards three state prizes: the Lessing Prize for literature, established before the war; the Bach

MORE AND MORE PEOPLE
ARE LEANING TOWARD
"New York's
Biggest
Little Hotel"
(IT'S FABULOUS)

Every room at least 14'x22' with **individual large screen console TV, air-conditioning,** butler's pantry, refrigerator and **bathroom extension phone.** All luxurious hotel services. Just around the corner from Grand Central, both Airline Terminals, most shops and theatres.

THE Tuscany

Bertram Weal, General Manager
39th Street, just East of Park Ave., New York 16
MUrray Hill 6-1600, Teletype NY 1-392
P. S.—May we send you a brochure?



Fire Lighter—from the collection designed by George Nelson. $7.50. Illustrated literature awaits your request. Howard Miller Clock Company, Zeeland, Michigan.

HB
HOTEL BAMER

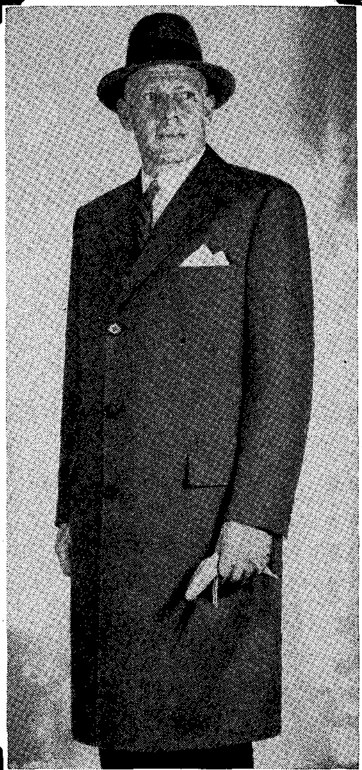
MEXICO CITY
NEWEST AND
MOST DISTINGUISHED
HOTEL

FOR RESERVATIONS ATLANTIC INTERNATIONAL HOTEL SERVICE N YORK CHICAGO MIAMI
OR DIRECT WITH EDUARDO E. THOMAS GENERAL MANAGER

and they say that's just the beginning."

Since 1888, when the free harbor was established, Hamburg has been offering duty-free cargo handling, storage, and processing to ships bound for other ports. Duty is levied only on whatever part of a ship's cargo leaves the free port for the interior of Germany. Goods may be transferred from one vessel to another, or from vessel to warehouse to vessel, without payment of duties. And raw materials obtained from foreign countries may be converted into semi-finished or finished products in the industrial plants of the free harbor and reëxported duty-free. The free-port arrangement is also advantageous for importers of commodities, like coffee, on which the duty is high, for they may store their goods in the port's warehouses, remove them only as needed, and thus pay the duty in installments. Unfortunately, Hamburg's free port now finds itself awkwardly situated in regard to the Iron Curtain, which runs thirty miles east of the city limits. Half of Hamburg's prewar trade came from Czechoslovakia, Poland, the Baltic states, and what is now East Germany. The city has lost all this, and as things stand, there seems to be little hope of regaining it. Early in 1951, the merchants of Hamburg were enraged when Allied harbor officials seized cargoes of Czechoslovakian and Russian-Zone products that were bound for Red China. The authorities claimed that the cargoes contained strategic goods. The Germans insisted that they contained only bicycles, sewing machines, and optical instruments. "After that, such cargoes went to the Polish port of Gdynia, and from there they were transshipped to China," a Hamburg port official told me. "The Western Allies merely succeeded in harming Hamburg and helping the Poles. When the British won't allow strategic goods bound for the East to be stored in our port, the goods are sent straight on to Rotterdam and then, in smaller craft, to ports controlled by the Russians. As a result of such policies, Hamburg has from eighty to a hundred thousand unemployed—more than any other city in Western Germany. We believe here that politics should not interfere with business. The facilities of a free port should be granted to anyone who pays for them."

The April issue of *Ship Via Hamburg*, a local periodical published in English, observed editorially, "The route via Hamburg seems to be the most natural and rational for most of the East European traffic. . . . Other countries



you can't help noticing an AMBASSADOR

This fall the single breasted, semi-form-fitting topcoat as tailored by Ambassador, with center vent and flap pockets, is the choice of discerning men. The fabric in the Park (shown here) is an extraordinary worsted shetland with subdued herringbone weave. In classic and new smokey tones—at fine stores everywhere. Ambassador topcoats sell from $100, depending on fabric.

AMBASSADOR

AMBASSADOR CLOTHES, INC. 84 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y. C.

WHITE HEATHER
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY DE LUXE
CAMPBELLS (DISTILLERY) LIMITED
1845

No scotch ever caught on so fast! (It's that 94 Proof flavor!)

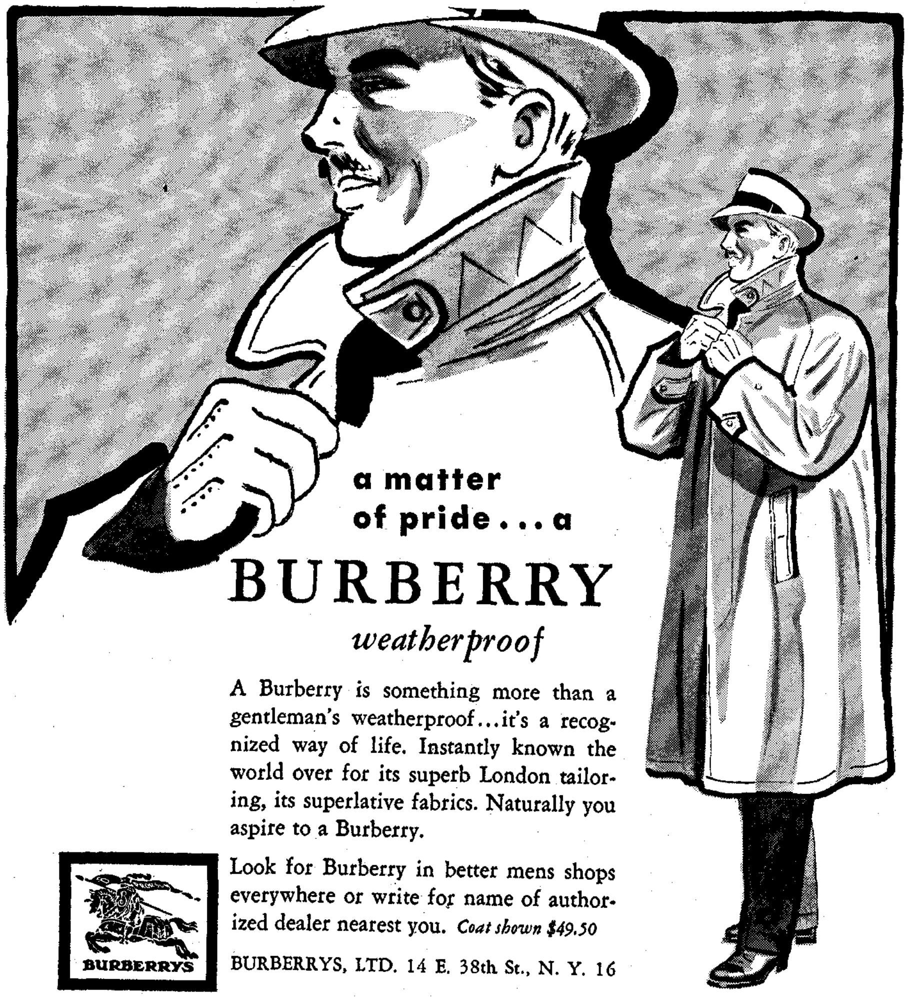
White Heather

TODAY'S TOP NOTCH SCOTCH

WHITE HEATHER, DELUXE BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 94 PROOF, QUALITY IMPORTERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Prize for music, established in 1950 (the first winner was Hindemith); and the Lichtwark Prize for fine arts, which was also established before the war, and was given to Oskar Kokoschka, the Austrian expressionist painter, last year. Three years ago, the University of Hamburg awarded its Goethe Prize to Martin Buber, the Israeli philosopher, and it was next given to the Norwegian Bishop Eivind Berggrav. The Fritz Schumacher Prize for architecture—Schumacher, who died in 1947, was Hamburg's greatest city planner, and a private foundation holds an annual competition in his honor—was lately given to Gustav Oelzner, a local architect. Hamburg has Germany's largest motion-picture studios and its most extensive radio network—Nordwestdeutscher Rundfunk. Originally run under British control, N.W.D.R. is now a private corporation organized a good deal like the British Broadcasting Corporation. Its programs are unsponsored, and owners of radios support it by paying monthly dues, which are collected by the federal post offices.

Early in 1947, a thirty-five-year-old newspaperman named Axel Springer, whose father owned a small paper here, began bringing out a weekly radio publication called *Hör zu!* It was first edited in an air-raid shelter, and during that cold winter Springer and his associates had to light a fire under the press to make the ink flow properly. Today, Springer is the head of a newspaper-and-magazine empire, and his publications have a total weekly circulation of around eighteen million. In less than two years, he has made his morning paper, *Bild-Zeitung* (described to me by an angry Hamburger as "ten pfennigs' worth of blood and bosom"), Germany's largest-selling daily, with a circulation of a million and a half, and his *Hamburger Abendblatt* sells three hundred thousand copies—more than any other afternoon paper in Germany. Now a rich man, Springer recently bought the respected *Die Welt*, which had been the official newspaper of the British Occupation forces, and from which he expects to gain more prestige than money. He also owns a number of other papers and several magazines, and employs two thousand workers. Last fall, all these workers, along with Springer and the Springer enterprises, moved into a large, brand-new skyscraper, built in the shape of a ship. (Hamburg's largest office building, the Chilehaus, is also in the shape of a ship.) Springer's office is where the captain's bridge would be; instead of a sun



a matter of pride . . . a
BURBERRY
weatherproof

A Burberry is something more than a gentleman's weatherproof...it's a recognized way of life. Instantly known the world over for its superb London tailoring, its superlative fabrics. Naturally you aspire to a Burberry.

Look for Burberry in better mens shops everywhere or write for name of authorized dealer nearest you. *Coat shown $49.50*

BURBERRYS

BURBERRYS, LTD. 14 E. 38th St., N. Y. 16

Sterling by Gorham beams its rich beauty over your entire table. Timeless patterns tell of your good taste throughout the years.

Silver That Casts A Magic Spell—Forever

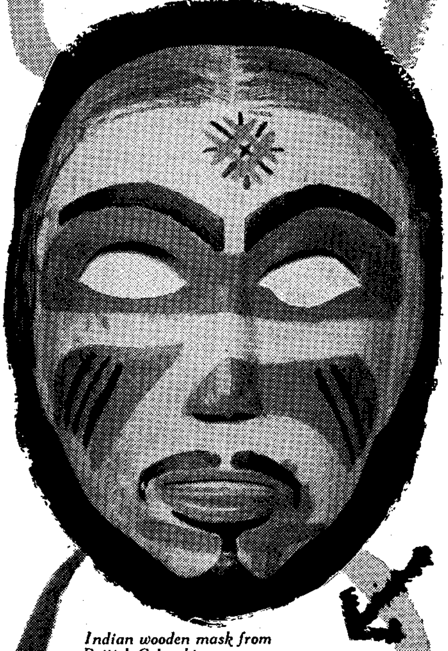
Prices for 6-piece luncheon place settings:

A. Strasbourg, $32.50.
B. Etruscan, $29.75
C. Dolly Madison, $35.25
D. English Gadroon, $32.50

Federal Tax included. Serving Pieces available in all patterns. Write or Phone Jean Tree, Plaza 7-8100.

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N.Y.
EAST ORANGE MANHASSET WHITE PLAINS

because you admire something just a little bit different...



Indian wooden mask from British Columbia.

THIS HISTORIC SCOTCH IS FOR YOU,

. . . because our Best Procurable has rather an unusual background. We first brought it over from Scotland 250 years ago for our own company officers. So unusually good was this rare old Scotch that it remained our private stock for more than a century. Today, of course, you can enjoy this fine liqueur Whisky too . . . literally Best Procurable.

A54 BP-5

INCORPORATED 2ND. MAY 1670
HUDSON'S BAY
BRAND
Best Procurable
SCOTCH WHISKY
A BLEND 86.8 PROOF

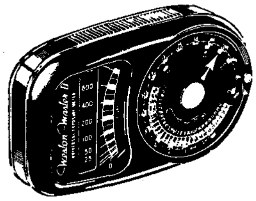
IMPORTED BY
HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY INC., N.Y.

deck, there is a flat roof for helicopters to land on. For all that, Springer doesn't expect to stay in this building very long. In ten years, he says, he'll move to still larger quarters. He credits his success to his theory that people don't like to think about politics. (His critics say he has found that people simply don't like to think.) Springer's lieutenants talk admiringly about their boss, who often walks through his plant like a modern Haroun-al-Rashid, handing out a radio set to a blind worker or a new suit to a badly dressed messenger boy. "The average reader is a fellow who sits on his small balcony, tending his flowers on the sill and drinking a cup of warmed-up coffee," one of these lieutenants told me. "What does he want to read about? He wants to read about flowers, children, pets. No editorials. He's fed up with authority. For years, he's been plagued by *Blockwarten*, *Luftschutzwarten*, and whatnot. He's been so busy doing what other people told him to do that he's had no time to enjoy his neighbors. We want him to meet his neighbors."

Springer's men have paid close attention to newspaper-promotion stunts in America and England, and have learned a good deal. "Hamburg is Germany's most Americanized city," one of them told me proudly. A Springer scout who found himself in a supermarket in Arizona thought he had hit upon a fine idea when he was handed a bright penny wrapped in cellophane that was inscribed with the slogan "Shop Here and Your Penny Will Go Farther." Back in Hamburg, he distributed highly polished pfennigs wrapped in cellophane that was inscribed "Your Pfennig Lasts Longer When You Advertise in the *Abendblatt*." Many of his intended beneficiaries didn't care for the idea at all. "That's *no way to treat money!*" one shopkeeper said in horror. Some home-grown promotion ideas seem to have worked out better. Young brides and grooms are driven from the church to their new homes in a carriage drawn by four white horses and decorated with small posters calling attention to the *Hamburger Abendblatt*. A few months ago, at Hamburg's main railroad station, swarms of high-school boys handed out pansies with *Abendblatt* tags attached "to celebrate the arrival of spring." One of Springer's greatest editorial successes has been his campaign to save the lives of stray dogs and cats; his papers claim that such animals are being killed in several German cities and their meat is being sold for human consumption. The *Bundestag* in Bonn is now debating a

Be ready to
DEFEND your tall stories!

If you use *photographic* evidence, be sure your photos are *good.* Just follow the example of most sports photographers. Use a WESTON Exposure Meter. Then every still or movie you shoot . . . even your color shots . . . will all be perfectly exposed. Sold by all leading camera stores. 8160



WESTON
exposure meters
THE METER MOST PHOTOGRAPHERS USE

This Season
ENJOY YOUR SUN
in the beauty and luxury of the
ARIZONA

BILTMORE

Our big pictorial folder will give you an idea of our
Unsurpassed Service • Magnificent Setting
Delicious Food • Colorful Pool Area
Championship Golf Course
and many other interesting things to see and do here...Just write to

Mr. George Lindholm, *Manager*
ARIZONA BILTMORE HOTEL
Box 81, PHOENIX, ARIZONA

bill forbidding the sale of dog and cat meat.

Springer says he has no interest in becoming a political influence, and that may well be true. No such claim, however, can be made by Rudolf Augstein, the young publisher and editor of *Der Spiegel*, a weekly news magazine he started in 1946, in Hanover, as an obvious imitation of *Time*, and is now Germany's most widely feared publication. (Everybody in Hamburg's publishing world appears to be young—Augstein is in his early thirties and says that he has almost no one over fifty working for him.) Augstein, who has just moved his staff to Hamburg's large Pressehaus, estimates that *Der Spiegel*, with a circulation of a hundred and eighty thousand, is read by over a million people, including many of Germany's leaders in politics, business, and finance. With the help of an agile staff of reporters and practically everyone in Germany who has a complaint to make and feels like writing a letter to the editor, Augstein has earned a reputation as a fast and accurate hitter. (At any rate, he hasn't lost a major libel suit yet.) He is against Communists and neo-Nazis, against the government and the opposition, against the Americans and the Russians and the British and the French, against Bonn and the present administration of Hamburg, against corruption and politicians. No one knows what he is for. "He hasn't come out against God and motherhood yet, but no one in Germany will be surprised if he does," a rival editor told me.

Augstein, a small, blond, soft-spoken man, is unconcerned about the enemies he makes. "Germany needs us," he said not long ago. "There's never been a truly independent publication in this country. We're independent. We're not tied to any political party, financial group, or pressure lobby. And we'll go on printing forty-two pages of interesting news every week whether people like it or not."

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

CLIMBERS

He climbs, cloud-wrapped, through
snow and night,
Alone with terror, racked for breath,
And vainly inches toward the height
Only to be swept down to death

From some sheer crumbling mile-high
rim
Of cliff. We strain to see him drop.
"Too bad he failed!" we say of him,
And mount our molehill to the top.

—JAMES DILLET FREEMAN

S.S. INDEPENDENCE
The 1955
GRAND CRUISE
of the entire
MEDITERRANEAN
from New York February 11, 1955
57 days—from $1550

• From the tapestries and incense of Middle East bazaars to the gay sophistication of the Riviera . . . from Egypt and the Holy Land to Venice and the little-known but exquisitely beautiful Dalmatian Coast of the Adriatic—this will be the scope of the 1955 Grand Cruise of the Mediterranean. And your headquarters for 57 memorable days will be the luxurious, fully air conditioned Independence!

★

20 COLORFUL PORTS

(Shore excursions arranged by American Express Co.)

Madeira
Casablanca
Gibraltar
Algiers
Naples
Alexandria
Beirut
Haifa
Rhodes
Istanbul
Piraeus
Kotor
Dubrovnik
Venice
Messina
Genoa
Cannes
Palma
Barcelona
Lisbon

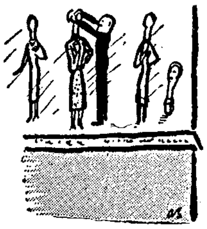
See your Travel Agent or

AMERICAN EXPORT LINES

39 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

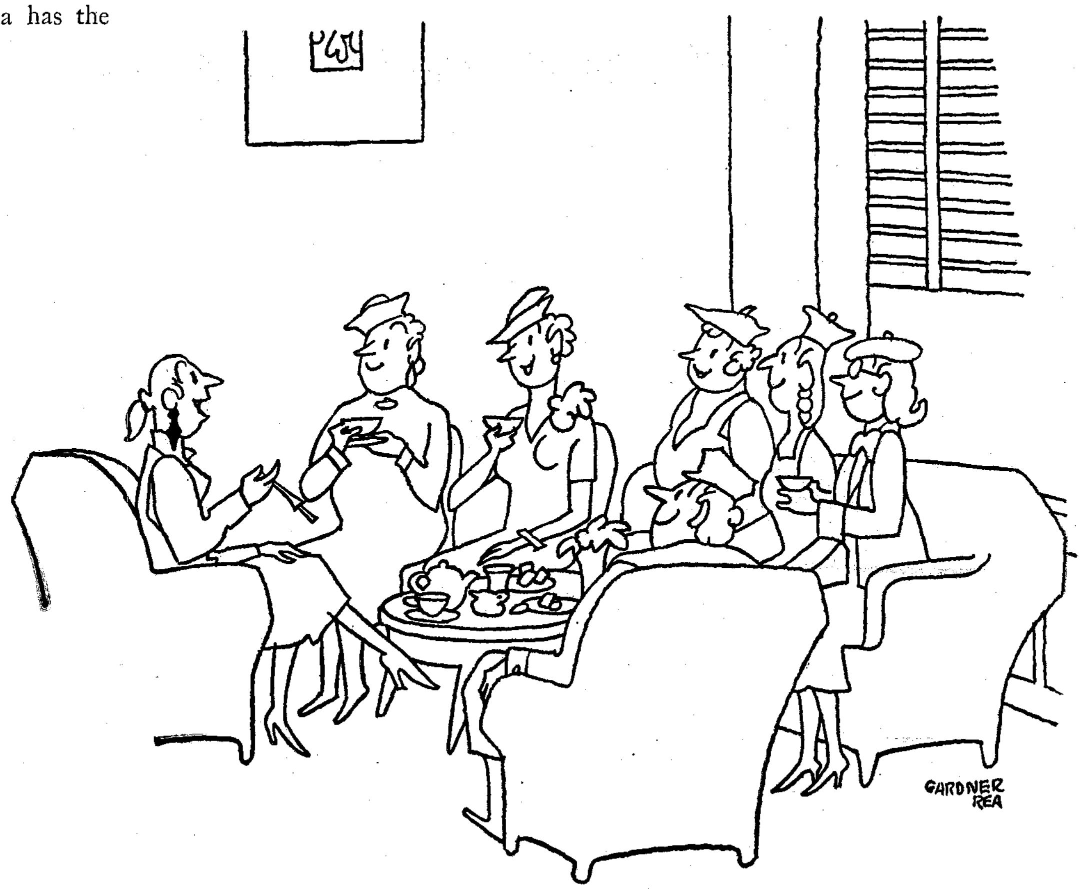
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



FASHION being the constantly evolutionary thing it is, a change is always hovering over us. For some time now it has been the elongated-torso look—an unencumbered sweep from a high bosom to the hipline—and Dior's pouncing upon it so wholeheartedly can be no more than a minor surprise. After all, before any of the new Paris collections were shown anywhere, most of our own high-style houses, both custom and ready-to-wear, had noticeably lowered the waistline not only in the back (*that's* been going on for many seasons) but all around. For example, Bergdorf Goodman and others have been flirting with *grand-luxe* middy blouses for a considerable period, and long-torso princesse seaming is certainly not news even to those who have never seen a Trigère dress. But it seems to take the dash and daring of the French couture, particularly the driving force of someone like Dior, to get a new departure past the finish line and into the winner's circle. America has the talent to translate the most startling notion into thoroughly wearable clothes in no time at all, but the enduring Parisian lore of adventure gives the imported ones a special spice, even when they are diluted a little when they're copied here.

The main shocker of the Paris shows was, of course, the new Dior bustline, which is flattened a trifle and raised an inch and a half or more, to make the elongated look as elongated as possible. It suggests the silhouettes of early Egyptian or Minoan figurines without, however, suggesting the below-the-waist rigidity that is associated with them. To enhance this tallness, Dior has cut his armholes very high and tight and has made his set-in sleeves flip up at the tips of the shoulders. Mainbocher is another who is in favor of the lofty armhole. The American woman, though, will probably resist it, at least for a while; she's used to ease under the arms. Below, the new clothes sometimes have a long-drawn-out, easy curve down the torso—a curve visible at its best in Dior's gray herringbone jackets of riding-habit length, worn over skinny tweed dresses. (Bergdorf Goodman took these to its corporate heart, and many others followed suit.) Or the torso can be lusciously curved indeed down to the hips, where a sash is twisted and draped, occasionally so low that the skirt seems to be falling off—an effect sure to catch the eye. Bendel has satin versions, ready-to-wear, of Dior's cocktail and dance dresses with the high, straight-across necks and short shoulder straps that are so reminiscent of the twenties; Hattie Carnegie has made all manner of covered-up dresses for afternoon and evening, with hipline sashes that may consist of a twist of mink and satin above a series of gathers or pleats; Bergdorf has Dior's middy-blouse dresses, slightly fitted, and protruding at the hips, where there are big, faintly clumsy box pleats. A softer approach to this last type of line is no one's special property—an easy curve down the body of a dress and a slanting outward at the hips, and the top occasionally slashed along the hem. It suggests the jerkins of the pageboys in "Prince Valiant." Not only Dior but Mainbocher, Hattie Carnegie, Balenciaga, and others like this line, sometimes for dance dresses, sometimes for suits, sometimes for two-piece dresses with jackets over them. The coats in all the collections from both sides of the water are magnificent, and the big, boxy, enveloping type is high in popularity. But the tapering, cocoon sort of thing looks much more enticing to me, and Dior again walks away with the top honors, because of his contributions in fleece—slightly barrel-shape, buttoning all the way down, and equipped with very low flap pockets. They have little notched revers or soft drapery coming around from the back of the neck and down each side of the neckline in front. And since long slenderness is back in style, long, slender dresses for formal wear are back in the shops. Bouffant ball gowns will always be with us, I guess, but they're rather



"Now, has anyone anything else she wants to say before we start talking French?"

JOSEPH LEVINE conducting the

BALLET THEATRE ORCHESTRA

Great Artists of Our Time

on CAPITOL RECORDS
in Full Dimensional Sound

JOSEPH H. KITCHIN *Cedar Rapids Gazette*
"Trained and perfected in their art, these players present the music as the foundation of the dance rather than as a concert performance. Even through the phonograph speaker, the poetry and drama of motion are clearly defined in these recordings."

MAXINE CUSHING GRAY
Seattle Post Intelligencer
"Definitive performances of Chopin's 'Les Sylphides,' which restores the poetry sometimes mislaid by touring companies... 'Princess Aurora'... sweeping and grandiose..."

CHOPIN: Les Sylphides
TCHAIKOVSKY: Princess Aurora P-8193

CHOPIN
Les Sylphides
Capitol
BALLET THEATRE ORCHESTRA
Conducted by JOSEPH LEVINE
TCHAIKOVSKY
Princess Aurora

ANTHONY LEWIS
Washington News
"Two of the best modern ballet scores are given crisp, accented performances and top hi-fi recording."

AARON COPLAND: Billy The Kid
WILLIAM SCHUMAN: Undertow P-8238

Capitol
AARON COPLAND
Billy the Kid
undertow
BALLET THEATRE

Commemorating Ballet Theatre's Fifteenth Anniversary

ANTHEIL: Capital of the World
(Solo Dance by Roy Fitzell)
BANFIELD: The Combat P-8278

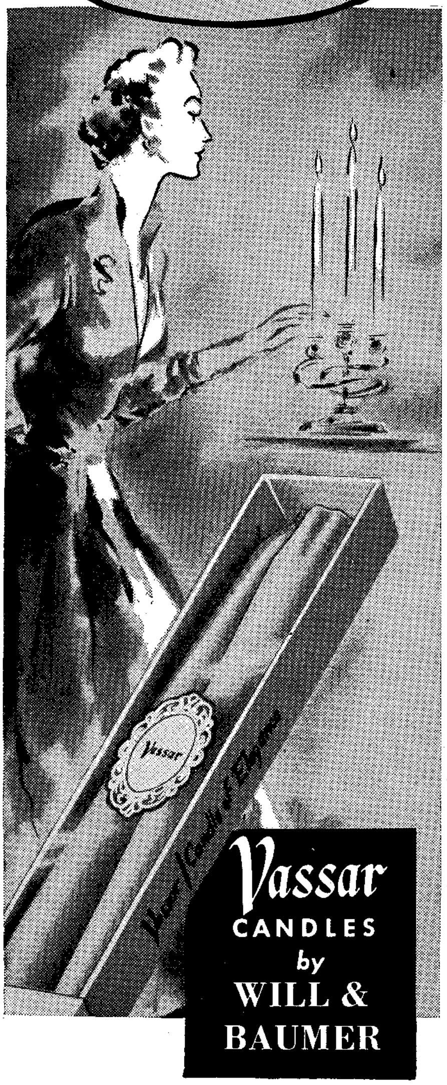
OFFENBACH: Suite from Bluebeard
Suite from Helen of Troy P-8277

FDS

Incomparable High Fidelity
in Full Dimensional Sound

Capitol
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
RECORDS

A Shining Example of Perfect Taste . . .


Vassar
Vassar CANDLES by WILL & BAUMER

Whatever the occasion . . .
whatever the setting . . . they
touch it with a special grace.
With ILLUSION: You looking as
if you were wrapped in a
dream! Familiar and beautiful
possessions shining with the
golden lustre of background,
traditions, and atmosphere.
They wield the magic of
the candlemaker's art
. . . the sorcery of America's
most urbane and
stately candle
—VASSAR by Will
& Baumer.

• **Order VASSAR Candles from your favorite department, luxury food store, housewares store or florist.**

WILL & BAUMER
CANDLE COMPANY, INC.
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

A Century of Candlemaking Craftsmanship

obvious; I love the easy grace of the slimmer ones.

IT is time, though, to start ambling through the many superlative custom collections around town. At Hattie Carnegie, the suit is still supreme, and it shows up in any number of fuzzy finished tweeds, soft brushed wools, jerseys, and so on, with straight skirts and slightly long, slightly fitted jackets—no extremes, just the nonchalant, underplayed Carnegie look, and no two collars alike. One suit of fuzzy green tweed is trimmed with ermine, and with it goes a long, molded jersey overblouse. This is not an unusual situation, for Carnegie loves to make sets of jersey—turban-caps, blouses, and gloves—to go with her suits. The aforementioned jerkins turn up here. One is part of a three-piece dress of red wool with a zipper down the back and a longish overjacket, curved inward a bit at the waist. (The typical nipped-in, short-jacketed Carnegie suit is around, too, though, let it be said.) There are straight, skinny coats in tawny colors; for instance, one of brushed blond fleece with a huge shawl collar of palomino-dyed fox. Fur is all over the premises, here and elsewhere. A fitted evening coat of gold-shot taupe brocade gets a shawl collar of Russian sable extending to the waist; a coat of black tapestry silk with a pattern of white medallions on it is lined with black seal and edged with white ermine. And there are lots of little ermine ascots and caps, to say nothing of detachable fur collars for suits.

IN Bergdorf Goodman's comprehensive collection of French clothes (eighty items in all, and many of them to be seen solely in this shop) is Dior's slender formal dress of pink satin with drapery starting at the hips and ending in a bow low on the side front. This one flaunts that high, straight-across, slightly flattened, short-shoulder-strap neckline. There are many, many beautiful Balenciagas. One is a suit of pepper-and-salt tweed, the jacket semi-fitted and hipbone-length in front but drooping somewhat in back. This is topped by a huge Quaker collar (Paris calls it the "tent" collar, and some examples of it are so tall and deep and generally overwhelming that the mannequins look completely smothered). Another is a double-breasted, oblong coat of black corduroy, with low pockets. Some of the *jeune-fille* dresses here are bouffant but, as a surprise, entirely covered with lace; Nina Ricci's dance

Three exclusive Jensen designs.
Wreath or Xmas candle motif
on Crane's red and gold bordered
card. Red tissue lined envelope.
Individually engraved copper plate
with two line greeting and name.
100, **$29.** Greeting only
without name, 100, **$20.**
Crane's red bordered note paper
for thank-yous, invitations etc.
50 sheets, 50 envelopes, **$6.60.**

WRITE FOR OUR
CHRISTMAS CARD FOLDER
MAIL AND PHONE ORDERS—PL 1-2400
GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Ave. at 53rd St., New York 22

SNUG AS A BUG in an EASYBABY

THE PERFECT BABY PRESENT

Here is a pediatrician approved Cradle Chair designed to elevate and yet support the smallest baby. EasyBaby brings the new member into the family circle and offers a welcome change of position. An ideal way to keep the baby happy and secure at his mother's side: about the house, traveling, visiting. Solves the problem of pre-highchair feeding. Sturdy wood construction — enamel finish. Shipped fully assembled, complete with plastic mattress, safety strap and easy-carry handholes. Postpaid $10.00 anywhere in U. S. Send check or money order. Choice of pink or blue.

EASYBABY CO., Box 391, Orchard Park, N. Y.

Lamp Shades

WARD and ROME

63 E. 57th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

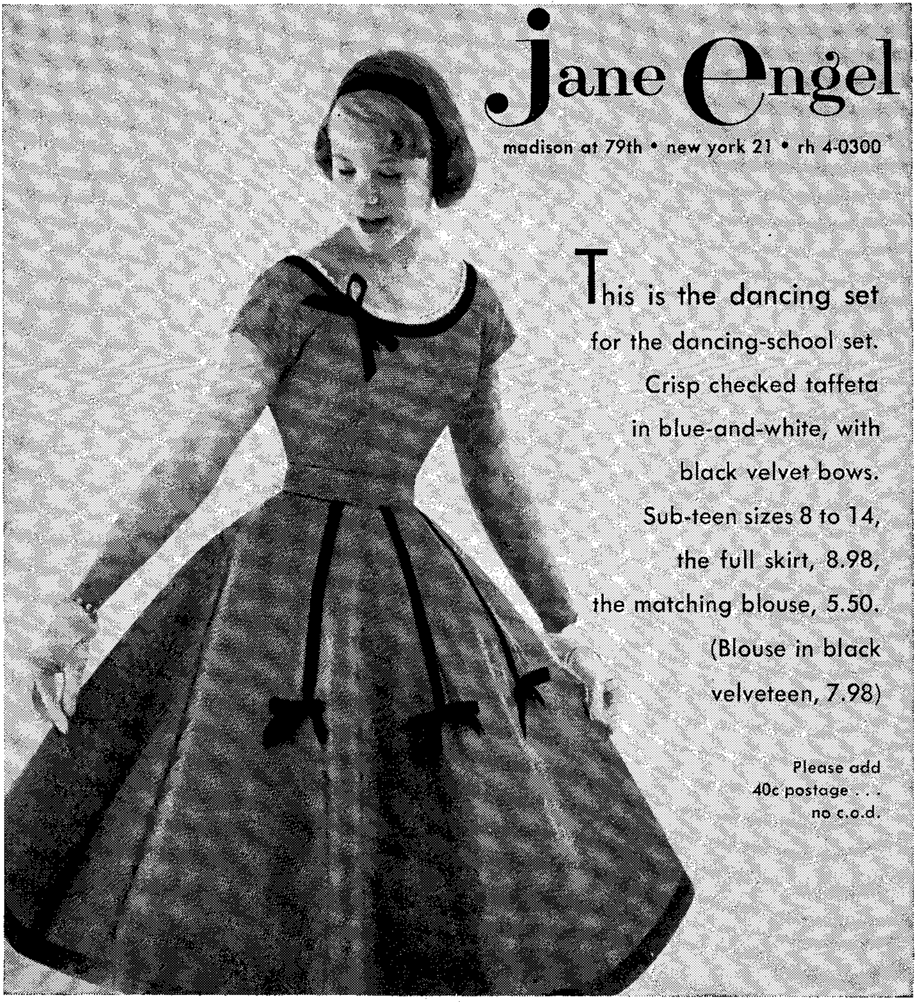
dress of pale-blue net and taffeta is all traceries of gray lace, and Heim's dance dress is all brown lace over white satin. Black wool suits by Fath involve big cape collars with a pink rose nestled in the folds, and a black lace fichu goes inside the neckline. Several Italian houses are represented at Bergdorf, among them Simonetta, whose full-length formal dress of black faille has appliquéd black velvet spokes radiating outward on the skirt. Bergdorf's own custom clothes are also inclined toward the lowered beltline; a perfect ensemble by Leslie Morris is a coat of brown, gray, and black tweed, buttoned straight to the hips and with gathers below the belt in back, plus a gray wool jumper dress with black wool sleeves. For evening, there's a black crêpe sheath with a bateau neck and a reminder of the Charleston—it's covered with black jet embroidery down to the hips and rows of fringe from there on. This one is quite a contrast to Gleason's elegant and slim formal dress of purple faille with a fishtail train in back below the deep V décolletage.

BONWIT TELLER's custom salon presents a selection of Paris clothes that are the epitome of ladylike persuasion. Prominent is Fath's jacket of soft gray herringbone tweed, with the huge turnover collar that is his trademark and an inverted pleat all the way down the back that results in a bloused top and an outward flip to the peplum. Pretty, round-skirted cocktail dresses abound. One of Maggy Rouff's is of black matelassé satin brocade, and one by Bonwit's own designer, Yanni Evangelides, is of oyster satin. This has an oval neck and cap sleeves, and the roundness of the skirt is achieved by large, economy-size cartridge pleats below the deeply indented waistline. Everything here is charming, and the ball gowns, whether French or American, are something special. Fath has done one of turquoise velvet that sweeps out in back. It begins with a strapless, flattish bandeau top (Dior, obviously, is not the only designer who thinks that the *poitrine* should now be subdued) and a fichu of velvet banded with white satin that descends to the waist. A Balenciaga ball gown is of black faille taffeta. This is a sheath in front, but in back a bow on the buttocks releases gathered fullness below. A big stole of red velvet finishes this off. Evangelides makes graceful, simple stuff—a white faille dress with a longish fitted waist and clusters of huge inverted pleats that add importance to the skirt; an

Fredrica

"BOA CAPRICE"... FREDRICA'S FLOWING SWIRL OF MAUVE-MIST
NORWEGIAN BLUE FOX... SMARTEST FOX OF THEM ALL $195*
AT FINE RETAILERS OR WRITE FREDRICA, 345 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

*PLUS TAX



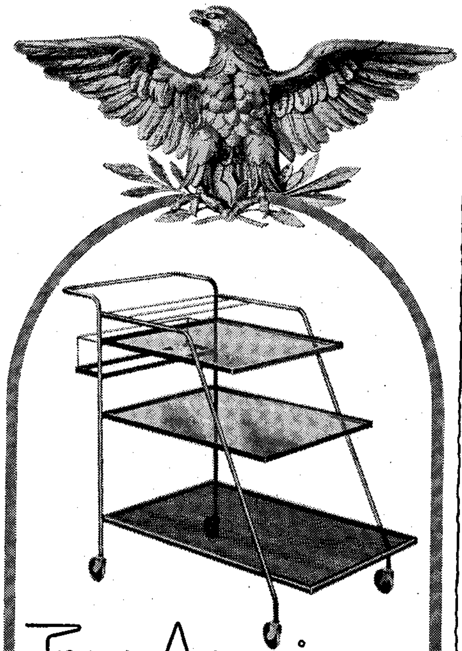
Jane Engel
madison at 79th • new york 21 • rh 4-0300

This is the dancing set
for the dancing-school set.
Crisp checked taffeta
in blue-and-white, with
black velvet bows.
Sub-teen sizes 8 to 14,
the full skirt, 8.98,
the matching blouse, 5.50.
(Blouse in black
velveteen, 7.98)

Please add
40c postage . . .
no c.o.d.

apricot taffeta, all horizontal tucks from the strapless top to the hips, and then vast fullness from there on down; a gray-blue chiffon with a full skirt that is horizontally corded to give it body. An unusual color combination of his is dark gray and yellow re-embroidered lace over olive satin to make a beautiful evening sheath. He, too, reverts to the hey-hey twenties mood with two sheaths that are all horizontal bugles and occasional appliquéd pink roses. One is charcoal, one is white; both are sleeveless, both have bateau necks. They really turn back the clock, these two.

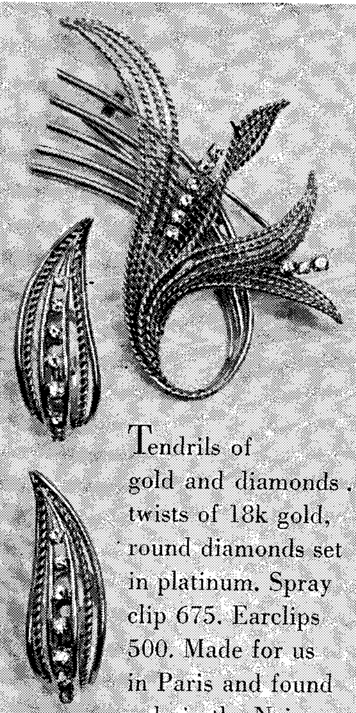
MAINBOCHER is always Mainbocher, and who wouldn't like to be in his shoes? There is a sweater look to his tops (often he uses actual sweaters to get it; a long-torso top of a hand-woven pink material that resembles cashmere is attached to a gray skirt of the same fabric), there are rows and rows of pearls, and there is a gentle nudging rather than an aggressive shoving toward any new line. His worldly customers, it seems, need a sense of security. He approves of what he calls "the look of a long, healthy stretch" through the torso. Lots of his dresses have small matching belts that start fairly low in front and curve down even deeper in back through string loops, or else the deep, curved line there is accented by inset bands. The coats here are outstanding in a town that is full this season of good ones. Mainbocher's are likely to be straight and loose-backed; a row of buttons generally goes from the coccyx down the center back, and many more buttons prance around the front. A coat of this sort, of purplish navy wool, ends in a huge nutria scarf that is pulled through a self loop at the throat; another coat is buttoned snugly down the front, but big, straight side panels give it the look of a coat dress with another coat worn over it. Among the fur-lined coats is a beauty of natural linen with buttoned tab detail down the side seams and down the center back below the waist. It's lined with black beaver, and one of black peau de soie is lined with sheared blond beaver. His long, slender evening dresses are stunning. Tan shantung makes a tubular effort, with self bands crossed and wrapped around the hips, where they stick out a bit; the bands at the neck are stitched down. A navy satin has a high neck, short sleeves, and drapery that goes around the hips, Little Egyptwise, and then flares into a side panel that reaches the



Troy-Americana

475 TRAY CART: black Bonderized steel accented by brass casters; clear glass and metal mesh shelves; sold in furniture and department stores, and through decorators; about $60. Send 10c in coin only to Troy 5, Ohio, for booklet on casual decorating.

THE TROY SUNSHADE COMPANY
ONE PARK AVENUE, N. Y. • TROY 5, OHIO



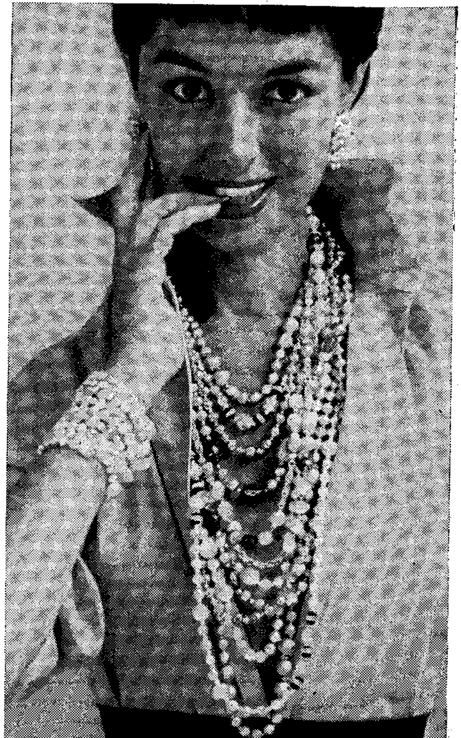
Tendrils of gold and diamonds . . . twists of 18k gold, round diamonds set in platinum. Spray clip 675. Earclips 500. Made for us in Paris and found only in the Neiman Marcus collection of Precious Jewels.
Prices include tax.

Neiman-Marcus
DALLAS

n-m furs go everywhere!

Whether you live in Boston, Seattle, or points between, just make an appointment, and our fur experts will be right at your doorstep with a selection of fine furs. Last year they covered over 80,000 miles and 42 cities showing famous Neiman-Marcus furs.

Neiman-Marcus
RIVERSIDE 6911
DALLAS



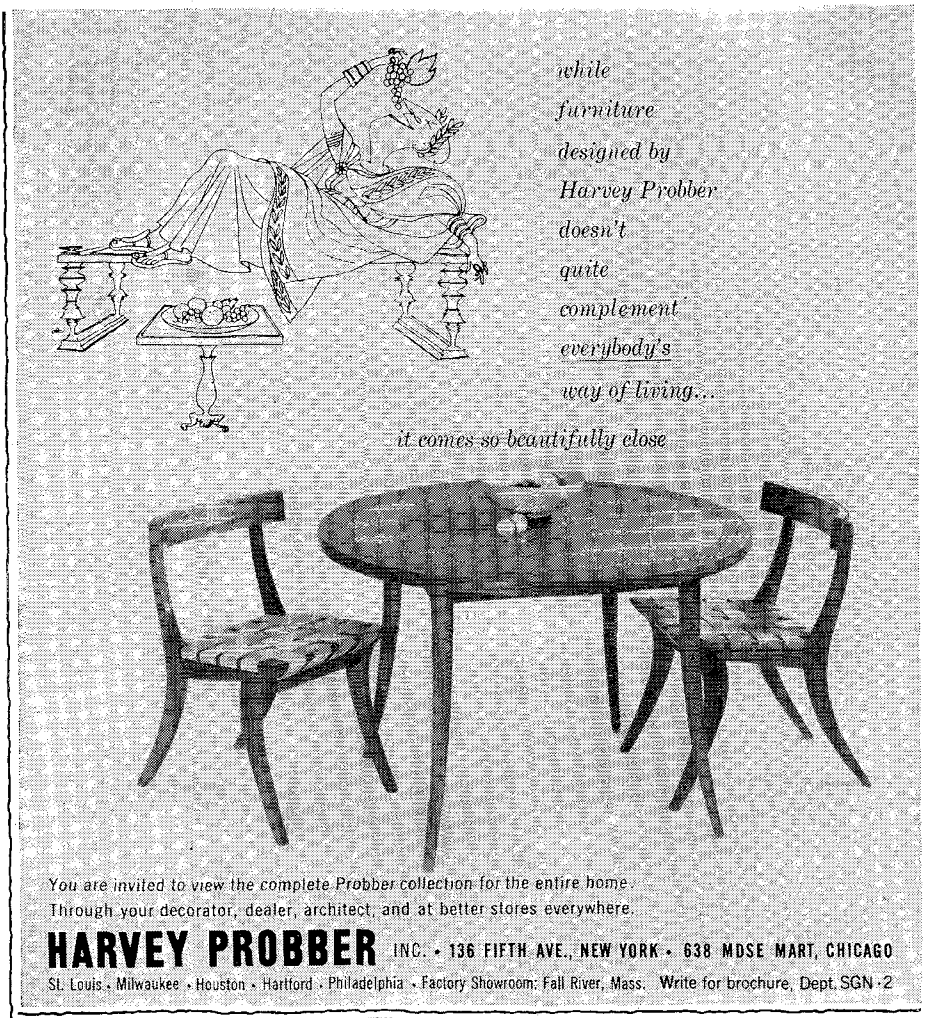
Marvella®
MAKES YOU LOVELIER

SIMULATED PEARL ROPES FROM $5 TO $50 PLUS TAX
AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

red flecks has an allover shimmer like the scales of a minnow. These, and many more extravagant beauties, are all custom.

QUIET swank is the order of the day in Oldric Royce's custom salon, at 16 East 52nd Street. He is a stickler for fine detail, such as tucking that makes sea-shell shapes of the pockets on a long-torso cocktail dress of black ottoman. A tiny bolero goes with this, and the wide straps on the dress end in casual knots in front. Long-jacketed suits of olive-black wool have four buttons back of the knees (below which easy pleats are released) to match the double-breasted array of buttons where they properly belong. Fitted coats of black wool are made with high revers of black seal, and a black leather belt, cut to fit the outward curve of the hips, is run through loops. There is an imaginative use of color, too; a trailing formal dress of pink-and-white chiffon is shirred down to the hips, and there are pale-green panels at each side of a taupe center panel in back, as well as pale-pink ones flanking a white one in front.

IT is hard to be calm about the beautiful clothes of Muriel King, who is at Stein & Blaine. These are to order by size, and the operation requires a meticulous set of measurements and a lapse of two weeks. She does an artful job of the long, draped, sculptured torso (as long as any outside of Paris), and many of her things are made of fabrics I haven't seen elsewhere in the city. A reversible travelling coat is citron jersey on one side and tweed checked in white and banker's gray on the other. This one happens to be a tapering, barrel-shaped Chesterfield coat. Another tapering coat (it wraps, this time) is of honey, beige, white, black, and amber tweed, and it goes with an amber suit. A gray wool with a small black polka dot feels just like angora and looks two-piece, because of the elongated, draped middy treatment, which ends in a very low band in back. Then there is heavily ribbed ottoman faille, making a skinny black dress with a separate flat peplum that crosses and buttons well down in back to give a middy effect when you choose. As for short, slim dance dresses, one of pale Parma-violet satin with a high neck and crossed, pleated detail around the hips would be hard to beat. Next, satin in a warp print of green and violet leaves on a white ground descends in polonaise folds low in front but ascends to the natural waistline in back, above some fan pleating. And mauve,



while furniture designed by Harvey Probber doesn't quite complement everybody's way of living...

it comes so beautifully close

You are invited to view the complete Probber collection for the entire home.
Through your decorator, dealer, architect, and at better stores everywhere.

HARVEY PROBBER INC. • 136 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK • 638 MDSE MART, CHICAGO
St. Louis • Milwaukee • Houston • Hartford • Philadelphia • Factory Showroom: Fall River, Mass. Write for brochure, Dept. SGN-2

More than a million people must be right

When they choose their gift toys from the

FREE

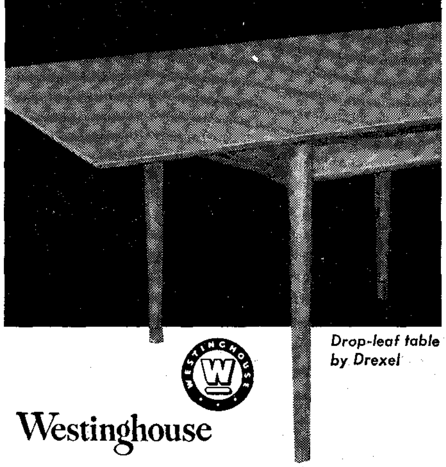
F. A. O. Schwarz Toy Catalog

Over 700 toys from the most famous, most complete toy store in the world. A pre-Christmas habit with families for generations, the annual F. A. O. Schwarz catalog is a fun-packed collection of the finest toys, including many you've never even dreamed existed. Many are imported and EXCLUSIVE with F.A.O. Schwarz. You'll find a wide selection in every price range. It's the sensible way to shop, too, so why not send for your FREE 1954 catalog today.

More value per dollar
More toys per square foot at
F.A.O. SCHWARZ
745 Fifth Avenue,
New York 22, N. Y.
Also: Boston; Washington, D. C.,
Ardmore, Pa.

Fill out and mail this coupon today!
F. A. O. SCHWARZ Dept. NY
745 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.
Please send me the 1954 FREE CATALOG
My Name Is ____________
Address ____________
City ____________ Zone ____________
State ____________

It "tops" the finest in furniture...



Drop-leaf table by Drexel

Westinghouse

micarta®

The MICARTA surface on this attractive table will remain bright and mar-free for years. MICARTA resists food and liquid stains, scuffs, scratches and burns. It wipes to a gleam with a damp cloth. Look for lovely, carefree MICARTA on the furniture you buy.

DISTRIBUTED BY UNITED STATES PLYWOOD CORPORATION AND U.S.-MENGEL PLYWOODS, INC.

Feed your dog like this Dash-fed champion

Champion Salilyn's King Arthur is kept in superb condition with the help of Dash. Your dog, too, deserves Dash. It's fortified with liver, richest of all meats, to help him *look* and *feel* his best.

FORTIFIED WITH LIVER
U.S.
Dash
ARMOUR DOG FOOD
WITH CHLOROPHYLLIN

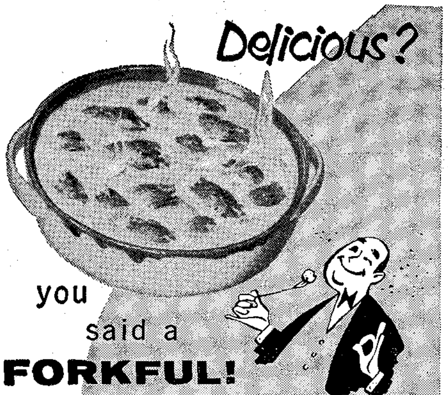
Dash is fortified with LIVER!

CONTAINS CHLOROPHYLLIN—STOPS DOGGY ODORS

pink, and gold satin brocade is converted into a full-length sheath that is wrapped around the hips; this drapery ends up by looping over itself in back to make a long sash train. All in all, these are clothes for women who expect to have a lovely time wherever they go; it is seldom that you see such a combination of elegance and drama anywhere but in France or Italy.

AT Bendel, everything is now ready-to-wear, and both Paris fashions and the establishment's own designs are produced in standard sizes. (The Bendel boutique offers French ready-to-wears, by the way—some very nice, some real scary. You won't see many duplicates of them around, though.) There are excellent examples of the work turned out by the Lanvin-Castillo atelier; one, a floor-length, slender brown chiffon, is decorated with a flattened bandeau satin top and bow. Bendel is also copying, in silk, the Lanvin-Castillo beige wool sheath dress whose tent collar is gathered all the way around. Variations on Balenciaga's semi-fitted suit, with notched edges around the hem and buttons just above it to indicate a low waistline, are here, too. Givenchy's slim, draped dance dress of white satin, with a self stole beaded with mink; Fath's princesse cocktail dress of black faille, with black satin bows framing the daring décolletage at each side of the black satin top; and Grès's wool sheath with black taffeta swathed around the body have also put in an appearance. Among the Bendel originals is a tailleur of black wool with satin set in on the front of the bodice. A gray box suit has a turnover collar, and slanting bands make pocket detail down the ribs. One of the ball gowns is a mahogany satin sheath with fullness in back and a jacket that is just sleeves in front but blouses and dips in back.

MORE de-luxe ready-to-wear: Irene, at Gunther Jaeckel, is making some fascinating daytime sets. A notable one starts off with a suit that has a vest front of wool in vertical dark- and light-gray stripes, plus a back and a narrow skirt of plain black. Very trim, this, with its set-in sleeves and all. Over it can go a straight coat with much wider stripes (more than an inch); this has plain revers, a deep vent in back, and a tailored, mannish look. The whole thing is pretty wonderful. Another set is a gray wool dress, buttoned way below the belt, surmounted by a striped brown-and-gray straight coat with raglan sleeves and up-and-



Delicious? you said a FORKFUL!

it's **KING CRAB MEAT**

Don't miss the thrill of Wakefield's King Crab Meat. It's a modern miracle of seafood enjoyment! Frozen aboard ship, as fresh and deliciously flavorful as the moment it was caught. Try it, today!

WAKEFIELD'S
Ocean Frosted
ALASKA
KING CRAB
MEAT

Look for this package in your grocer's frozen food cabinet

WAKEFIELD'S
FROZEN ALASKA
KING CRAB MEAT

WAKEFIELD'S, INC.
220 East 42nd Street
New York 17, N. Y.

NOW! Duncan Hines BRINGS YOU COFFEE WITHOUT BOILING

Wonderful drip coffee at savings up to 30% with the beautiful **DUNCAN HINES JET-O-MAT COFFEEMAKER.** 3 to 10 cup capacity. Fits any cupboard. Easy to clean! Fully automatic. Safe—protective handle liner and "lock-on" cover.

At your dealer or write Jet-O-Mat, Inc.
2903 Emerson South, Minneapolis 8, Minn.

HANDWOVEN TIES

Handsome, zephyr weight, tweedy. Diamond duo-tone, choice: charcoal, maroon, brown, blue, gold.

VIRGIN WOOL

PPD.
$1.85 ea.
3 for $5.

Ask for color chart, catalog.

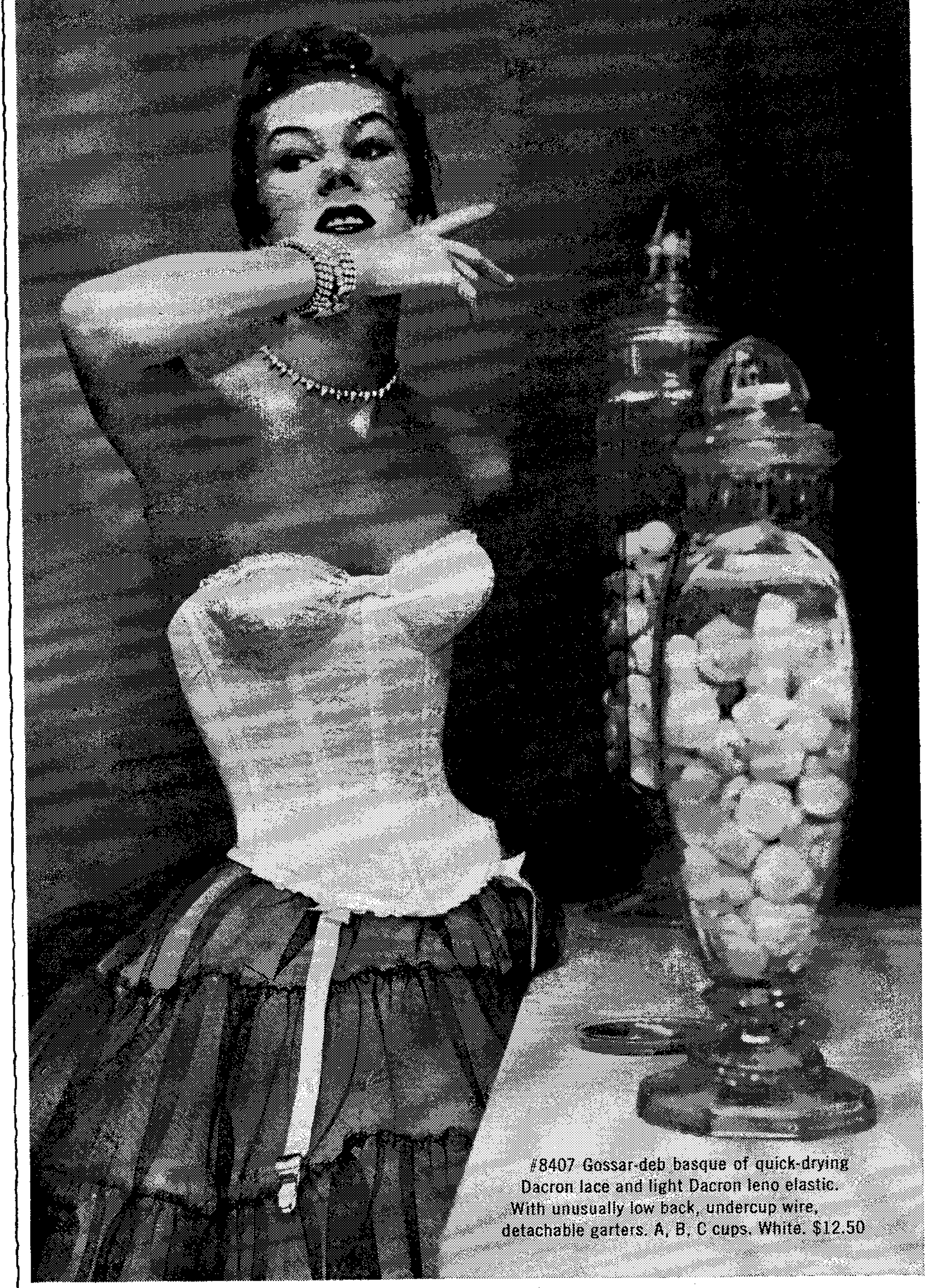
THE SANTA FE MART
Box 2010 Santa Fe 4, N. M.

floor. A long-sleeved black crêpe, cut for walking despite its slimness, is embellished with Mainbocher's pet tricks—changeable aprons, bows, and sashes. This salon, in short, is a serene and untroubled oasis in a dusty old world.

AND, speaking of being oneself, Sophie is always adamantly Sophie, hewing to her own special neat ideas about custom clothes. Her fall collection, done in collaboration with Steve Erklin, is on view at Saks Fifth Avenue. She admires snug tops, natural waistlines (there are no wayward hips around *here*), and a sports-clothes air whether she uses iridescent wools, sheer tweeds, brocades, or embroidered and glittering evening fabrics. Quantities of cashmere sweaters serve as shrug jackets with both daytime and formal clothes. A sheer gray flannel dress is paired with a lighter-gray sweater bearing a darker applied geometric design. Suits are given hip-length, fitted jackets that often end in casual, open-at-the-neck shirtwaist collars; this is true of a dirty-green tweed with the bow on the grape taffeta blouse nesting in the V décolletage. Sophie is especially enthusiastic about buttons, buttons, and still more buttons. Many of her suits and day dresses have little bone circles up the outside of the sleeves almost to the elbows. Buttons also emphasize her skirt seams or hold down the pleating of her skirts; this happens to a long-sleeved sheath of gray flannel whose fan pleats at the knees are pinned down by a cluster of four buttons forming a tiny hollow square. As always, Sophie's formal evening clothes are perfection. They're usually done with covered tops. A ball gown of black velvet has elbow sleeves, and

The bonbon of all miracle confections
DACRON LACE
in a sweet series of strapless Gossards

Here's a thrilling new experience for you: the exquisite look of Dacron lace stays crisp and white for keeps! And Dacron shapes you so comfortably—remains blissfully wrinkle-free. This latest fetching fashion from Gossard comes in the basque and matching combination, uplift, Longerlyne uplift.



#8407 Gossar-deb basque of quick-drying Dacron lace and light Dacron leno elastic. With unusually low back, undercup wire, detachable garters. A, B, C cups. White. $12.50

Gossard
youthful Line of Beauty

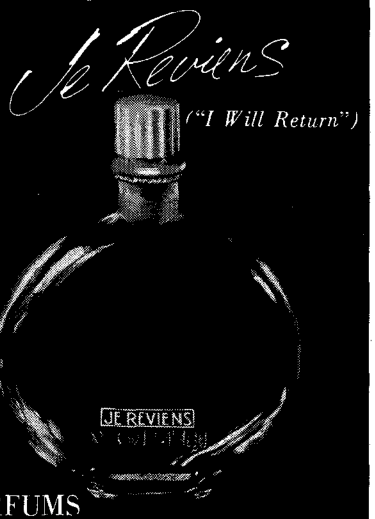
at leading stores and shops
or write us, we'll tell you where

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., 111 N. CANAL ST., CHICAGO 6 • New York • San Francisco • Atlanta • Dallas • Toronto

the wide band of white peau de soie around the hips matches the swashbuckling full-length coat of the same material in white. A strapless dress of pink satin is splashed with pale-green and mauve-wisteria embroidery, very Japanesy and fragile and lovely. Floor-length sheaths may be given butterfly bows or bustles or fantail trains in back; some, of purple-and-green satin brocade, sport demure cap sleeves.

To complement these goodies, Tatiana du Plessix, who operates on these premises, makes suitable hats to order, such as gamine caps of beaver plush with tiny visors smashed to one side (to wear with tweeds) and deep caps, with arched brims in front, of angora jersey with a Paisley design (to wear with flannels and jerseys). For any sort of tailored clothes, she has done a ruffled cloche with a small brim, shown in ciel-blue velours with black grosgrain diamonds on the crown and a rust ribbon band. For cocktails or the theatre, there are her Initial hats—each one a letter of the alphabet large enough to cover a fair portion of the head, made of velvet, beaded taffeta, fur, or whatever, to be put any which way on the hair. And for mink-trimmed costumes she has come up with (to mention one) a tilted band of the fur in front of a deep cap of black reëmbroidered lace.

ELIZABETH ARDEN's Count Sarmi is another expert at long coats with tapering lines; witness a masterpiece of black wool with a band of mink going around the collar and crossing over to the hollow of one shoulder, then descending to the hem. This is worn over a tubular dress of black wool with brown satin ribbon encircling the neckline and the hips. He puts an adroit, graceful middy band around the hips of slender dresses; one is a skirt and band of dark-navy wool and a willowy top of the same wool, to which white polka dots have been added. And a coat of old-fashioned brown velours de laine presents the type of collar that is Sarmi's favorite this season—draped from widish shoulders to a buckle at the front of the collarbone. A two-inch belt of matching suède emerges low in back and again in front, where it fastens. The deep V neck of a brown wool dress is casually filled in with black satin, and a black satin middy band goes around the hips. (Me, I'm a sucker for black-and-brown combinations, and so is the Count.) Lamé tweed is the material he uses for cocktail dresses and accompanying jackets; a pale-gray tweed with



THE FINEST FROM FRANCE
a perfume classic in the original Lalique presentations!
PARFUMS
WORTH
Paris
Also in DANS LA NUIT & REQUÊTE
perfumes from $40 to $3
eau de colognes from $10 to $3.50
bath oil, 1 oz. $5 — ½ oz. $3
talc, 4 oz. $3 *(prices plus tax)*
Available at
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, DETROIT, BEVERLY HILLS

Voila!
It'll taste *better* with
ESCOFFIER SAUCE!
Unquestionably the world's finest sauce—the most expensive—and *worth* it! Created by the world-renowned chef, A. Escoffier.
SAUCE DIABLE—Piquant, sharp and zesty . . . does wonders for fish and meat!
SAUCE ROBERT—uniquely spicy yet smooth . . . a must for steaks, chops and poultry.
SAUCE MELBA—the *heart* of fresh raspberries . . . a wonderfully rich dessert sauce.
Imported from England.
Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc. IMPORTERS SINCE 1877 New York

The Escoffier Sauce Diable

PLUMMER'S CHRISTMAS TREE
One of the best loved of all patterns—PLUMMER'S CHRISTMAS TREE, beautifully reproduced on a choice of most wanted selections. The tree, laden with gifts, is in natural green with colorful decorations. A green rim frames Christmas Tree Dinner Plates, doz. $27.00; Tea Cups and Saucers, doz. $32.00. Additional pieces from full open stock. Christmas Tree Hiball (at left), doz. $15.00.
Christmas Candle Glass, exclusive with Plummer. On one side bright candles, holly leaves and berries; on the other, provocative mistletoe. Gold edge. Hiballs, doz. $13.50. Beautiful Crystal Hiball Stirrers or Old Fashioned Muddlers, mounted with 3-dimensional Christmas Tree in glowing colors surmounted by gold star. Stirrers, 7½ ins. long; Muddlers 5½ ins. Choice, packed 12 in box, $9.00.
Send for FREE Gift Catalogue
Mail Orders Filled
Plummer LTD
734 Fifth Ave., at 57th St., N. Y. C.

Gifts For All Occasions
GAY CANDY PACKAGE. One of a selection of many Alice Marks exclusive candies, trimmed with flowers and satin ribbon. $12.50
Other packages from $6.50
CRYSTAL JAM URN. Filled with Alice Marks special jams and jellies. Decorated with grapes or flowers and satin ribbon. $8.00
Parcel Post Not Included
Alice H. Marks
18 East 53 St., New York 22, N. Y.

NEW YORK'S MOST EXCLUSIVE HOTEL RESIDENCE FOR YOUNG WOMEN
The Barbizon
If you are seeking a career in New York, you will appreciate The Barbizon. Music studios. Social activities. Sun deck, swimming pool, radios. Coffee shop. From $3.75 daily. Weekly on application. Write for booklet N.
Lexington Ave. at 63rd St., New York

down pockets below the hips. Women who love Irene's suits but worry about her long-waisted jackets will be glad to know that she is now also making ready-to-wear suits in what are laughingly termed "custom" sizes, the important thing being that these sizes are planned for women who are a bit short between shoulder and waistline. There are lovely, casual, easy dresses of the old Vionnet type (might as well revive her, too) that have V necks, contour self belts tying in a bow, and the like. A shirtwaist dinner dress is just beautiful—big, dull polka dots on black satin, and cutouts of the polka dots making scalloped detail down the front. There's fantail fullness toward the back.... Bernard Newman, of Bergdorf Goodman, likes "suit dresses"—two-piece affairs that have a way of seeming one-piece. A waist-length jacket with a little velvet collar and self buttons is made of wool in a fine black-and-white check. A small tab comes sidewise from the bottom to button onto the skirt.... Jay Thorpe's Howard Greer still does above-the-bridge-table allure (such as lacy brassière detail filling in a deep oval neckline) and is a master at trimming down the midriff. For tailored clothes, he has come around to polonaise drapery, which he puts low on the hips of a dress with a top of black-and-white checked wool; the drapery and the slender skirt are plain black.

IT must be clear that I think the French clothes this fall are not far short of inspiration, but I can't say much for the new French hats I've seen. Mostly, they look like something you might have lifted off a tray of *petits fours*, *profiteroles*, and napoleons and stuck somewhere on your head with a bit of Duco cement. Very, very cute, but I maintain that they just aren't Millinery. —LOIS LONG

•

Somehow one's mind slips back to Edmund Wilson's "I Remember Daisy," another story of Greenwich Villagers and smart Manhattanites.—*Margaret Parton in the Herald Tribune.*

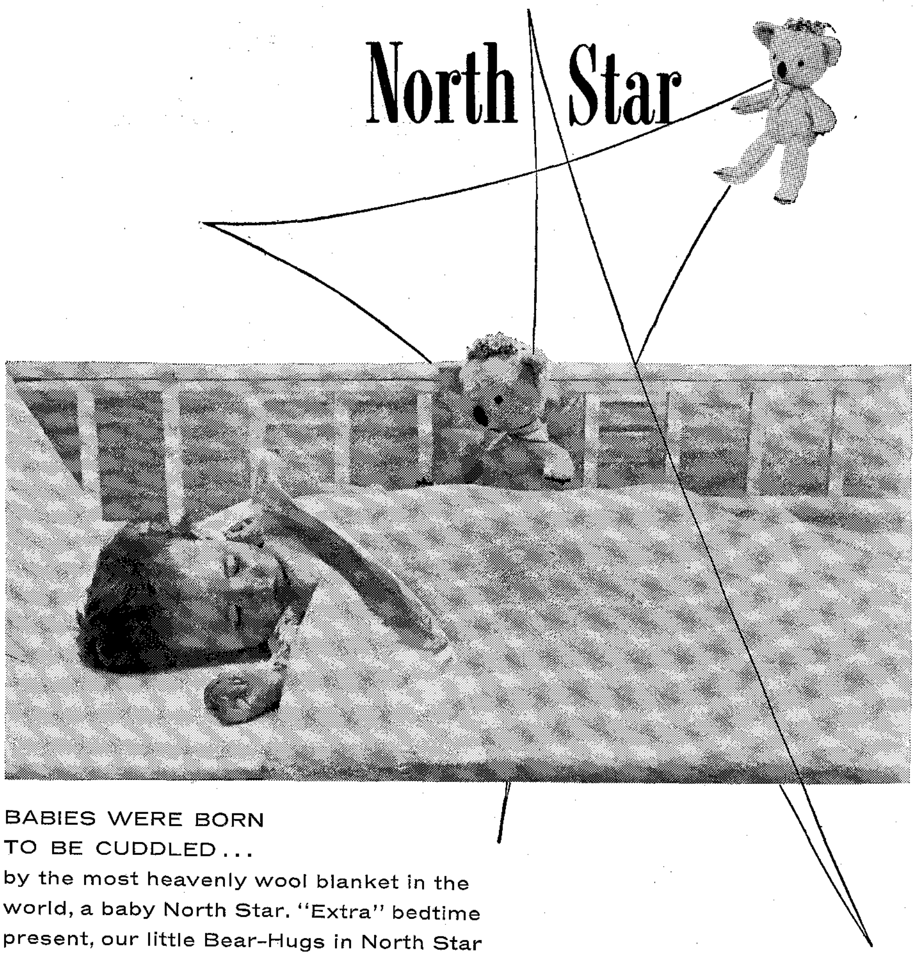
Wasn't it called "I Thought of Mama"?

•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

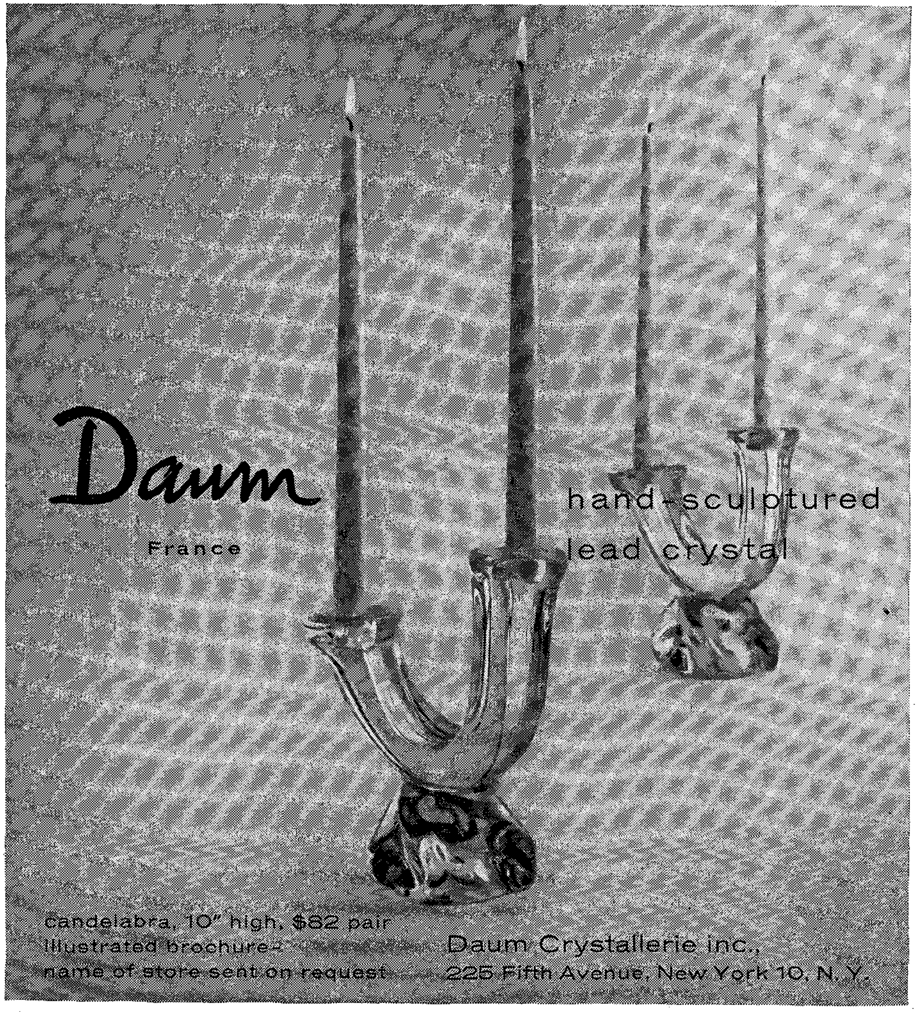
FACTS ON FILE, INC.
516 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 18, N.Y.

DEAR FACTS ON FILE SUBSCRIBER:
This is *FACTS ON FILE'S* Frustrate Frustration Week! When you...



BABIES WERE BORN
TO BE CUDDLED...
by the most heavenly wool blanket in the world, a baby North Star. "Extra" bedtime present, our little Bear-Hugs in North Star fleece. North Star Woolen Mill Co., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York.

BABY BLANKETS

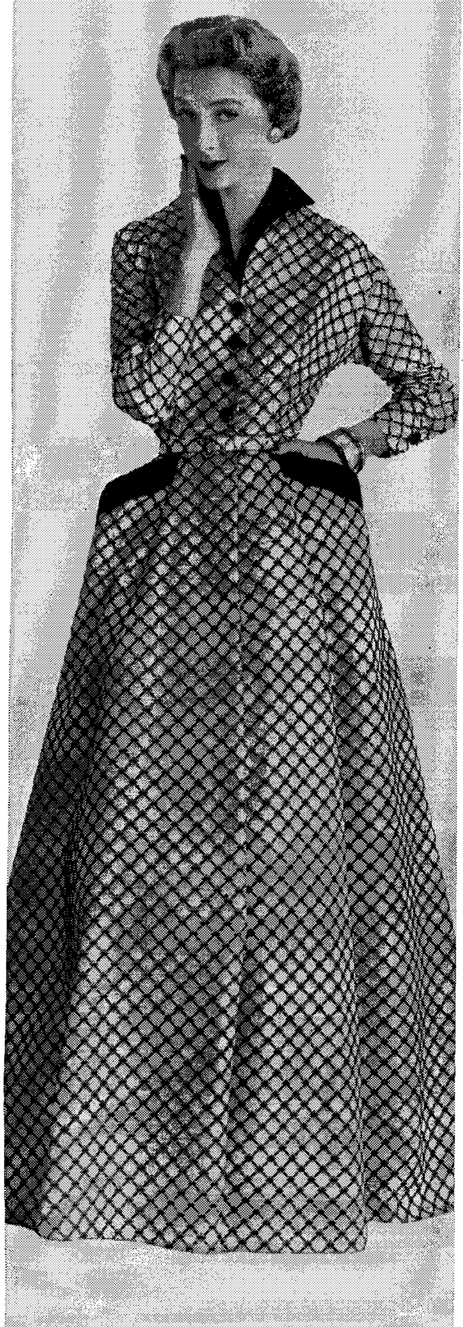


candelabra, 10" high, $82 pair
illustrated brochure—
name of store sent on request

Daum Crystallerie inc.,
225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

jane engel

madison at 79th
new york 21
rh 4-0300

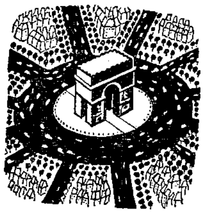


This is the holiday hostess...
the gracious gown for evenings at home.
Black velveteen and velvaray on
gold-flecked white faille taffeta.
Ours alone, sizes 10 to 18, at **19.95**

Write or phone, but please, no c.o.d.
Add 40c postage beyond delivery area.

LETTER FROM PARIS

SEPTEMBER 30



FRANCE and Premier Mendès-France both have a worrying spy case on their hands right now, just at a time when neither of them needs any more difficulties. *L'affaire de la trahison*, which began a week ago with the unexplained dismissal of *Commissaire* Jean Dides from the Paris Prefecture of Police in connection with security leaks to the Communist Party, has upset practically everybody in France except those anti-Mendès-France political parties and Paris newspapers that regard the perilous scandal merely as handy grist for their mills. Dides himself at first seemed to the angry public to be the guilty Communist spy, but within forty-eight hours—possibly because the public had had a glimpse of the intramural struggle for power among the various police secret services—he suddenly turned into a Gaullist anti-Communist martyr, who was only trying to catch the real traitor. No matter how anybody looks at *l'affaire*, though, it remains an astonishing, upsetting Communist spy-ring story, since the spying somehow or other took place in the palace of the President of the French Republic.

The almost incredible facts seem to be as follows: On June 28th, a gravely important meeting of the National Defense Committee was held, as customary, in a conference room in the Palais de l'Elysée, presided over by President René Coty and attended by Premier Mendès-France and twelve of his official family, among them General Pierre Kœnig, then National Defense Minister; François Mitterand, then and now Minister of the Interior, which controls the French police; Diomède Catroux, Secretary for Air; various other Ministers, generals, and State Secretaries; and two stenographers—one for the government and one for the Defense Committee—who alone of all the people present are ever allowed to take notes on what is said in the room. What they were all talking about, it is now known, was the desperate military situation in Indo-China, the plan not to defend the Tonkin delta, and the Premier's cease-fire plans for the Geneva Conference. A few days later (and here the plot thickens), the Minister for Tunisian and Moroccan Affairs—the Gaullist Christian Fouchet—told Mendès-France he possessed a résumé of those vitally secret talks, which had been treasonously prepared for the use of the French Communist Party, but, if one is to believe the Paris papers, he refused to tell his Premier who had given him this dangerous document. (This is one of the many points in *l'affaire* Dides at which the average spy-novel reader would impatiently ask "Why?" or "Why not?" and get no answer to either.) Anyhow, after Geneva, the Ministries of Defense and Interior were alerted, and secret police tapped the walls, ceiling, and floor of the Elysée Palace conference room and ripped out the radiators and heating pipes in a vain hunt for concealed microphones. On September 10th, another National Defense Committee meeting was held—same place, almost the same people, and same result, except that this time the résumé given the Communist Party was so complete as to be nearly textual. Last week, Dides was picked up by the police while leaving Minister Fouchet's Rue de Solférino office with a mimeographed copy of this secret document in his briefcase. Dides, who is apparently both an athletic and a suspicious ex-*Commissaire*, thought that the half-dozen plainclothes cops trying to arrest him were false policemen, and before he discovered they were real, he hit two of them so hard that they had to have their heads bandaged. He was grilled and not arrested and not explained and then released, all of which scandalized the public. The document from which his copy had been made was found in the home and in the handwriting of André Baranès, Parliamentary reporter for the pro-Communist morning paper *Libération*, which has since fired him. For years, Baranès has reportedly been not only a Communist stool pigeon for the police but a double agent. Dides evidently paid him, from mysterious secret-police funds, the luxurious monthly emolument of two hundred thousand francs, which Baranès promptly employed to back unlucky horses at the race tracks. Baranès has now seemingly disappeared from the face of the globe—another mystery. In an interview Dides gave the press after the police had temporarily grabbed him, he said it was merely by chance that he had dined the night before with "a colleague from the American Embassy," adding, "From this it was deduced that I was giving information to that Embassy. This is false." It is also puzzling, for no explanation of that evening meal has since

Carbon Glen in the Right Place

When is a man's wardrobe incomplete? When it's without a muted glen plaid. This Lebow Carbon Glen fills that lack admirably. A Courtley Worsted from England, Carbon Glen deftly combines Charcoal and Black to create a new gray. We've applied the same principle to blue and brown in the Carbon tone. No suit will ever make you happier. For name of store in your locality, write Lebow Bros., Inc., 200 Fifth Ave., New York 10.

The lady says "Yes"
Lebow
CLOTHES

PHOTO BY STEPHEN COLHOUN
SUIT BY PAULINE TRIGERE

The best after dinner speech...

"Which Cusenier will you have?"

Freezomint *(Creme de Menthe)* 60 proof
Blackberry, 60 proof Orange Curacao, 84 proof
... and 14 other distinctive cordials.
Also available in half bottles.

imported from France

CUSENIER
CORDIALS

Sole U. S. Distr., BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., N.Y.

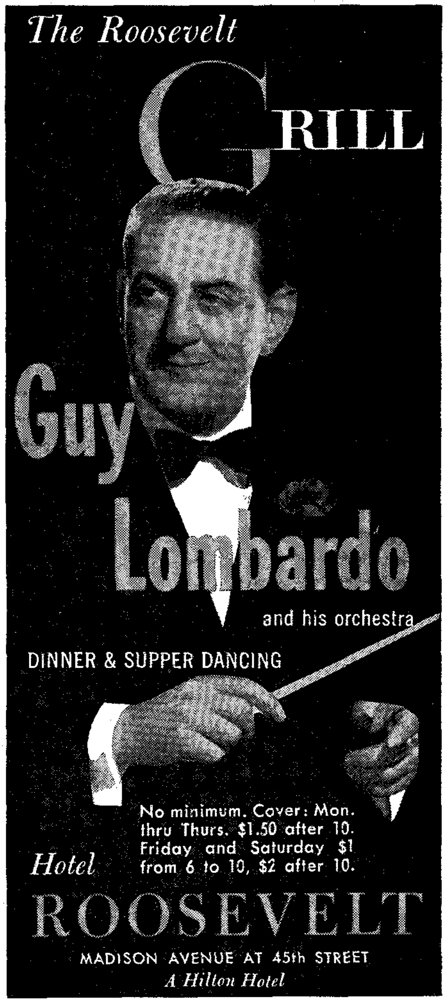
Henri Fayette
CHRISTMAS CARDS

NEW 1954
COLLECTION
Personal representatives in most important social centers.
WRITE
HENRI FAYETTE Inc.
2735 Armitage Avenue
Chicago 47

been forthcoming. Dides has police blood in his veins, his father having been on the force before him. He is also politically minded, and his avowed enmity for the Mendès-France regime has been marked, and perhaps effective. Claude Bourdet's weekly *L'Observateur* has just stated that Dides' American Embassy connection, whatever it may be, was perhaps in part responsible for the Premier's bad opening press in the United States.

The Communist paper *Humanité* has excoriated Dides as having been a Gestapo collaborator during the Nazi Occupation who was saved after the Liberation by "highly placed American persons." It now appears that he was appointed by Laniel's police chief of Paris, Jean Baylot, as a specialist to watch Communist activities, and was then demoted to duller duties by Mendès-France's new police chief, André Dubois, who finally fired him. Dides' story is that he could not bear to give up his spy work, and so was still bravely carrying on. Mendès-France's political enemies say that in *l'affaire* Dides, Minister Mitterand has in fact merely destroyed an excellent police network that had been successfully spying on the Communists for years. Though Parliament is not in session, it has been queried in advance about *l'affaire* by a Gaullist deputy, who has demanded to know why the present police inquiry into the defense leak was turned against precisely the man who had been trying to solve it. The Laniel group's joy in accusing Mendès-France of being soft toward Communists by "muffling" the two Defense Committee leaks—and certainly the Mendès-France police do seem to have muffled it—was silenced by the discovery that an even earlier leak to the Communists occurred after a Defense Committee meeting on May 26th, attended by Laniel, which Laniel's police had kept quiet about.

Because there are four million French voters for the Communist Party, and because the Communist Party itself is powerfully disciplined and Moscow-dominated, the existence of Communist spies here is unhysterically taken for granted by all anti-Communists, along with the competence of the Direction de la Surveillance du Territoire—the D.S.T., or secret police that concentrate on spy catching—to deal with them as well as may be. With the military tribunal that is handling *l'affaire* Dides now determined to interview every one of the people—Ministers, Secretaries, generals, and stenographers—who were present at the defense

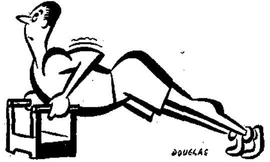


The Roosevelt
GRILL
Guy Lombardo
and his orchestra
DINNER & SUPPER DANCING
No minimum. Cover: Mon. thru Thurs. $1.50 after 10. Friday and Saturday $1 from 6 to 10, $2 after 10.
Hotel
ROOSEVELT
MADISON AVENUE AT 45th STREET
A Hilton Hotel

Romance on the march
... wedding attendants
in floor-length velveteen
... a period touch for
today's brides.
To order, $39.95.

From our collection for
BRIDES AND
BRIDESMAIDS,
fifth floor.

Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY



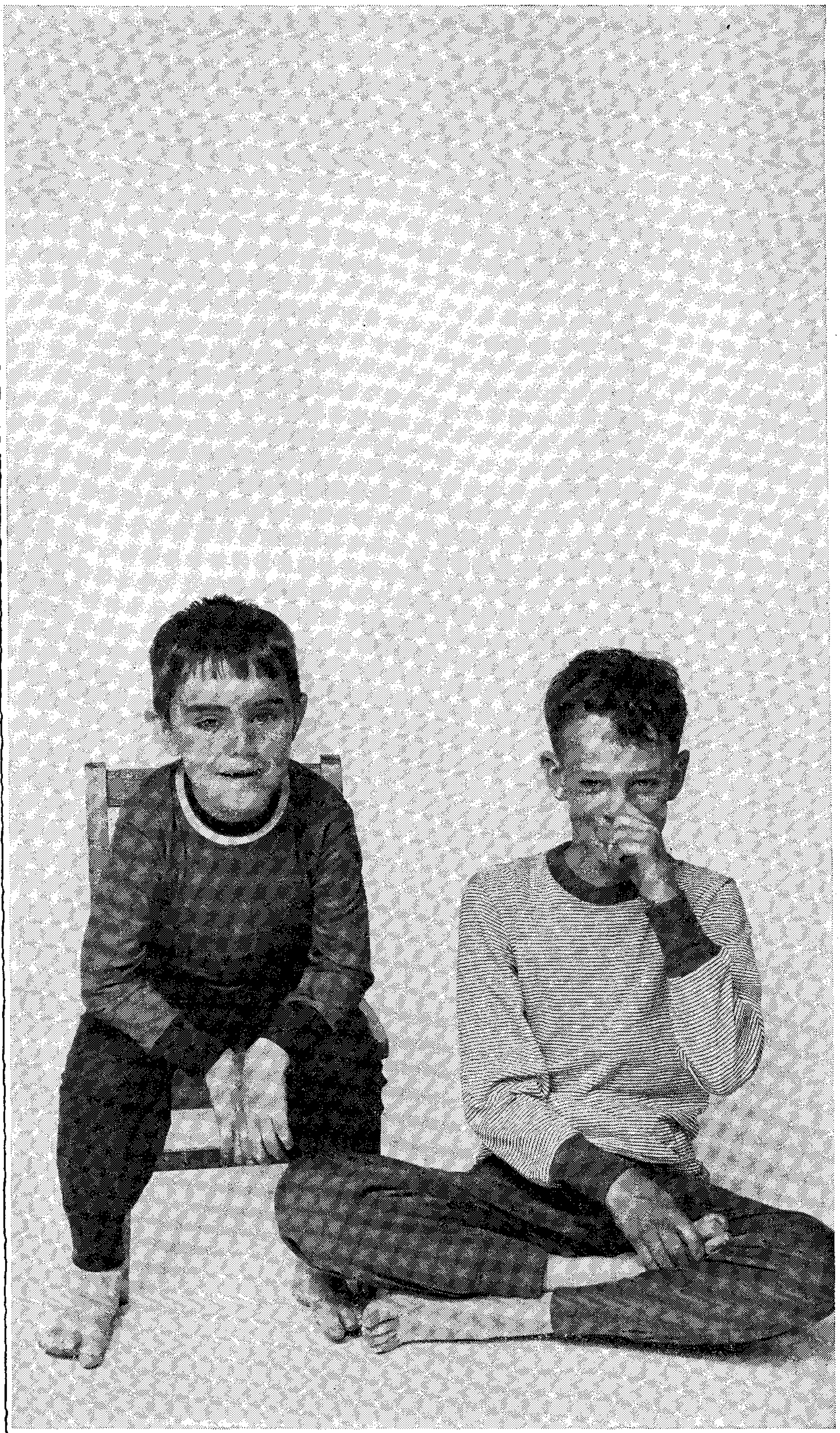
SOME members exercise regularly. Others never touch the stuff. All have found the way to lick business tension.

the Health roof club
480 LEX. (46 St.) • PL 5-8100

The Knife & Fork Inn
ATLANTIC CITY
Atlantic City's Oldest Steak House
Latz Ownership

meetings where the leaks occurred, and with a nasty, destructive Assembly debate on *l'affaire* unavoidable as soon as Parliament opens next month, the D.S.T. had better find the guilty party this week, as it is rumored it may. For finding the spy in the President's palace and his route of communication to the Communists is now the only way to quiet public alarm.

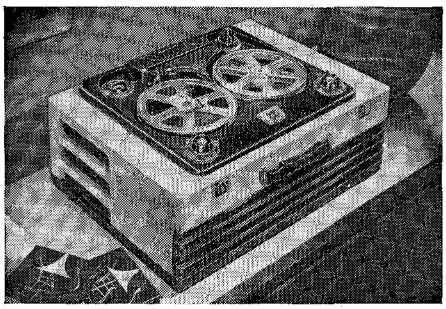
THE Sadler's Wells Ballet, of London, is at the Paris Opéra for two weeks of what are here called *représentations officielles* while the Paris Opéra Ballet is dancing at London's Covent Garden—an exchange that has government backing on both sides, and thus semi-diplomatic standing. The English dancers' opening, in their biggest opus, "The Sleeping Beauty," was also the opening of the official entertainment season in Paris, hub of fashion, but few in the audience bothered to dress. (The French-ballet opening in London was reported as a rigorously white-tie-and-décolletage affair.) The special treats the English have brought with them are Margot Fonteyn and the complete, all-evening-long version of the great Tchaikovsky-Petipa fairy tale, which the Sadler's Wells alone, of all ballet companies outside Russia, has in its repertory, which Paris had never seen before, and which, as originally taken to London in 1921 by Diaghilev, was such an artistic and fastuous production that its success almost ruined him financially. The London troupe's style of classic purity and studied precision in movement, balance, and pose, and its amazingly clean technique *sur les pointes* were hailed by unchauvinistic first-nighters as revelations, and the almost metronomic elegance of Miss Fonteyn—a delicate timepiece ticking off her neat actions of grace—earned her salvos of applause during the curtain calls. As Prince to her Aurora, Michael Somes in one scene astonishingly performed a *rond de jambe sauté en diagonal*—a sort of circular waving in the air of his forward leg while in an elevated leap—which balletomanes here knew the name of but said they had never seen done so well before. Considering the well-known elaborate charm of Oliver Messel's sets—especially that of the last-act backdrop, a pale Palladian castle—it seemed either crass prejudice or international bad manners for *Figaro's* critic to have opened his generally uncomplimentary review with a sentence about "the blinding ugliness of the décor and the costumes." The other items in the London troupe's program



TV—OK or NG?

IN SOME HOMES, youngsters sit glued to the set for hours. In others television is strictly verboten. The ideal solution, we are told, lies somewhere between—in program *selectivity*. Bedtime hint: let them watch an agreed program in the solid comfort of their DONMOOR knit pajamas. Both TV and DONMOOR can help them "unwind."

DONMOOR MAKES COTTON KNITS for big boys and little boys from size 1 all the way to 20, from $1.29 to $3.98 – has been making boys' wear for more than 50 years. Most good stores carry them – for the one nearest you, write to DONMOOR PAJAMAS, Dept. 33, 8 W. 30th Street, New York 1.



WEBCOR
High-Fidelity
TAPE RECORDERS
for fun, learning and business

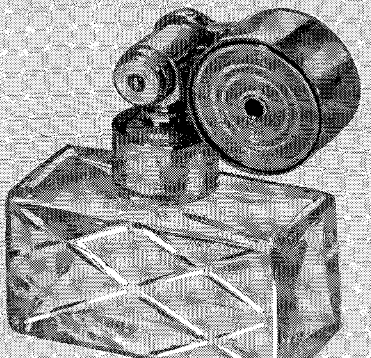
The uses of a Webcor Tape Recorder are endless. Never has there been an electronic marvel to equal the tape recorder's ability to combine educational, entertainment, business, professional and civic uses all in one package. Anyone, of any age, can participate. Anyone can benefit. No other instrument can give you these opportunities, so conveniently and at so little cost. There are ten different, exciting Webcor models from which to choose...Touch-button and master control...table-top and portable...single and 3-speaker—all high-fidelity—all skillfully engineered—all reasonably priced.

From $169^50

all music sounds better on a
WEBCOR

© 1954, Webcor Chicago 39, Illinois
Prices slightly higher west and subject to change

Marcel Franck
THE FINEST
ATOMIZERS IN THE WORLD



Don't waste
your precious perfume!

Spray it on. Smart women always do. It is *the* way to get more pleasure — and actually more fragrance—from every drop.

The atomizer to use is a Marcel Franck. Leak-proof and evaporation-proof, it is the perfect traveling companion or dressing table jewel.

MADE IN FRANCE 10.00-37.50
FRENCH ATOMIZER CORP.
663 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

here are "Lac des Cygnes," also in its entirety; Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloë;" Massine's "Mam'zelle Angot," with décor and costumes by the late Derain; Constant Lambert's "Tiresias;" Meyerbeer's "Les Patineurs;" and "Homage to the Queen," Frederick Ashton's Coronation ballet of last year. It is to be hoped that the *Figaro* critic will like some of these.

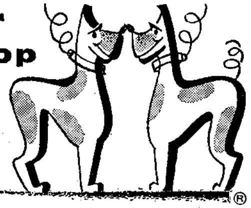
The other major entertainment event here has been the revival, at the Bouffes-Parisiens, of Cocteau's 1934 creation, "La Machine Infernale," with the notable neoclassic sets and fanciful polka-dotted Greek costumes by Christian Bérard, which then ranked as turning points in modern art. In 1934, it was produced by Louis Jouvet and played in by Pierre Renoir—both of them now dead, like Bérard; in the role of the Sphinx was Lucienne Bogaert, then so beautiful. As for Cocteau himself today, he was too ill to attend the opening of the revival. The play, though, still has intellectual strength in its combined iconoclasm and anachronism, which were so popular with Cocteau, and also with Giraudoux, twenty years ago in the treatment of classic legends. The outstanding actors in it now are Elvire Popesco, as Mother Jocasta, who is brilliantly comic in her cozier domestic speeches, and Jean Marais, as Oedipus, who looks like a kirtled male figure from some colored Grecian vase of a late, overbeautiful epoch. The infernal machine of Cocteau's title is the willfulness of the gods, resulting in the tragedy of men who struggle vainly to create their own destinies—the tragedy of ambitious Oedipus, who achieves only the horrors forecast for him, not to speak of the tragedy of the Sphinx, who, by falling in love with a mortal, loses her cruelty and divinity. After twenty years, "La Machine Infernale" is the most interesting and imaginative play to be seen in Paris right now.

"SENSATIONAL LEAP AHEAD" was *France-Soir's* Thursday-evening headline on the London Conference, and below it, in big letters, was the subhead "'YOU HAVE WON,' CRIED M. SPAAK, TURNING TOWARD MENDES-FRANCE." Even the professionally chilly *Le Monde* that evening titled its editorial "A Formidable Step," quoting Anthony Eden. The French Premier's dogged determination to bring England closer to Europe has, to the surprise of everyone—and particularly of the British, no doubt—suddenly

AMONG THE WORLD'S FINE WINES
Beaulieu Vineyard
BV
WINES

Beaurosé—a light wine of rosy tint and delicate flavor, one of the choice collection of Beaulieu vintages from Napa Valley...Beaurosé is served more and more in homes, best hotels and restaurants.

Beaulieu Vineyard, Rutherford, California



Help your pup develop STURDY BONES!

Give him New Formula VIONATE®

Complete vitamin and mineral supplement for
- PEP & VIGOR
- STURDY BONES
- HEALTHY SKIN
- GLOSSY COAT
- GOOD APPETITE

Choice of kennel-owners, veterinarians, pet owners!
See Your Druggist

79¢ 8 oz.
Save on kennel-size packages!
VIONATE® is a Squibb trademark
SQUIBB—A NAME YOU CAN TRUST

WORN BY GENTLEMEN THE WORLD OVER
Allen Solly
hose

WOOL SWEATERS
WOOL POLO SHIRTS
LISLE BEACH SHIRTS
ALLEN SOLLY & CO., LTD. *32 Savile Row, London, Eng.*
SOLD IN BETTER STORES. WRITE US FOR NAMES:
2 WEST 46TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

changed the military map of Europe, since Great Britain has now agreed to keep part of one foot across the Channel. As Mendès-France has just impressively stated, "by her promise to keep a powerful force on the Continent, Britain has brought to the great work of constructing and unifying Europe a participation whose absence so gravely compromised the previous efforts. France should be grateful." *Le Monde's* editorial said, in part, "On the political side, and even more on the psychological side, Great Britain has opened a new chapter in her history. Traditionally, there are certain things the English do not like, among them the abandoning of sovereignty—above all when the United States consents to nothing analogous. Today it is clear that the British leaders understood that they held in their hands the whole future of Western defense. They concluded that the game was worth the sacrifice they would have to make—the hardest of all, since it concerned their national pride, and British pride means something. All the Ministers present in London saluted in turn the greatness and the wide compass of this gesture." *Le Monde* added its hope that the French people and politicians will also be grateful to Mendès-France for this, France's greatest, if most obstinately obtained, diplomatic victory since the war.

The relief and contentment of the French people—this is no moment to talk of the captious French politicians—is immense. Combined with their happiness over the fact that France no longer seems to stand alone is their satisfaction over the fact that Mendès-France has once more established his values before the world. A poll taken a few weeks ago by the Institut d'Opinion Publique shows that fifty-eight per cent of the French "approve, up to now, of the policy of the present government"—a phenomenally high rate of agreement for the French people on anything, especially a government. It will certainly swell even more with the diplomatic good news from London.

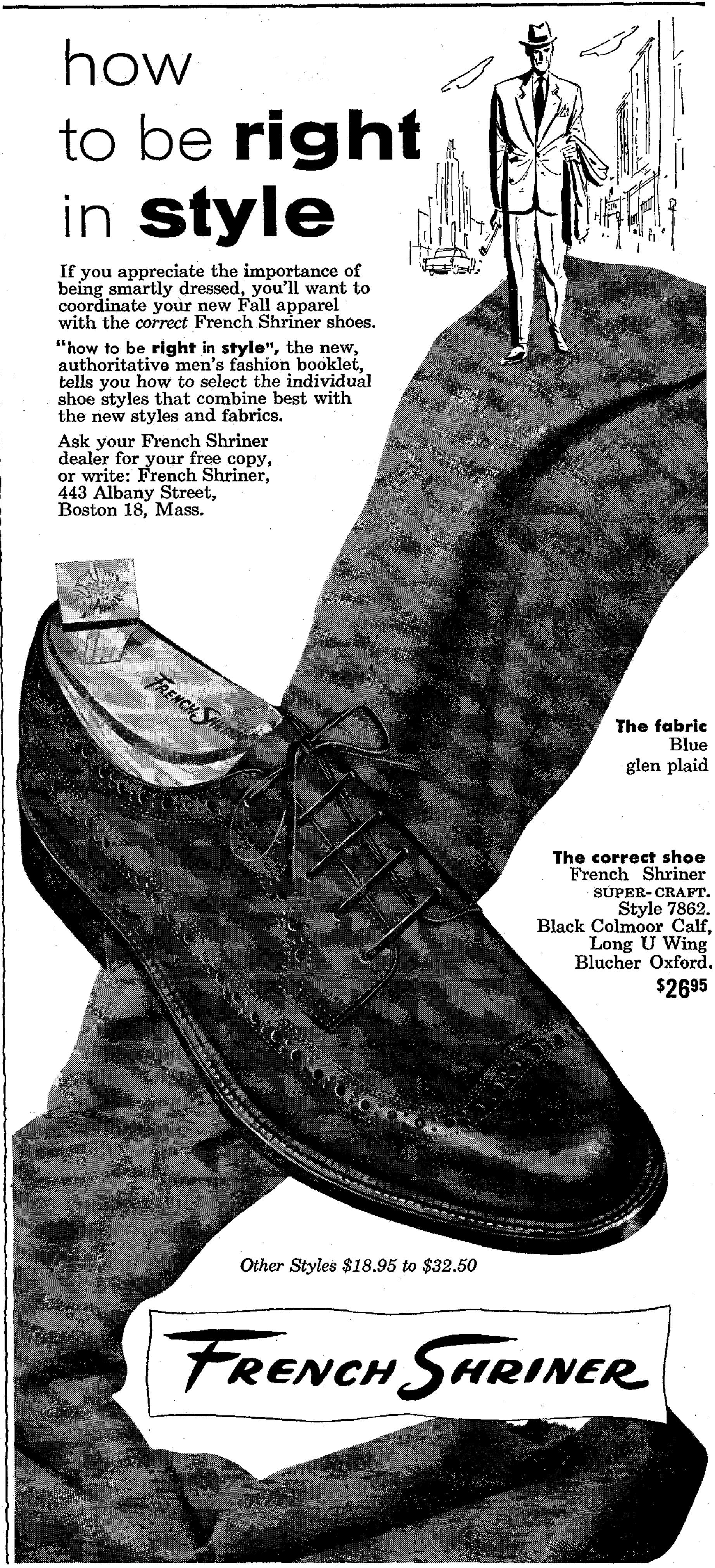
—GENÊT

•

CHICAGO (AP)—You like your name? Most of us, at one time or another, dislike our given names or hear others we like much more, says Eldsdon C. Smith, president of the American Name Society. He has written three books on the subject, and one reviewer dubbed him "The grand panjandrum of names." . . .

One of the commendable virtues of the name Elsdon is that there is only one way to spell it.—*Newport (R.I.) News.*

Uh-huh.



how to be **right** in **style**

If you appreciate the importance of being smartly dressed, you'll want to coordinate your new Fall apparel with the *correct* French Shriner shoes.

"how to be **right** in **style**", the new, authoritative men's fashion booklet, tells you how to select the individual shoe styles that combine best with the new styles and fabrics.

Ask your French Shriner dealer for your free copy, or write: French Shriner, 443 Albany Street, Boston 18, Mass.

The fabric
Blue glen plaid

The correct shoe
French Shriner
SUPER-CRAFT.
Style 7862.
Black Colmoor Calf,
Long U Wing
Blucher Oxford.
$26.95

Other Styles $18.95 to $32.50

FRENCH SHRINER

the Strega legend

According to ancient legend, in the City of Benevento, Italy, witches disguised as beautiful young maidens used to mix a magic brew. It was believed that when two people drank this miraculous potion they were forever afterward united.

Strega, made in Benevento where the legend was born, is today enjoyed the world over whenever good friends get together.

Free Strega Recipe Book on request. Write Dept. N, Canada Dry Liquor Dept., 100 Park Ave., N. Y. C.

85 PROOF.

STREGA

A delicious liqueur imported from Italy

Sole U. S. Agents

Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

The Maisonette

Constance Moore

AND HER SONGS

MILT SHAW and his Orchestra
and The Ray Bari Ensemble

HOTEL St. Regis

Special Theatre Dinner
6 to 8 P.M. $4.25
(No entertainment tax)

FIFTH AVE. at 55th ST.

TELEVISION

While the Nation Sleeps

STEVE ALLEN has a new program, which runs for an hour and a half every weekday evening over N.B.C.—from eleven-thirty until one o'clock in the morning. The name of this marathon entertainment is "Tonight," but it might just as well be "Tomorrow," or "Sleep Well." In many ways, it is typical of the state of mind—and the state of affairs—of television as we know and love it today. To begin with, Mr. Allen is one of those chaps who belong to television and to television alone. It's impossible to imagine him appearing on the burlesque stage, for example, or merely reading commercials aloud over the radio, or selling Kewpie dolls at a county fair, although, in justice, I will admit he displays talents that would be useful in all those fields. He must be put down, I guess, as a television comedian, and as such he is fairly representative of the species. A television comedian of the Steve Allen type differs in a great many ways from the comedians of old. He doesn't dress himself up in comic style—no baggy pants, no old, battered hat, no absurd, tent-like overcoat, no big, floppy shoes. He dresses like an advertising executive or an automobile salesman. The earpieces of his glasses are thick and dark, giving him an appearance of seriousness that can't be described as either mock or genuine. He looks out through his glasses and fixes his audience with a steady stare. There is nothing especially comic about this look, either. It's rather the look of a man with a vacuum cleaner in his hand and one foot in your door. There is a certain confidence about the look, but there is a certain boyish, please-don't-send-me-away-for-I-am-working-my-way-through-college quality about it, too. Mr. Allen spends a lot of time sitting down—another departure from the old-time comedians, who jumped about, frolicked, cut capers, slid, fell, and danced. Mr. Allen doesn't tell many jokes, either. He keeps up a patter of conversation, fusses with various memoranda lying on a desk before him, introduces various acts, and chuckles a good deal at cryptic remarks he has just delivered.

The format of "Tonight" is strictly a television format, too. I think the official term for such a program is "variety," but this word, too, has lost its former meaning. The so-called acts are merely casual, haphazard, almost impromptu fillers separating one commercial from another. Undoubtedly as much thought and ingenuity go into the preparation of the commercials as go into the preparation of the acts, and the commercials are often far more fascinating. I, for one, would rather watch a fine, juicy chicken turn slowly and majestically on a Broil-Quik spit than listen to a thin-voiced young man with an outsize collar and padded shoulders sing a ballad.

To get down to cases, "Tonight" started out the other evening (it was the opening program) with a series of sweeping shots of the Times Square area. A moment later, there was Mr. Allen, peering out at us through those glasses. He was sitting at a desk on the stage of the Hudson Theatre, and he looked upset. I gathered that he was feeling sorry for himself. "Boy, have we been making last-minute changes!" he said, and went on to tell us about a Cadillac that had been hired by the broadcasting people and that was supposed to have made an extensive tour of the Broadway area, with a camera aboard. Something had gone wrong with the car, but exactly what I will never know. "This program will go on forever," Mr. Allen said wearily. "I guess you can't call it a spectacular; it's a monotonous." Just as I had begun to question the wisdom of any performer who low-rates himself, Mr. Allen bucked up and moved over to a nearby piano, where he acquitted himself creditably. He played popular pieces gently and with an easy grace, but he seemed abstracted, and I had the feeling that he was still worried about the Cadillac. Following his brief recital, a young lady sang "Fine and Dandy." Mr. Allen then appeared in a football skit—a parody of a television sports interview. He was known as Bullhead Allen, and he carried a football in his hand. Next, he went down into the audience and interviewed people who had dropped in at the Hudson for the festivities. I thought he was a little fresh with some of them, but they seemed to be proud and happy to be within range of the camera.

Naturally, before "Tonight" ended, we were given a fast roundup of the news and a weather report. News and weather reports are staples of television variety shows, the way dog acts were once staples of vaudeville. Mr. Allen also read a great many congratulatory telegrams, took a photograph of a young woman with a Polaroid camera and developed it on the spot, let us watch Willie Mays leaning out of a window somewhere or other ("I hope I never change," said Mays), and, by hookup to Cleveland, showed us a group of noisy Indian fans setting out by bus for New York. "Watch your scalps!" someone in Cleveland shouted, and since it was twelve-forty-five and my head ached, I went to bed.

—Philip Hamburger

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLISH GARDEN

[*Notice received by members of Cadogan Place Gardens, London*]

The past year has been a good one in the Gardens. Membership now totals nearly 600 and there is a considerable waiting list. This indicates the popularity of the Gardens and affords the Committee of Management much pleasure.

The gate locks are now in a good state after a great deal of trouble. Members are requested to treat them carefully, and particularly not to slam the gates. It is strictly forbidden to have extra keys cut from unauthorized sources as they do damage to the locks. Additional keys can be obtained from the Cadogan Office.

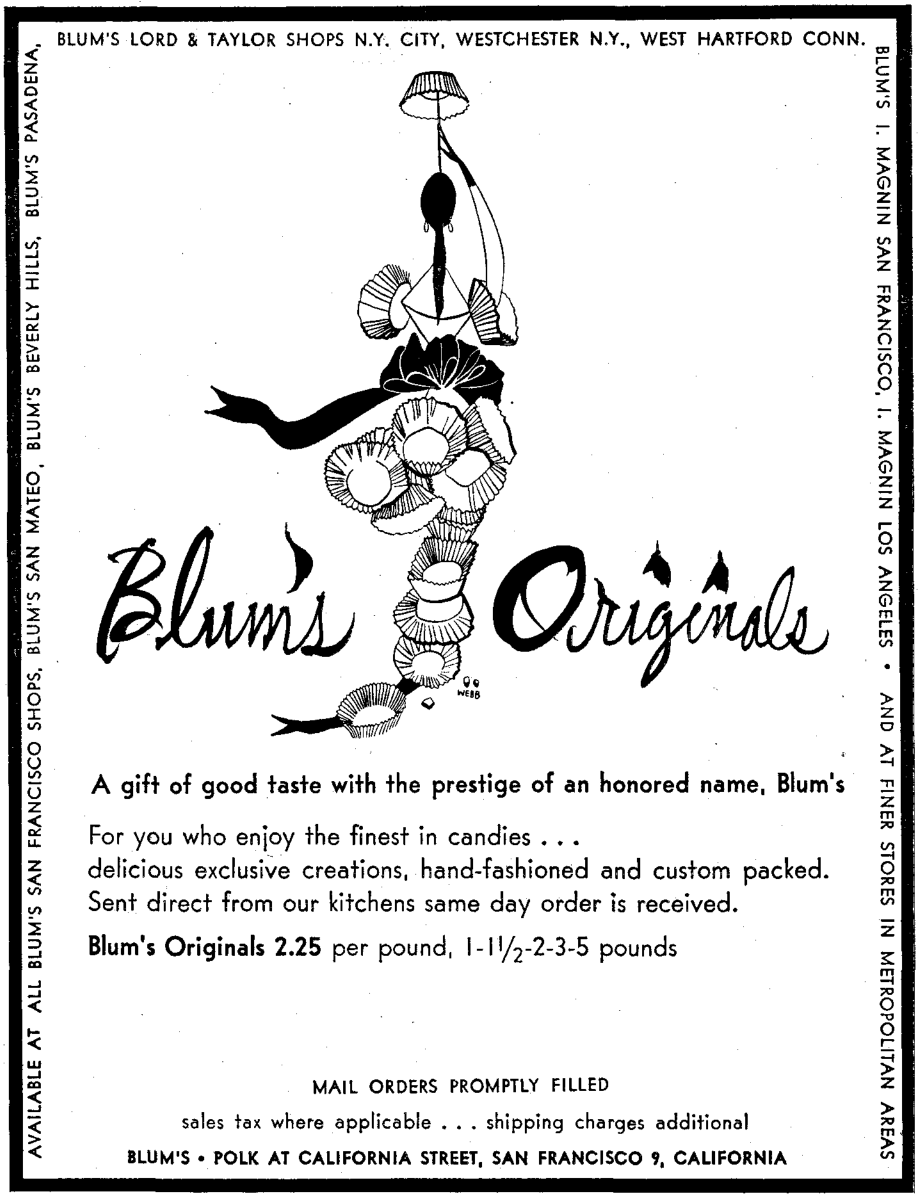
Perhaps it might help new members if the following points were recapitulated:

1. The North lawn of the South Garden is for children and nannies, and for subscribers accompanied by children, for picnics, games, etc.
2. The area to the South, including the seats beside the tennis courts, is reserved for grown-ups, not accompanied by children.
3. The North Garden is available for exercising dogs, and generally for any legitimate purpose, without restriction.
4. In the South Garden dogs must be kept on a lead, and not be allowed to run on the lawns.
5. Flowers and fruit must not be gathered, and the utmost care must be taken to ensure that the plants, shrubs and trees are not injured. Children must not be allowed to run in and out of the bushes, flowers, etc.
6. Perambulators, go-carts, etc. must not be wheeled on the lawns.
7. Adult bicycles and tricycles are strictly prohibited in the Gardens.
8. Children's cycles and tricycles are only to be ridden on the back paths.
9. Sunbathing, if indulged in at all, should be undertaken with great discretion, and care should be taken not to upset the susceptibilities of other members.

The Committee are very grateful to Cumberland for his devoted and hard work.

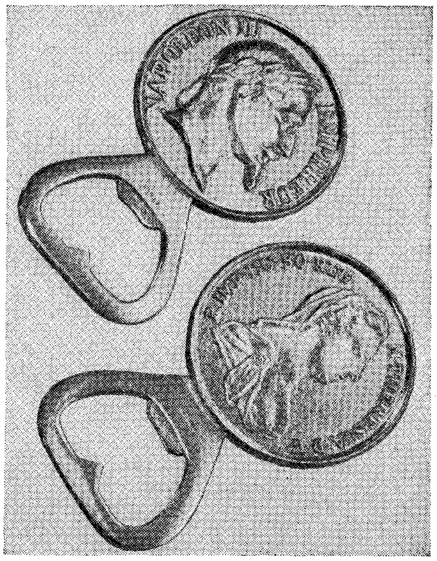
W. Lionel Fraser
Chairman, Committee of Management

P.S. Will those interested please tell Cumberland whether they would prefer the small swings abolished, in view of possible and unavoidable accidents to the toddlers?


BLUM'S LORD & TAYLOR SHOPS N.Y. CITY, WESTCHESTER N.Y., WEST HARTFORD CONN.
AVAILABLE AT ALL BLUM'S SAN FRANCISCO SHOPS, BLUM'S SAN MATEO, BLUM'S BEVERLY HILLS, BLUM'S PASADENA,
BLUM'S I. MAGNIN SAN FRANCISCO, I. MAGNIN LOS ANGELES • AND AT FINER STORES IN METROPOLITAN AREAS
Blum's Originals
A gift of good taste with the prestige of an honored name, Blum's
For you who enjoy the finest in candies . . .
delicious exclusive creations, hand-fashioned and custom packed.
Sent direct from our kitchens same day order is received.
Blum's Originals 2.25 per pound, 1-1½-2-3-5 pounds
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
sales tax where applicable . . . shipping charges additional
BLUM'S • POLK AT CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO 9, CALIFORNIA

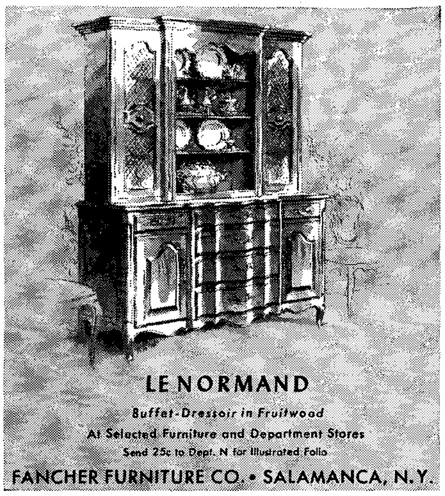
From England........ and so very right for you!
Horse Brasses....
Once the coach horses of England's proudest families boasted these bright bangles of polished brass. Now we've had the same authentic designs prepared in England—to adorn your wall or mantel, or as a touch of highest fashion at your throat, on your belt or handbag! About 2½" across, and each with broad top loop for hanging. Your choice of four familiar old patterns: British Lion, Stallion, Tower of London or Horses' Heads. State choice. Of solid polished brass, easy to have attached to leather. They cost just $1. each, or the full set of four different designs for $3.49, postpaid and shipped promptly.
WRITE TODAY FOR FREE GIFT CATALOG!
Really FRESH gift ideas in our big new 56-page Christmas Book! Your Free copy is waiting—just drop us a card!
BRECK'S OF BOSTON
RELIABLE SINCE 1818
730 Breck Building
Boston 10, Massachusetts

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER



S.F.A.'S OWN BRASS BOTTLE OPENERS are pretty grand to have around the house, both beauty and duty-wise. This new mint of old French coins is imported, and we'll export to you for 2.50 apiece. Mail and Phone Orders. Also in our Beverly Hills, Chicago and Detroit stores.

GUEST AND GIFT SHOP
14 EAST 50th STREET

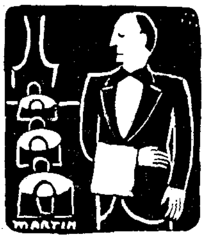


LE NORMAND
Buffet-Dressoir in Fruitwood
At Selected Furniture and Department Stores
Send 25c to Dept. N for Illustrated Folio
FANCHER FURNITURE CO. • SALAMANCA, N.Y.

carven
parfums
ma griffe
robe d'un soir
PARIS

TABLES FOR TWO

Girl Meets Boy



AFTER having reigned in lonely splendor for so many years in one or another of our more fashionable supper clubs, the incomparable Hildegarde has turned up with Jack Whiting as a kind of prince consort. This is not to suggest that Mr. Whiting, a veteran song-and-dance man with an engagingly youthful air, is granted equal rights in the ceremonies in the Pierre's Cotillion Room. Far from it. Only once, while offering a few jocular words of encouragement during a soft-shoe duet that he obviously has to pace, does he permit himself to adopt a tone that might be regarded as bordering on lèse-majesté. The rest of the time, Hildegarde remains in full command.

The entertainment begins as the orchestra plays the romantic "Darling, Je Vous Aime Beaucoup" and Hildegarde, stunningly dressed, strides onto the floor. Following a few warm words of welcome, designed to put her listeners at their ease, she breaks into a lilting waltz, the words and music of which I unaccountably cannot recall; all I can say is that it was composed by two court musicians who accompany her vocally now and then and occasionally preside over the orchestra. After this gay piece, she seats herself at a grand piano and, demonstrating her abilities as a pianist as well as a singer, plunges into another new song, which she identifies as a creation of "that gifted composer, Stella Unger." Unfortunately, I can't recall much about this one, either, except that it is of a devotional character and that in it the singer expresses her joy in nature's simpler manifestations. I do remember feeling that the sentiment was an appealing one. There follows a medley of sparkling songs that I assume are associated with Hildegarde's career; in any case, they seem to be her special property, for I have never heard them performed by anybody else. Then, displaying that marvellous rapport she has with less exalted beings, she strikes up friendly conversations with one or two gentlemen at ringside tables. The night I saw her, she even went so far as to invite one man to stand beside her at the microphone, where she questioned him with kindly interest about his home and vocation. (I believe he said he was from upstate and in woollens.)

It was shortly after this disarming exchange that Hildegarde, feeling perhaps that she had given enough of herself for the time being, introduced Mr. Whiting, and graciously left the floor as he came dashing on, wearing a top hat and tails and twirling a cane. Mr. Whiting has, of course, been associated with more than one musical comedy, and he reminded his audience of this fact by singing, in a light and agreeable voice, a group of songs he had introduced—"All Alone Monday," "You're the Cream in My Coffee," and one or two other delightful echoes of the past. Then, looking for all the world like Jimmy Walker, but a little more blooming, he did a winning soft-shoe dance to "Every Street's a Boulevard in Old New York."

Well, at the end of this brash but inspiriting interlude, Hildegarde returned, and she and Mr. Whiting sang and danced together for a bit, after which he took his leave while she sang a medley of sentimental songs of the Viennese school. It was now, she felt, with her exquisite understanding of such matters, time for the finale, and so, with Mr. Whiting and the two court musicians grouped about her at the piano, she played and sang, with their support, a few of the songs she had offered at the beginning of the program. As she so admirably put it, all good things are worth hearing again. It is true that none of Mr. Whiting's selections were included, but then he had made his hearty impression with them earlier, and it was, after all, only fitting that she should have the final word.

THE arrival of autumn has brought other bonbons—though of a lower caramel content—to our night clubs. The Versailles, for example, has installed another in its seemingly endless series of miniature musical comedies. This one, for reasons we won't go into now, is entitled "Bon Voyage," and although its book is just as negligible as the books of its predecessors, it has at least one big advantage over them: the songs are all by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. They're not new songs—they're from shows and movies this pair has worked on in the last twenty-five years—but they're gems. Two of the high spots of the evening are artfully staged presentations of "Blue Grass," from "Inside U.S.A.," and "New Sun in the Sky," from "The Band Wagon." A third is the chitchat of a middle-aged—and, to me, entirely new—comedian named Paul Gray. The festivities, in which thirteen performers take part, end with a very pleasant Dietz-Schwartz medley. . . . Among the acts currently on view at the Blue Angel, you will find one identified as George La Faye's puppets, a French diversion and one of the most remarkable things I've ever encountered in a night club. Thanks to black costumes and a wall of light beamed across the front of the small stage, the three men and one woman who make up the troupe are invisible as they manipulate objects that range from fairly realistic puppets to abstract cutouts through four skits. In the first, a cellist is confounded by the independent will of his instrument, which insists on making its own music, and eventually breaks up into butterflies; in the second, two abstract designs are handled in such a way as to simulate a barroom fight; and in the third, Victor Hugo's macabre fairy tale "The Ogre" is acted out. The fourth is a hilarious picturization, through the medium of a long pink feather boa and a top hat, of a recent American recording in which a female voice and a male voice repeat the names "John" and "Marsha" with varying emotions. . . . Julie Wilson, a handsome young thing who used to turn up in the Maisonette with some regularity, is having her first fling in the Persian Room after a year or so spent on London's musical-comedy stage. She hasn't changed much. Still singing a motley collection of songs in a small voice, she obtains her effects by combining economy of gesture with the significant use of her large, luminous eyes. She is, in her own way, quite a charmer. —D. W.

•

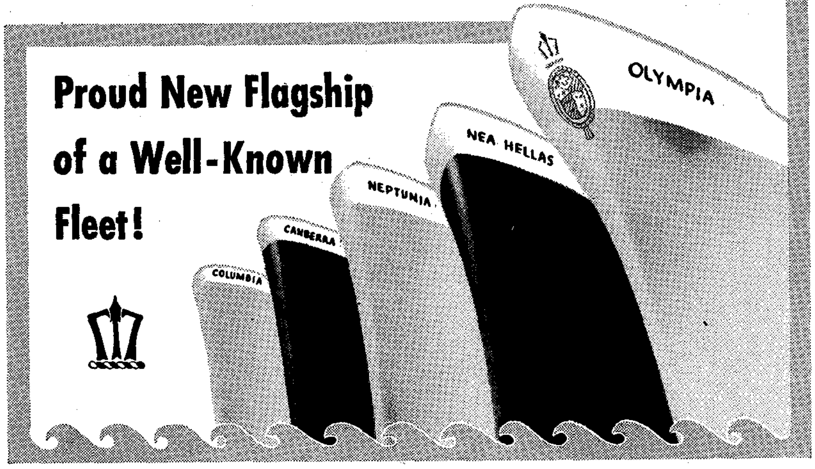
PEACE OF MIND

[*Instruction sheet found by a passenger aboard a plane of the El Al (Israeli) Airlines*]

So now you're on board your plane, swiftly airborne to your destination. You look out of the picture window and see—well it's mainly the unchanging white fluff of the cloud ceiling that greets your eye.

For most of your trip—be it over water or over land—is at such high altitudes as to be above the normal view and weather conditions. This makes your journey both safer and more comfortable. But though the chances are infinitesimally small (El Al's safety record is truly a splendid one!) it may happen that a plane is compelled to come down at sea or away from an airfield.

Every member of the crew has been rigorously trained to be prepared in the event of this emergency, so if this most unlikely necessity should arise, do exactly as you are told by the member of the crew



The T.S.S. OLYMPIA

Proud New Flagship of a Well-Known Fleet!

OFFERS 4 WEST INDIES CRUISES

12-DAYS San Juan, LaGuaira, Curacao, Havana December 22nd and January 28th $275. up

17-DAYS San Juan, St. Thomas, Martinique, Barbados, Trinidad, Cartagena, Cristobal, Havana February 11th and March 4th $395. up

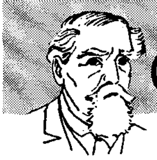
All sailings from New York

For reservations see your Travel Agent

GREEK LINE General Steam Navigation Co. Ltd. of Greece

8-10 Bridge Street, New York 4

BOSTON • CLEVELAND • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • MONTREAL • TORONTO



JUSTERINI & BROOKS

Charles Dickens was an eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks who have been purveyors of fine wines and spirits for over two centuries. Today this celebrated house is famous for a standard of quality that has brought good cheer and good fellowship to every corner of the world. Try the famous J & B Scotch, of flavour unsurpassed.

Pennies more in cost
Worlds apart in quality

J&B
JUSTERINI
RARE
J&B

J&B SCOTCH WHISKY

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky

Imported by THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20

FREE
Binoculars
AND HOW TO CHOOSE THEM

BEFORE YOU BUY ANY BINOCULAR...

Learn the *differences* in binocular design and construction . . . why one glass is a worthwhile lifetime investment in seeing pleasure and comfort, while money spent on others is wasted. Find out the truth about alignment, magnification, field of view, optical correction, relative brightness, anti-reflection coating, the meaning of "night glass." These are facts you should know before you buy any binocular, and they all are explained clearly in a 32-page Bausch & Lomb booklet "Binoculars and How to Choose Them."
Your copy is free on request.
Write Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.,
11034 Lomb Park,
Rochester 2, N. Y.

Bausch & Lomb
7X,35mm
Binocular
$170.50

one-year
theft insurance
policy at no
extra cost

BAUSCH & LOMB
SINCE 1853

You'll have fun in New Orleans when you go to **California** *on Southern Pacific's streamliner...*

SUNSET LIMITED

NEW ORLEANS • ARIZONA • LOS ANGELES

FUN-TIME
IS ANYTIME
IN NEW ORLEANS . . .
. . . OR IN THE SUNSET'S
FRENCH QUARTER LOUNGE

You *can* mix business with pleasure when you go West on S.P.'s *Sunset Limited.* Stop over in New Orleans for wonderful food, entertainment, shopping...or in Southern Arizona's resort country. The *Sunset* is fast, smooth. Pullman rooms. Chair Cars.

Southern Pacific

in charge, follow the instructions below and you may rest assured that we shall deliver you to your destination safe and sound.

. . . Above all KEEP CALM.

As soon as the pilot has decided to come down, you will be told to "PREPARE FOR EMERGENCY EVACUATION." You should then do exactly as you are instructed by the crew member in charge.

Remove from your pockets or your person any sharp or pointed object or anything liable to splinter—penknife, fountain pen, glasses, etc. Unbutton your coat and shirt at the neck, loosen your tie and take off your shoes. If the plane is coming down at sea, you will find a life jacket on the rack above your head or in a kit below your seat. Slip the loop over your head, tie the bottom tapes around your waist in a bow, snugly. Ready? That's just the right dress for the occasion. But don't inflate the life-jacket yet!

Now adjust your seat to vertical position and buckle on your seat-belt. Place your feet against the back of the seat ahead of you, put a blanket or a pillow on your knees, wrap your arms around your knees and lean forward, resting your head on the blanket or pillow. The best position for babies is in a bassinette on the floor or in a bassinette on the lap of the parent.

The next order given by the crew-member in charge is "BRACE FOR LANDING." Keep sitting as you are, bracing yourself for the two bumps you'll feel—the first slight, the second stronger. There's no hurry yet—don't get up until you are told to leave the plane. Once outside the plane, all you have to do is follow the instructions of the crew-member in charge.

If you have come down at sea, the time to inflate your life-jacket is AFTER you have left the plane. This is very easy: pull down sharply on the two cords at the bottom of the jacket . . . and there you are. If the jacket does not inflate at once, take the end of the rubber tube inserted on the upper left-hand side, turn it to the right (clockwise), push down, and BLOW. Now return the tube to the left (anticlockwise) and tighten it.

By now you are comfortably seated inside your life-boat (there are enough of them on board each plane to serve every passenger). This is the time to rest after your labours. You will find rations, water, first-aid kits, fishing equipment—you will be surprised how comfortable and well-equipped your life-raft is. A crew-member who has been specially trained for this occasion will be in charge, and the radio transmitter aboard will already be sending out instructions to rescue planes and ships that have been contacted even before your plane started to come down.

FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS OF THE CREW-MEMBER IN CHARGE AND KEEP COOL—that's all you need to do. We shall see to the rest.

Having entertained you (we hope!) with our tale of adventure on the high seas, we can inform you authoritatively that you now know all there is to know about ditching procedure. You can now sit back and enjoy your flight secure in the knowledge that you are fully armed against even the most unlikely occurrence during your flight. Feel like a drink? Ring for the steward, and like Aladdin's genie, he will appear at once and be ready to serve you.

If you love life -
you'll love France

There is only one France—so different—so unique—where the tempo of life has a sparkling effervescence found no other place on earth! And October to April is such a *smart* time to go. For Paris scintillates with gala openings of exciting new musicals, operas, ballets, and plays . . . while the provinces, too, don gala garb. You'll revel in winter sports on Alpine slopes—swimming on the sapphire Côte d'Azur—folk festivals and fairs from robust Burgundy to romantic Provence . . . and everywhere you'll enjoy the most superb food and wines in the world. Remember, too, in "Thrift Season" fares and accommodations are lower and easier to get. See *your travel agent for details* . . . for booklets and maps, write: Dept. E-20, Box 221, New York 10, N. Y.

FRENCH GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE

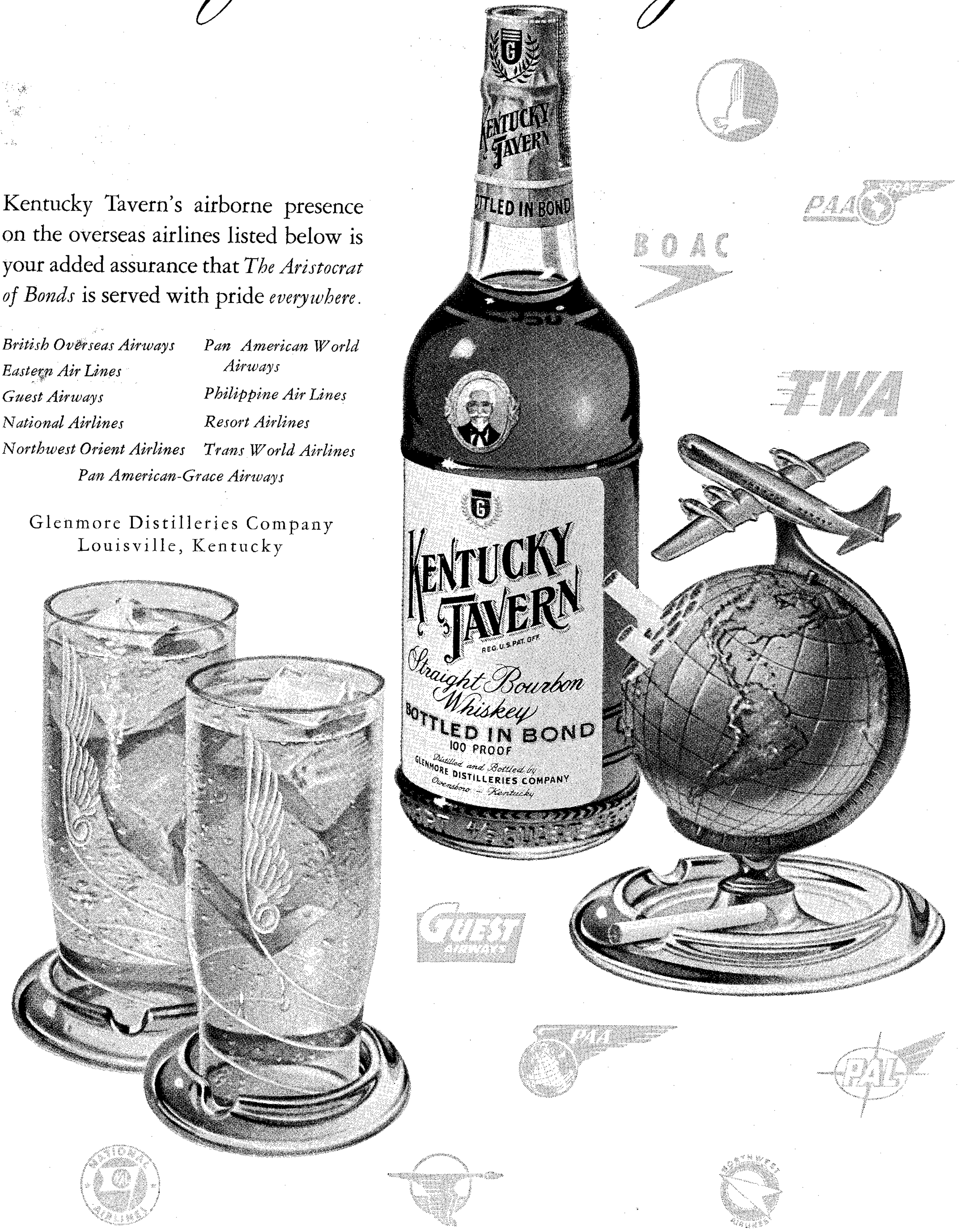
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES • NEW ORLEANS • MONTREAL

Its fame has wings

Kentucky Tavern's airborne presence on the overseas airlines listed below is your added assurance that *The Aristocrat of Bonds* is served with pride *everywhere.*

British Overseas Airways	*Pan American World Airways*
Eastern Air Lines	*Philippine Air Lines*
Guest Airways	*Resort Airlines*
National Airlines	*Trans World Airlines*
Northwest Orient Airlines	*Pan American-Grace Airways*

Glenmore Distilleries Company
Louisville, Kentucky



KENTUCKY TAVERN
BOTTLED IN BOND
G
KENTUCKY TAVERN
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
Distilled and Bottled by
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY
Owensboro — Kentucky
BOAC
PAA
TWA
GUEST AIRWAYS
PAA
PAL
NATIONAL AIRLINES
NORTHWEST AIRLINES

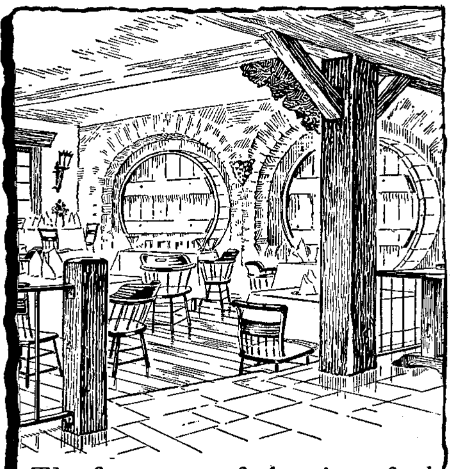
MUSICAL EVENTS

Solid

ONE thing that has always struck me about the melodies of the great Giuseppe Verdi is their absolute indestructibility. They can be badly sung, badly played—they can even be whistled, or performed on a hand organ—and still retain a certain amount of their beauty. This attribute must, I suppose, indicate something about the sturdiness of the classical principles on which they are built. Their significance seems to lie wholly in the evocative character of their structural line—a peculiarity somewhat analogous to narrative power in writing and draftsmanship in painting. Harmonic and contrapuntal ingenuity, subtle contrasts in tone color, thematic development, and all the other methods more cerebral composers use in creating musical interest are almost irrelevant in Verdi's case, though he employs them occasionally. The kernel of his musical thought is always expressed in unadorned melody—melody that is so vigorous and clean in its logical form that it needs no intellectual trimmings to make its message felt. There is something quintessentially musical about this characteristic of Verdi's style, for the quintessence of music is, after all, melody. There have been numerous celebrated melodists in the history of music, of course—Chopin, Tchaikovsky, Rossini, and Bellini come immediately to mind—and their tunes, like those of many present-day popular composers, would probably survive performance on a hand organ, too. The big difference between their music and Verdi's, however, is to be found in the enormous emotional scope and variety of his melodic thought. Verdi's melodies sound like popular tunes, but their range of human feeling encompasses nearly every shade of fundamental emotion.

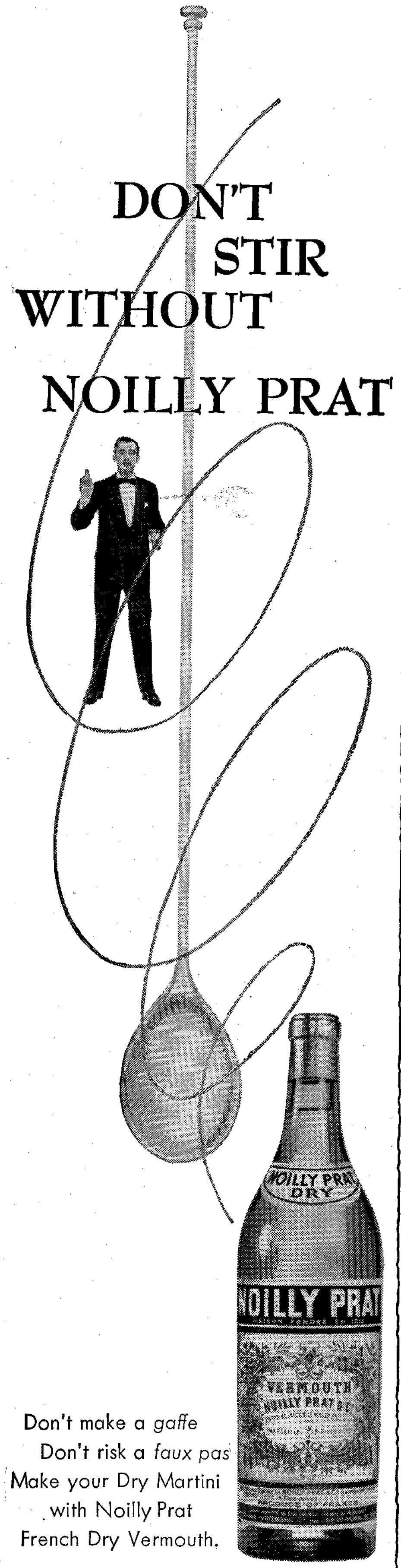
I was reminded again of all this while listening to the performance of "Aïda" with which the New York City Opera opened its fall season on Wednesday evening of last week at the City Center. The production, limited by a small stage, too few supernumeraries for its grandiose triumphal scene, and a cast of singers notable for earnest intentions rather than brilliant artistry, was certainly not up to the grander standards of grand opera. It was, moreover, so inadequately rehearsed that a few details, particularly some offstage choruses, failed to reach the ear at all. Nevertheless, the vitality and passion of the old Verdi score made themselves felt, and the total experience, though rather sketchy, was not without its enjoyable moments. Under the circumstances, the best scenes were the ones that made the smallest demands on the City Center's rather rudimentary capacities for pageantry, and one of these—the scene on the banks of the Nile—was performed with reasonable conviction. Among the cast, I liked best a baritone named Lawrence Winters, who sang the role of Amonasro with real vigor and considerable beauty of tone, and a mezzo-soprano named Gloria Lane, who did well by the role of Amneris. Frances Yeend, as Aïda, left the deeper dramatic values of her part untouched, though she sang the notes accurately enough. Giorgio Cocolios-Bardi, a Greek-Italian tenor who was making his début, shouted and gesticulated in the role of Radames, but didn't bring forth anything that might be described as singing or as acting, even in the modest sense in which the latter term is usually understood in opera.

Thursday night's "La Cenerentola" and Friday night's "The Marriage of Figaro" were far more satisfying, partly because both are more sophisticated operas than "Aïda," and partly because their effectiveness depends to a great extent on spirit and teamwork, which are qualities the New York City Opera has plenty of. The company's version of "La Cenerentola" still exhibits most of the wit and exuberance that it had last year, Rouben Ter-Arutunian's scenic sets and costumes still sparkle, and the cast on Thursday night showed, in general, the same facility and neatness in dealing with Rossini's rippling melodies. I missed the singing of Frances Bible, whose unerring coloratura contributed so much to last year's productions. Miss Bible was apparently indisposed, and her understudy in the role of Cinderella, Rosemary Kuhlmann, proved to be a less rewarding singer. Donald Gramm, as Dandini, turned in a superb performance, however, and the rest of the cast gave the old comic opera an adequate amount of charm and vocal excitement. "The Marriage of Figaro" is, like "La Cenerentola," one of the City Center's better current offerings. The English translation, by Ruth and Thomas P. Martin, is not quite as easy on the ear as the Italian original, but it



The finest type of American food
EMILY SHAW'S INN
POUND RIDGE, N. Y.
From Merritt Parkway to Exit 35 then six miles north on Route 137 *or* Route 22 to Bedford Village thence to Pound Ridge.
John F. Shaw, *Owner*
CLOSED MONDAYS
Phone: Pound Ridge 4-8873
Visit the Old English Tap Room

TERRACE ROOM
presents
RALPH FLANAGAN
AND HIS
ORCHESTRA
featuring
KEE LARGO
THE RHYTHMETTES
and **THE SINGING WINDS**
plus **FLANAGAN'S FLATBUSH FIVE**
Continuous dancing nightly from 7 p.m. to 1:00 a.m., Saturdays until 1:30 a.m. Closed Sundays.
LOngacre 3-1000
HOTEL New Yorker
A Hilton Hotel
34TH ST. AT 8TH AVE.



Don't make a *gaffe*
Don't risk a *faux pas*
Make your Dry Martini
with Noilly Prat
French Dry Vermouth.

Note: Essential for the best Dry Manhattans.

Sole U. S. Distr., BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., N.Y.

is one of the best operatic translations I have encountered of late, and it adds immeasurably to the quick understanding of the opera's complicated horseplay. Again I missed Miss Bible, who was scheduled to sing Cherubino and who, I am sure, would have done the role beautifully. Edith Evans, a last-minute substitute for her, performed the part creditably, if without much dramatic polish. A young soprano from Boston named Marguerite Willauer made a very pretty Countess, but her singing of Mozart's delicate phrases was somewhat lacking in authority. Laurel Hurley was acceptable enough as Susanna. The main vocal interest of the evening, however, lay in the male roles. Walter Cassel's Almaviva and Norman Treigle's Figaro, in particular, could have stood comparison with the best interpretations that I have recently enjoyed anywhere.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

POPULAR RECORDS

Whither the Duke?

A LOT of new Duke Ellington records have appeared lately, and a lot of old ones have been reissued, and, taken all together, they have made me wonder about the future of this distinguished popular orchestra. Actually, the word "popular" doesn't fit the Duke very well, for although his natural abilities as a composer and a band leader have found expression in what is loosely identified as the popular field, his orchestra has never been blatantly commercial, like, say, the Glenn Miller orchestra, or even the orchestras of Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, and one or two other Roman candles of the big-band era. At the same time, the Ellington unit has pretty much outclassed the few other uncompromising bands that have come along during the last few decades. In short, there has never been anything quite like the Ellington orchestra.

What started me on these speculations was the arrival, a week or so ago, of a new Ellington single, put out by Capitol, that offered lacklustre performances of two limp songs of the moment—"Smile" and "If I Give My Heart to You." Except for some refreshingly impertinent bleats of protest from the brass, there is nothing to redeem these efforts—not even a wildly illogical vocal interpretation of the sort that Al Hibbler and Jimmy Grissom have been known to contribute in emergencies. Well, this shabby example might be explained away as merely a temporary aberration on some-

jane engel
madison at 79th
new york 21
rh 4-0300

This is the jumper . . .
charcoal wool flannel
sizes 8 to 16, 25.
in black velveteen, 35.
Plus or minus its cotton
paisley blouse, 11.95
Add 40c postage . . . no c.o.d.

for the home bartender

HANDY LITTLE HELPER IN HEAVY STERLING SILVER

Latest offering of H. J. North, silversmith.

This miniature measuring cup (2″ high) is a handy one-ounce jigger. May also be used as individual cream pitcher.

Ideal Christmas or house gift—useful addition to your own bar.

Postpaid **$6.50**

Send for catalog.
Wholesale prices to stores on request.

AVANT GARDE, New Hope, Pa.

35 FIFTH AVE
RESTAURANT
Fine Food, Cocktails
Private Dining Rooms
Hotel GROSVENOR
10 St. GR 3-6000

though not always effortless style, Haig often strikes a rich poetic vein as he digs beneath the surface of such pieces as "Autumn in New York," "Body and Soul," "Moonlight in Vermont," and "Isn't It Romantic?" In a nice change of pace, he offers a dazzling performance of "Royal Garden Blues." Agreeable readings of "On the Alamo," "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm," and "Gone with the Wind" complete the set. (*Esoteric*)

WARM—Jeri Southern, with the Dave Barbour Trio. Miss Southern, though neither too warm nor too richly endowed vocally, sings with appealing directness and intelligence, and here she presents a generally unhackneyed group of songs, the most unusual of which is the tenuous "Cabin," with lyrics by Tennessee Williams and music by Paul Bowles. Hers is primarily a nightclub repertoire, and, in addition to such familiar items as "Mad About the Boy" and "The Very Thought of You," you'll find sad little stories in song entitled "Miss Johnson Phoned Again Today" and "The Honorable Mr. So-and-So," along with Jerome Kern's engaging "All in Fun" and one or two kindred items. (*Decca*)

BRAD GOWANS AND HIS NEW YORK NINE—The late trombonist is represented by rousing performances, set down in 1946, of Dixieland and swing favorites. Among the knowing sidemen are Billy Butterfield, on trumpet; Joe Bushkin, on piano; and Dave Tough, on drums. (*Victor*)

CHARLES TRENET SONGS—Charles Trenet, with chorus and orchestra. Trenet is an ingratiating vocalist and an even better songwriter. He has produced some charming songs, notably the very pretty "L'Ame des Poètes," which is included here. The orchestra is French—Jacques Hélian's—and as smooth as silk, and one of the best things about the arrangements is the casualness with which one piece melts into another. (*Angel*) —D. W.

•

I remember well how one day when I was nine I asked my father, "How did that black cat get into the yard next door?" And, astonished, my father said, "That isn't a cow, that is a photographer with his camera on a tripod and his black cloth over his head."—*Boston Globe.*

Let's see, your father's the one with the hearing aid, isn't he?

•

. . . Also his recent feature which won the *Grand Prix du Film d'Avant Garde*, a fantastic comedy called *Subida al Cielo* (New York premiere). A story of a Mexican boy seduced in a raging rainstorm by the local village wench, while his mother dies. A sensitive comedy in Bunuel's inimitable style.—*Announcement from the Group for Film Study.*

We certainly need rain, anyway.

•

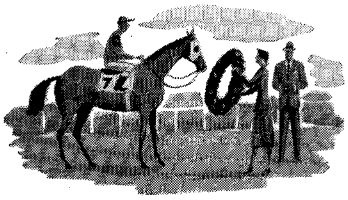
BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph*]

The Polo Grounds was to be, in effect, the sugar cake and 52,000 fans were for all the world like so many flies which today were to settle—restless and greedy—upon its bosom for an event that, through the years, has become as much an American institution as pork and beans and the two-pants suit.

Opening October 7th • Adjacent to Garden State Park

Cherry Hill Inn
HADDONFIELD, NEW JERSEY
Route 38 at Haddonfield Road
4 miles from Delaware River Bridge

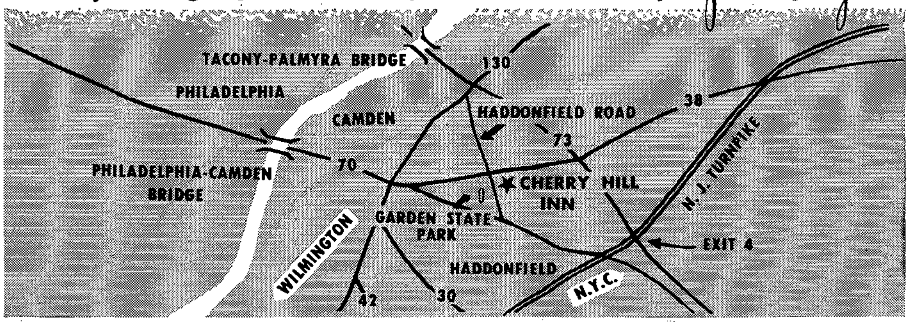


Magnificently modern, decorated throughout by Dorothy Draper, Cherry Hill Inn, in its scenic 50-acre setting, is just 15 minutes from Philadelphia's City Hall. The luxurious Dining Room offers an extravagant menu of luscious foods. The smart Bar and Cocktail Lounge, decorated with racing motifs, is a pleasant spot for relaxing over your favorite beverages, and private dining rooms are available for parties. Guest rooms are spacious and handsome. As a dining out spot, a stopover or weekend resort, Cherry Hill Inn is a bright new addition to the Delaware Valley scene.

★ **Heated outdoor swimming pool**
★ **Private dining rooms for parties**
★ **Putting green**
★ **103 beautiful guest rooms**
★ **Outstanding cuisine and service**
★ **Handsome Bar and Cocktail Lounge**
★ **Completely air-conditioned**
★ **Ample free parking**

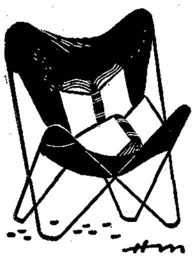
Write: M. J. McCrane, Jr., Box 299, Haddonfield, N. J., for handsome color brochure.

A New Idea in Old Fashioned Hospitality



BOOKS

The World We Live In and the World of Dreams

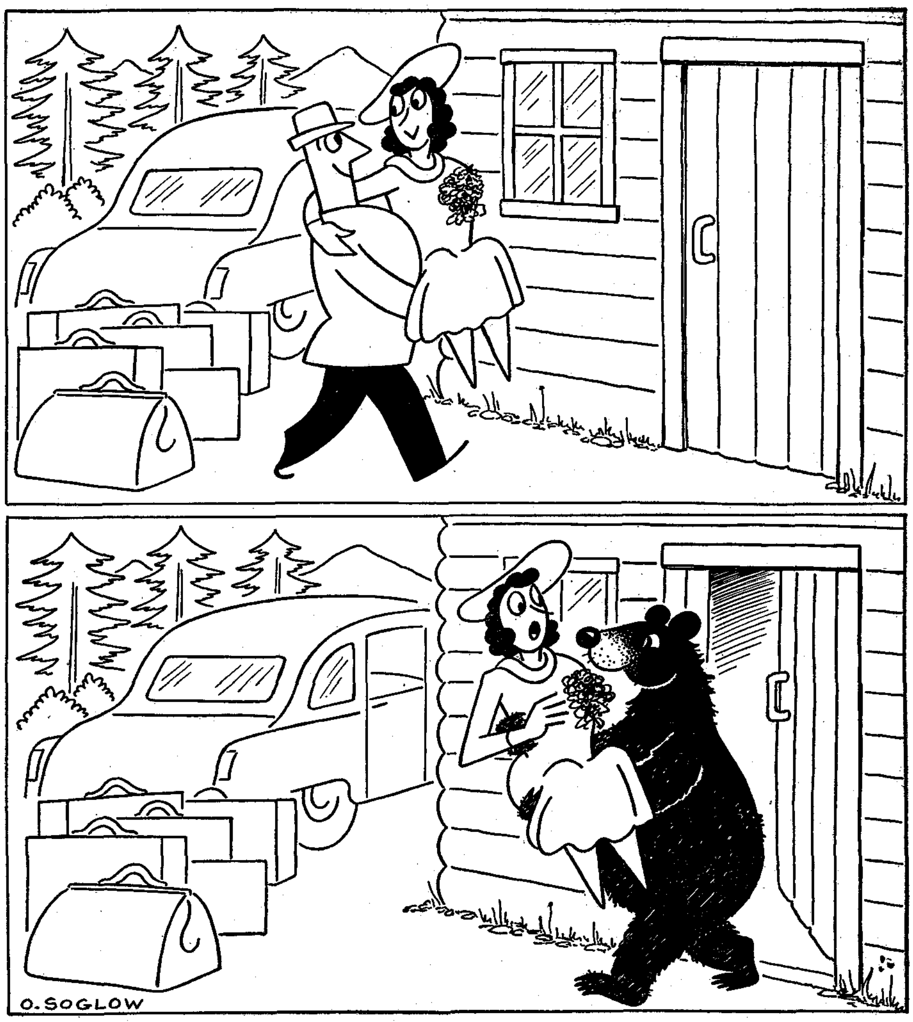


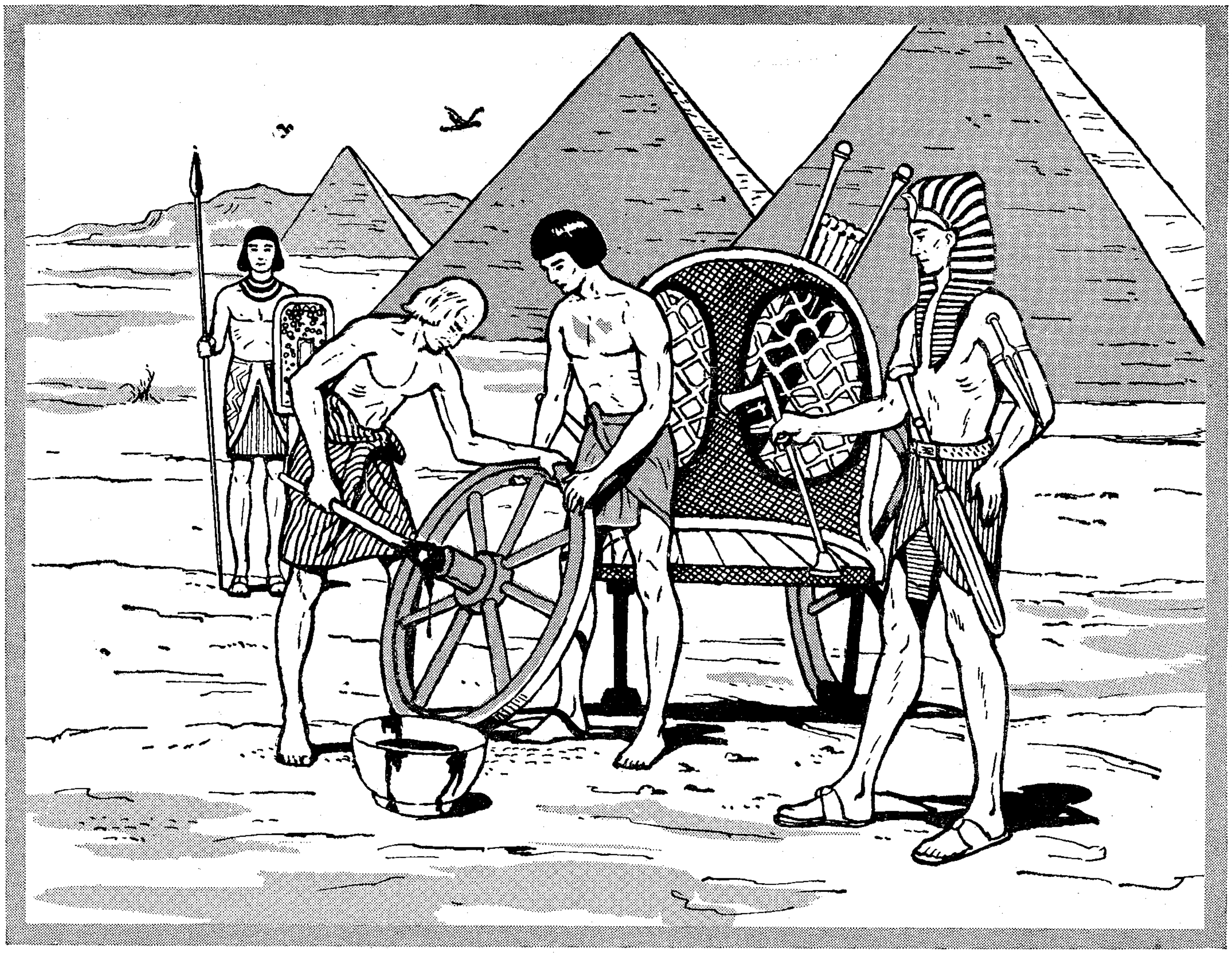
“The Flint Anchor” (Viking), by Sylvia Townsend Warner, is, almost imperceptibly, a historical novel dealing with the decline and fall of a domestic tyrant in an east-coast English fishing port in the first part of the last century. It escapes the usual *longueurs* of the novel that abandons the present for the past by being both beautifully written and psychologically profound about family relationships. The depth of the penetration is easy to miss, since Miss Townsend Warner has with deliberation chosen to present her very complicated and delicate study as a piece of newsy family gossip. Her story runs on, to all appearances prattling, about what happened next to prosperous John Barnard, his alcoholic wife, their sons, their daughters, the family servants, and the in-laws:

> It was not yet nine in the morning. The gale which had drowned the fishermen had purified the air and strewn the lawn with small red apples. The gulls floating in the blue sky were so high in the air that they looked translucent, and Mary was walking up and down the gravel path with a book on her head. To the gate into the kitchen garden, overhung by the elderbush's swag of purple berries and bronze leaves, and back to the arbour, and to the gate again, she passed and repassed. In order to balance the book she walked proudly.

The sharpness of the outline and the cool detachment give the passage some of the sunlit charm of Regency watercolor painting or of Ackermann's prints, and it is possible to suspect a similar emptiness as one glides over its polished surface. It takes a moment or two to realize that a brutal natural force is being identified and that the fuller implications of innocence are being explored. The young woman with the book on her head, however artificial she may seem, is of the same order of object as the gulls and the fruit, and as indifferent to the consequences of her acts as the storm; for her, as for a great many people, life is simply a matter of being. She has the good fortune to find a man of exactly her own kind, but their marriage is an appalling disaster, because they are surrounded by more complex and elaborately self-conscious human beings, who press love on them and expect gratitude in return. John Barnard, the girl's tyrannical father, is the kindest of men, but his kindness is considered, deliberate, and thus deadly to those about him whose motives spring from instinct and not from thought. Toward the end of the book, it becomes apparent that while Miss Townsend Warner has been beguiling the reader with the glittering small change of anecdote, she has been handling an extremely large theme—the idea that much more suffering and pain come from blind good will than from wickedness, and that sin is not the murky and malignant business fashionable writers about evil have recently done their best to make it but a matter of a failure in understanding. In common experience, it is rare that monsters of the sort M. Mauriac creates, resolute in their rejection of love and devoted to the service of misery and disgust, are met with, but one encounters daily Miss Townsend Warner's characters, who, linked by ties of blood and affection, explore the depths of unhappiness, because their love is not based on an awareness of all the differences between them. “The Flint Anchor” is a large-minded novel with a refreshing sanity, and its clarity of thought and expression makes it most pleasant to read.

Mr. Wright Morris's many admirers will find his new novel, “The Huge Season” (Viking), disconcerting. In it he has to all appearances abandoned the evocative mood novel in order to embrace plot, and he has exchanged his stream-of-consciousness technique for a sort of cagey explicitness that may derive from Hemingway and that certainly resembles the way baseball players and circus employees talk to the lay public. With an air of knowing a good deal more than he is prepared to tell just any slob who comes along, Mr. Morris unfolds a throbbingly sentimental romance about a poor little rich boy of the kind so bewilderingly dear to the heart of F. Scott Fitzgerald. The beautiful and damned young man is Charles Lawrence, whose soul is sick of a barbed-wire fortune and who is out to redeem that soul by becoming a tennis champion, even though he is handicapped by an arm that was





Ancient Egyptian "Grease Job"

Ancient Egyptians greased their chariot axles with petroleum they found in natural seepages. Noah used petroleum pitch to calk the Ark. And in this country, soon after the first successful well, oil sold for 10¢ a barrel. These and many more historical and modern facts you find about oil in World Book Encyclopedia's exciting article on "Petroleum." This article takes you through all the ages of man's experience with the magical black gold.

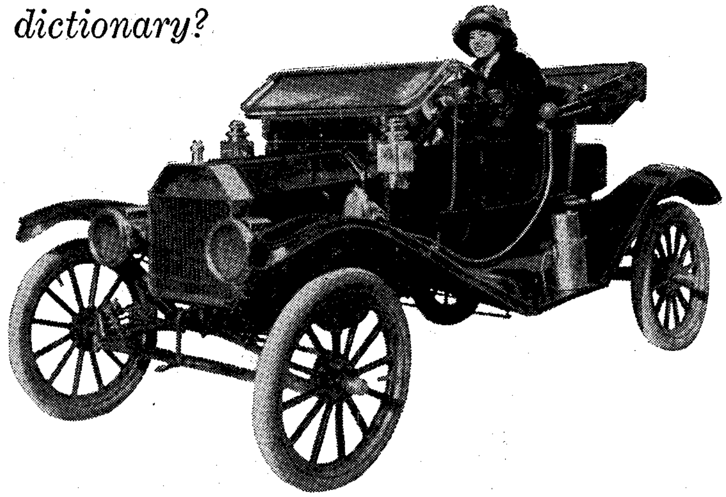
You'll discover that petroleum used to be bottled as a medicine, that at one time refineries threw gasoline away because they didn't know what to do with it. You visit oil fields, meet the drilling crews, learn what a "Christmas Tree" is, what "spudding in" and "whipstocking" mean. You are there in all the excitement when a "big one" comes in.

World Book's "Petroleum" Article—21 fascinating pages including diagrams, photographs, and a list of 22 related subjects—is typical of World Book coverage. In World Book, you learn about the *entire* subject—from the men who know it best. Little wonder why, year after year, more people buy World Book than any other encyclopedia.

World Book ENCYCLOPEDIA

Field Enterprises, Inc., Educational Division, Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago 54, Illinois.
Also publishers of Childcraft, America's famous child development plan.

How 'dated' is your dictionary?



WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY *of the American Language,* COLLEGE EDITION, is the newest, most up-to-date. Contains more of everything you want in a desk dictionary – more entries, pages, illustrations – yet costs no more. In cloth, $5; thumb-indexed, $6, at booksellers. THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY, Cleveland and New York, whose permanent staff of editors and lexicographers, with World's printing facilities directly at hand, keeps its dictionaries constantly up-to-date.

A NEW BOOK by
STEINBERG

The PASSPORT
350 drawings Two-thirds never printed before 224 pages $5.00
At all bookstores • HARPER

broken in a skiing accident and won't bend properly. To achieve this aim, he has worked out a way of playing tennis as if it were badminton, taking everything that comes at him over the net before it bounces. He does all right, surprisingly, until he picks up a venereal disease and then mashes his hand in an automobile accident. This tragedy breaks up his life and blights the lives of Proctor and Foley, his roommates at college, as well as that of a lady called Montana Lou Baker, who gets sucked into his vortex of glum charm. While these three are all grieving and wondering how to refloat their stranded dream boat, the news comes from Spain that Lawrence has got himself gored fatally while teasing bulls. After that, the lives of the others are haunted as well as blighted for what seems years and years, until a mystical revelation, accomplished through an arcane process during Proctor's appearance as a witness in Senator McCarthy's inquiries into the Voice of America, brings release. It turns out in this moment of revelation that Lawrence is a saint, and that it is apparently his life's function to illuminate for Foley the full glory of being alive. One recognizes the nature of the sanctity and the value of the illumination in a quotation Mr. Morris, perhaps unwisely, gives us from Foley's book about Lawrence:

> The great style, the habit of perfection, united George Herman Ruth and Charles A. Lindbergh, Albie Booth and Jack Dempsey, Juan Belmonte and Jay Gatsby, and every man, anywhere, who stood alone with his own symbolic bull. He had his gesture, his moment of truth, or his early death in the afternoon.

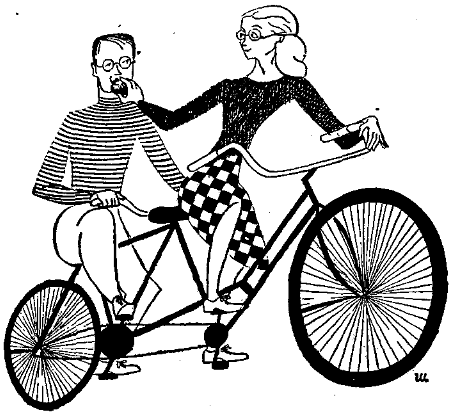
"MADAME DE" and "Julietta" (both published by Messner), by Louise de Vilmorin, have both been made into excellent films, and one is conscious as one reads them that even while they were being written they were destined to find their final expression on the screen. In their chrysalis stage, however, they are skillful light entertainment, and thoroughly literate entertainment as well. The two stories are fantasies of a fashionable world uncrippled by taxation and untroubled by threats of revolution or war, in which people live lives untrammelled by bourgeois necessities. But this lack of realism does not spring from fecklessness; it is a matter of selecting a medium in which a special gift can best be exercised:

> The train started to move and she went into the corridor to watch the raised faces and waving hands of the people on the

body's part ("C'mon, Duke kid," I can imagine a record-company man saying. "Let's get on these top tunes and go along for the ride"), but Capitol has also brought out a big long-playing record, "Ellington '55," which is designed to show off the famous orchestra in lengthy and up-to-date readings of several standard swing works, and this, too, is something less than impressive. I'll go along with its slick exposition of that early Ellington classic, "Black and Tan Fantasy," but I can find little of the band I admire in "Stompin' at the Savoy," "In the Mood," "One O'Clock Jump," "Flying Home," and "Honeysuckle Rose." The two remaining pieces—"Rockin' in Rhythm" and "Happy Go Lucky Local"—were written by Ellington, and while I suppose they're all right, I can't say that I was overcome by them.

Now, by way of contrast, let's turn to another new long-playing Ellington single, put out by Columbia and given over entirely to his old orchestra playing his earlier works. This one contains a generous collection, ranging in period from a stimulating reading of "The Mooche," recorded in 1928, to a stunning reading of "Creole Love Call," recorded in 1949. Naturally, there aren't any examples from the series of fine recordings the band made for Victor in the late nineteen-thirties and early nineteen-forties, but most of the big Ellington hits, all of which were composed between 1931, when "Mood Indigo" came into being, and 1943, when "Do Nothing Till You Hear from Me" arrived, are sturdily represented. Listen to Harry Carney's sax chorus of "Solitude," Ivy Anderson's "Mood Indigo" vocal, and Kay Davis's wordless singing in "Creole Love Call." Hear the solo playing of saxophonist Johnny Hodges, trombonist Juan Tizol, and clarinettist Barney Bigard. What more could anyone want?

Finally, M-G-M has issued a long-playing recording of Billy Eckstine sing-



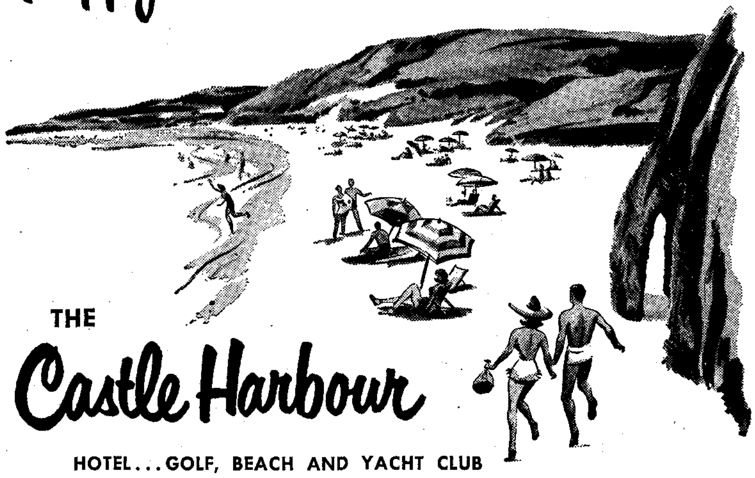
GIVENCHY
enhances a man's wardrobe

Here a sophisticated trio from his magnificent panorama of woven and printed ties in wonderful, supple silks. Cut, assembled and sewn by hand . . . $5.00 to $15.00

GIVENCHY
de PARIS

at fine stores everywhere or write Hubert de Givenchy • 112 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Happy Choice in Bermuda



THE
Castle Harbour
HOTEL . . . GOLF, BEACH AND YACHT CLUB

Bermuda's largest seaside resort, 180-acre estate . . . largest private beach, pool, all sports . . . adjoins championship Mid-Ocean golf course . . . 300 outside rooms with sweeping views . . . shops.

HOWARD F. HOHL, Gen. Mgr.
Beautiful color folders are available
See your TRAVEL AGENT or
William P. Wolfe Organization, Rep.
Dept. NY, 500 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 36, N. Y.
Also Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago and Toronto

Jane Engel
madison at 79th
new york 21
rh 4-0300

This is the black beauty
that's handsomely simple
and simply handsome!
It's wool jersey, trimmed at
the neck with grosgrain, and
the skirt is lined with pellon.
Ours first in New York,
in sizes 8 to 16, at 29.95

Write or phone, but please, no c.o.d.
Add 40c postage beyond delivery area.

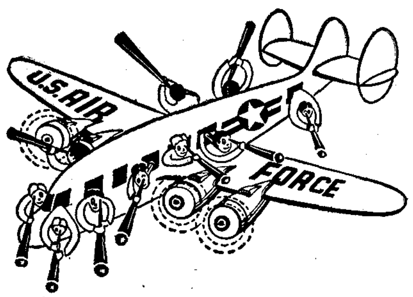
ing eight attractive Ellington songs. Somehow, Eckstine's mannered style, which normally wears me out, suits these songs admirably, maybe because the singer has brought some extra warmth to them. It could be that that extra warmth, the exultant feeling that goes with the act of artistic creation, is what is missing from the Duke Ellington band of the moment. There is probably no real cause for alarm. Very likely I am too easily upset. That new single will be quickly forgotten, Capitol will see the error of its ways, and the Duke will step out again in all his former glory.

CLEF RECORDS, a lavish firm, has trotted out three long-playing records devoted to the piano art of Oscar Peterson and five to Art Tatum's inspired noodling. The Peterson records are new installments in a series given over to the works of celebrated musical-comedy composers; here, Kern, Youmans, and Rodgers are dealt with. Accompanied by Ray Brown on bass fiddle and an unidentified but extremely helpful guitarist, Peterson offers rhythmic and inventive, if somewhat unduly restrained, interpretations of ten or twelve characteristic show tunes by each man. The guitarist's big contribution is the injection of a little much needed sentiment now and then. Able as Peterson is, his playing can grow a bit tiresome over three long laps, and his habit of jumping back and forth among the octaves (with the intention of achieving variety in fairly straightforward renderings of the melodies) becomes monotonous. I felt that his style blended best with the Rodgers tunes.

Tatum, unaccompanied, ranges all over the lot in his choice of material, but here, too, show tunes predominate. One minute this prodigious technician is joyously adding notes and harmonies to "Humoresque," and the next he's jouncing breezily along through the measures of "Makin' Whoopee." As always, I found myself fascinated as I tried to keep up with his boundless imagination, but—again, as always—I kept losing interest as the work in hand became temporarily snarled in a maze of embellishments.

NOW I'd like to deal briefly with a couple of other long-playing records that caught my attention in recent weeks:

THE AL HAIG TRIO—Al Haig, piano, accompanied by bass and drums. A relatively unfamiliar jazz pianist with an original



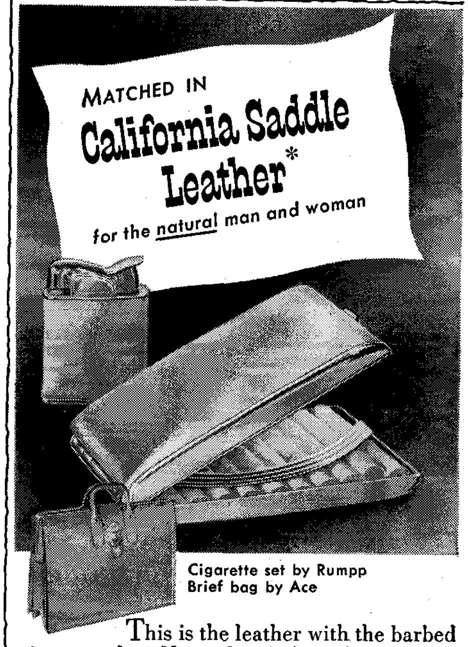
THEY LOOKED
for Ideal year around climate

The United States Air Force searched the entire country for the ✳ most perfect site and the ✳ most ideal year around climate to locate the new AIR FORCE ACADEMY . .

Over 400 proposed sites from coast to coast were inspected before a spot near Broadmoor hotel in Colorado Springs became the almost unanimous choice!

Plan your next holiday at

BROADMOOR hotel
COLORADO SPRINGS COLORADO



Cigarette set by Rumpp
Brief bag by Ace

This is the leather with the barbed wire scratches. Natural, oak-tanned color. And a sheen like a saddle polished by a cowboy's Levis. America's finest makes of billfolds, luggage, briefcases and personal leather goods are stamped *California Saddle Leather.*

At all quality stores.
*Trade mark reg. A. K. Salz Co., Tanners, Santa Cruz, Calif.

mimi rose
paintings & drawings
through Oct. 16
Karnig Gallery, 19½ E. 62

Quality... *guarded for 327 years...*

SCOTLAND
BLENDED AND BOTTLED
Haig & Haig Ltd.
MARKINCH
SCOTLAND
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
86.8° PROOF
HAIG & HAIG
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

The changing of the guard at historic Edinburgh Castle . . . one of the unchanging traditions of Scotland. Another . . . the unvarying flavour and greatness of the first Scotch whisky—from the House of Haig. Famed for 327 years, it is today unchanged in a changing world.

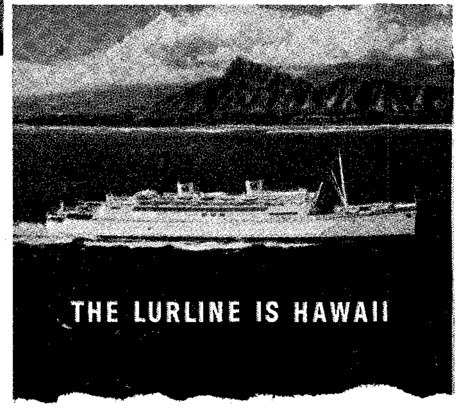
Don't be Vague... say

Haig & Haig

BLUE CHIPS by RENFIELD

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

Service while you sun at sea!
S.S. LURLINE
HONOLULU



JOHN FLOREA

Mid-morning broth or tea while you sun-bathe on deck . . . with the look and *feel* of the vast blue sea to give it zest! Then a game of shuffleboard, a dip in the pool, a pre-lunch rubber of bridge . . . any one of a dozen things can follow. ■ As one pleasure after another fills the voyage, you realize that the LURLINE is the only way to travel to and from Hawaii that has *so much space* and *so many facilities* for *so much fun.* Plan to go this spring when Hawaii is particularly lovely and you have a wider choice of hotel accommodations. Be sure to book round trip . . . the voyage back home has new pleasures, new surprises. *It's twice the fun to sail the* LURLINE *both ways!* ■ See your Travel Agent or any Matson Lines office: New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Los Angeles, San Diego, Honolulu.

For the finest travel, the **LURLINE**...
for the finest freight service, the
Matson cargo fleet... to and from Hawaii

Matson Lines

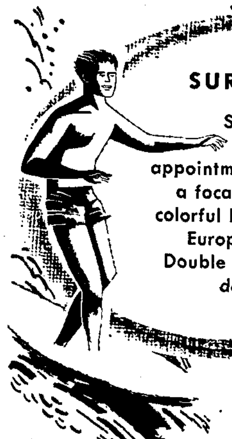
THE LURLINE SAILS FROM SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES ALTERNATELY

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Matson
TRIO OF HOTELS
AT WAIKIKI

ROYAL HAWAIIAN

A magnificent hotel whose luxury and tropical charm have made it famed in the lore of world travel. American Plan from $14 daily per person, double.



SURF RIDER

Sleekly modern, with superb appointments and service, a focal point in the colorful life of Waikiki. European Plan. Double rooms from $12 *daily*.

MOANA

You'll carry away fond memories of its gay spirit and cordial Hawaiian hospitality. European Plan. Double rooms from $8 daily.

THE Matson TRIO OF
HOTELS
ON THE BEACH AT WAIKIKI

For reservations see your Travel Agent or any Matson Lines office: New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Los Angeles, San Diego.

platform. Long after the train had left the station she remained there, drawing question marks on the window. Passengers making their way along the corridor glanced at the graceful girl who was playing like a child and yet seemed so sad. Her chestnut hair hung carelessly to her shoulders and curled up softly at the ends. She looked serious and a little bereft. They expected to see a brother at her side, but as she was alone she had the air of a foreigner going home after a long illness, or an orphan abandoned by her relations.

This kind of observation, which is not in the least important, nonetheless is a precious thing, since it is the exercise of a faculty for imaginative vision that contributes a great deal to the pleasure of life. Alert as she is for these small visual treasures, Louise de Vilmorin is also capable of dreams and reveries. Her Julietta, aware that the marriage to which she has committed herself will be unsatisfactory, says that she will invent her life:

> To Julietta, inventing her life meant furnishing a house exactly as she wished, surrounding herself with magic objects, teaching birds to talk, sailing on the sea, swimming in a lake, and watching the fish jump—huge fish which could swallow a ring from a princess's finger. It meant wearing a white cloak and going home through the woods in a carriage driven by a gentle, deaf old coachman, with the wind behind her, and seeing the first drifts of dead leaves before her door. A child would call from the house, "Autumn has come," and quickly shut the window. Then Julietta would lie with half-closed eyes on a chaise-longue, take a bunch of leaves from her breast, and press them to her lips. Bambin, her youngest child, would come and sit on a stool beside her and sing little songs to the logs hissing on the fire. And outside in the hall there would be a patter of dog's feet, like hail falling on the paved floor.

Such dreams have their value in a world that has its nightmares when it is awake and in broad daylight.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DEVICES AND DESIRES, by E. Arnot Robertson (Macmillan). The strangest fact about this story is that it manages to be extremely moving without ever, except just at the beginning, being really convincing. We first meet the heroine—Laura Klee, a thirteen-year-old girl, half English and half Dutch-French, who is travelling under the name of Hebe—when she is hiding with four other refugees from Communism on a hillside in Bulgaria near the Greek frontier, waiting for morn-

DARK EYES

DOES HE REMEMBER THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES? WHETHER THEY ARE DARK OR MYSTERIOUS, OR BRIGHT AND TWINKLING, THIS TIE SHOULD PROVOKE HIM INTO CHECKING.

10.00

CATALOGUE ON REQUEST

Dominique France
53 EAST 51ST STREET - N. Y. 22

HAVE A GOOD RUM FOR YOUR MONEY

Britain's best bet is your best rum yet . . . superb with Ginger Ale.

LEMON HART DEMERARA RUM

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

86 AND 151 PROOF
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC.. NEW YORK, N. Y.

"Very French, very gay is this picture book about a 'very happy lion,' who one day leaves his zoo to visit his many friends."
—*Chicago Tribune*

THE
Happy Lion
By LOUISE FATIO
Pictures in color by
ROGER DUVOISIN

"An outstanding picture book."
—*Library Journal*

At all bookstores Ages 4-8 $1.95

WHITTLESEY HOUSE A Division of the McGraw-Hill Book Co.

Lippincott invites you to meet

A BLESSED GIRL

By Lady Emily Lutyens

A 13-year-old Victorian aristocrat pours out her heart to a 71-year-old vicar. ". . . this unbuttoned memoir turns out to be one of the liveliest books of the decade."—*The New Yorker Illustrated.* $4.00 *at all bookstores*

LIPPINCOTT

ing to come so that their journey to safety can be continued. Hebe's father, a conscienceless wanderer who for some years has supported himself by trading on the needs of such refugees as happened to have a little money, was to have guided the party to Salonika, but he is now dead and Hebe alone knows the path that will take her and her companions, who are merely transients in her life and for whom she has no feeling, over the frontier and into the comparative tranquillity of Greece. These companions—an elderly, defeated Polish intellectual, two young ex-Resistance men, both of whom are now under suspicion in their own countries, and a Transylvanian peasant woman—simply want to go on living, although their lives have lost all aim. Hebe, who is penniless, friendless, and without family, is determined to gain admittance to any girls' boarding school in England that will turn her into a copy of the conventional, well-mannered, and genteel English schoolgirl she has met only in books. This little girl, whose mind is brilliant and who has known nothing except the precarious, fear-ridden life she has led with her father all over the world, longs fiercely to be respectable, domesticated, and humbly secure for the rest of her life. She achieves her aim, and because she is an unusually strong-willed human being, it is perfectly clear that she will never change her course—that at the very beginning of her life, she has made her choice between a narrow, even mean, existence and the triumphant, generous, spirited existence of which she is capable. Miss Robertson's young heroine is completely convincing and delightful, but only a miracle could make us believe in the daring and dangerous adventure that ends, finally, in just the kind of English boarding school she has dreamed of. Since this author has already accomplished one miracle in creating this human and appealing character, she would have done better to be more severe with herself in dealing with the action of her novel, because two miracles in one book are more than any writer can expect to bring off.

THE FOSTER BROTHERS, by Edward Frankland (John Day). A lively and cheerful story that is, in the long run, exasperating and unsatisfying, because it shows us a man surmounting with difficulty the weaknesses of his own nature, only to be destroyed, at the moment when he seems to have become sure and strong, by the loss of a woman who is sulky, unkind, and dominated by a monotonous spirit. Even if we accept the premise that there are men who lose all interest in living when the woman of their choice abandons them, we cannot accept the deceitful turn of Mr. Frankland's story when, after rushing along in a good-humored, offhand torrent, it suddenly decides, on the last page, to turn itself into a tragedy. The ill-treated hero is a youthful eleventh-century Viking named Arnvid, and the scene is England.

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, by Ernest K. Gann (Sloane). Mr. Gann, a forthright and thoroughly masculine writer, misses fire with this account of an attractive American woman's lonely search through the Hong Kong underworld for news of her husband, an American photographer who is mysteriously missing in Red China. The woman, Jane Hoyt, is real enough, but the underworld she explores is much too gentle and approachable to seem true, and its chief figure, an adventurer named Hank Lee, only occasionally convincing as his author struggles to persuade us that he is an enigmatic, ruthless colossus, a kindly Samaritan, and a wistful, unsure lover, all at the same time.

THE EVANGELIST, by Howard Otway (Harper). This repellent but undeniably vivid history of the career of a professional woman evangelist named Edith Flemming is diminished in power by its digressions into the lives of people who, though more reasonable than she is, seem much more shadowy, and by its ending, which is so much of an anticlimax that it reads as though Mr. Otway had just grown weary of his redoubtable heroine and wanted to have done with her at all costs.

NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS, by Mac Hyman (Random House). Will Stockdale, who hails from a remote part of Georgia, is unearthed by his draft board and inducted into the Army. Unlettered and easygoing, Will presents a natural target for his fellow-soldiers, and particularly for the blustering, conniving Sergeant King, who is his immediate superior. However, in his naïve way, Will manages to outwit not only the Sergeant but a couple of generals as well. Something about Mr. Hyman's manner of telling this story indicates that he considers himself a very funny writer. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

SOMETHING TERRIBLE, SOMETHING LOVELY, by William Sansom (Harcourt, Brace). A collection of bland, confidently written pieces, some of which start as short stories but generally finish as nothing at all, and some of which appear to be the random musings of a mind that is greatly preoccupied with the intrusion of palpable horror into everyday lives but that is handicapped by its inability to horrify.

GENERAL

BLACK POWER, by Richard Wright (Harper). Mr. Wright spent several months on the Gold Coast, currently the most hopeful area of African self-government, where his status as a prominent American Negro intellectual gave him many special opportunities for observation. Except for this advantage, though, he seems to have been remarkably ill-equipped for the task, blinkered as he is by a crude Marxism left over from his Communist days and an equally crude Freudianism, by a nervous obsession with the ancient guilt of the slave trade, and by an ignorance of anthropology that makes him lump all the vastly different tribal cultures of Africa into one "African" personality, which he then sentimentalizes and patronizes ("the innocence of their simple lives"). It is a tribute to his dogged honesty and determination that Mr. Wright has sufficiently overcome these whopping disabilities to produce a book that is affecting and significant—and especially so because he is aware of the irony of his relationship as a rich Western "massa" with the "black boys" who so desperately embody his values and hopes.

MACARTHUR 1941-1951, by Major General Charles A. Willoughby and John Chamberlain (McGraw-Hill). General Willoughby was Chief of Intelligence (G-2) on General MacArthur's staff, and one of his duties was to oversee an enormous research project that provided, in some nine million words, an operational record of MacArthur's campaigns from Bataan to Tokyo, the Occupation of Japan, and the war in Korea up to the time of MacArthur's dismissal. This book stems from that material and is, as the author says, a "headquarters story;" it is not, however, an official biography, and it is certainly not a

THE SUN IS OUR BEST CUSTOMER

Bisquit Dubouché & C°
Cognac
Grande Fine Champagne

Millions of people (including several Kings) enjoy Bisquit* Cognac each day, but our largest consumer is the sun. Evaporation—in the aging process, drinks up thousands of bottles. But we profit—as this leaves Bisquit with character, vigor, and velvety perfection. You too will be a good customer when first you savor the delight of Bisquit—straight, on the rocks, in a highball.

*Say Bis-Kwee

Since 1819

80 Proof

Sole U.S. Representatives MUNSON G. SHAW CO. INC. New York 17, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK CITY 36, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to your magazine for ☐1 YEAR; ☐2 YEARS. My remittance is enclosed.

U. S. and Possessions	1 year—$7.00; 2 years—$12.00
Canada, Philippines Latin America and Spain	1 year— 8.00; 2 years— 14.00
Other Foreign	1 year—10.00; 2 years— 18.00

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least four weeks in advance and to give us their old address as well as the new. Please include postal zone numbers for both addresses.

NAME______________________________

ADDRESS______________________________

(Please include postal zone number)

The Hotel Pierre presents with great pride the incomparable

Hildegarde

and

Jack Whiting

with

HOWARD FENTON AND GENE BONE

STANLEY MELBA and his orchestra

with the Cotillion Strings

Chico-Relli and his music

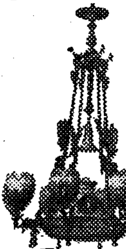
Luncheon Fashion Shows—Wednesdays & Thursdays

Cotillion room

Closed Mondays

Hotel Pierre

FIFTH AVENUE AT 61st STREET



How did this happen?

Read THE Tastemakers

By RUSSELL LYNES

The lively story of the people and pressures that have shaped American taste for the past 120 years. Illustrated. $5.00

HARPER

"... a thrilling story."
—*The New Yorker*

Reach for the Sky

By PAUL BRICKHILL

Illus. $3.75 • NORTON

ODDS WITHOUT ENDS

A new book of light verse. $3.00

By DAVID McCORD

FAR AND FEW

"A modern children's classic." $2.75

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY

critical estimate of MacArthur. Still, there are many interesting things in the book, and many stories that until now have not seen the light of day, among them a fascinating account of MacArthur's private war with the Navy over bypassing the Philippines. Photographs.

WE REMAINED, by R. W. Volckmann (Norton). In April, 1942, the author, then a captain in the Army, was at Bataan; when the order to surrender came, he decided (with the permission of his general) to take to the woods. For the next three years, he stayed behind the enemy's lines in northern Luzon as an officer in the United States Armed Forces in the Philippines, which was a regularly constituted guerrilla army and savagely proud of it. (On the jacket, the book's slightly arrogant title is superimposed over the words "I Shall Return.") It comes as a surprise to learn how important a part this army, which was made up of Igorot, Ifugao, Filipino, and American fighting men and which numbered more than twenty thousand, played in the liberation of the Philippines. The author, who became a colonel by acclamation during the war, was a key figure in the landings on Luzon and had the satisfaction of sitting opposite General Yamashita when the Japanese signed the surrender of the islands. Photographs and maps.

THE MARCHING WIND, by Leonard Clark (Funk & Wagnalls). In 1949, the author set out to find the Amne Machin, a fabled mountain in Central Asia, reputedly higher than Everest and supposed by the wild Ngolok tribesmen who live at its base to be a god that would kill any infidel bold enough to set foot on it. In this book, Mr. Clark tells how he coaxed a Chinese Nationalist general to stake him to an expedition to the Amne Machin (its name does not appear in the gazetteers), and how he found the mountain and measured it. He is a vigorous writer, with the same gift, or weakness, for grandiose verbiage that got Marco Polo in trouble with his fellow-Venetians, and a shorter account of his journey to the Amne Machin, published in a magazine, received choice abuse from several explorers and mountaineers. With this book, he seeks vindication, offering photographs of the controversial mountain and a detailed explanation of how he came to conclude that the Amne Machin

---

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION OF The New Yorker published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1954. 1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, general manager and business manager are: Publisher, R. H. Fleischmann, 131 East 66th Street, New York 21, N. Y. Editor, William Shawn, 1150 Fifth Avenue, New York 28, N. Y. Managing Editor, G. S. Lobrano, Chappaqua, N. Y. General Manager, E. R. Spaulding, Saddle River, New Jersey. Business Manager, None. 2. The owner is: (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd Street, New York 36, N. Y.; Gardner Botsford, 240 East 49th Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Stephen B. Botsford, 243 East 48th Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Raymond B. Bowen, Bennington, Vt.; Virginia Van S. Bowen, Bennington, Vt.; Peter F. Fleischmann, 1050 Park Avenue, New York 28, N. Y.; Raoul H. Fleischmann, 131 East 66th Street, New York 21, N. Y.; Leila Gibbon and Peter F. Fleischmann, Trustees, 25 West 43rd Street, New York 36, N. Y.; Jane Grant, c/o The Fiduciary Trust Co., 1 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.; Geoffrey T. Hellman, 228 East 61st Street, New York 21, N. Y.; Kingsley & Co., Box 491, Church Street, New York 15, N. Y.; Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades & Co., 42 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.; Vivian M. Samuels, 433 East 51st Street, New York 22, N. Y.; E. R. Spaulding, Saddle River, N. J.; R. Hawley Truax, 232 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Katharine S. White, North Brooklin, Me. 3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. 5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above was 269,359. E. R. Spaulding, General Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1954. (Seal). William G. Gebert. (Commission expires March 30, 1955.)

Have you fallen in love with Madeleine?

The delightful new book by the author of *THE LITTLE MADELEINE* and *MADELEINE GROWN UP*

Madeleine-Young Wife

By *MRS. ROBERT HENREY*

Each of the Madeleine books, $4.00

At all bookstores

E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC., New York 10

NEW BEST SELLER! THE FALL OF A TITAN

"Even love and passion are given a new dimension in his pages."
—Vice Admiral LESLIE C. STEVENS

The novel by IGOR GOUZENKO

$4.50 *at all bookstores*

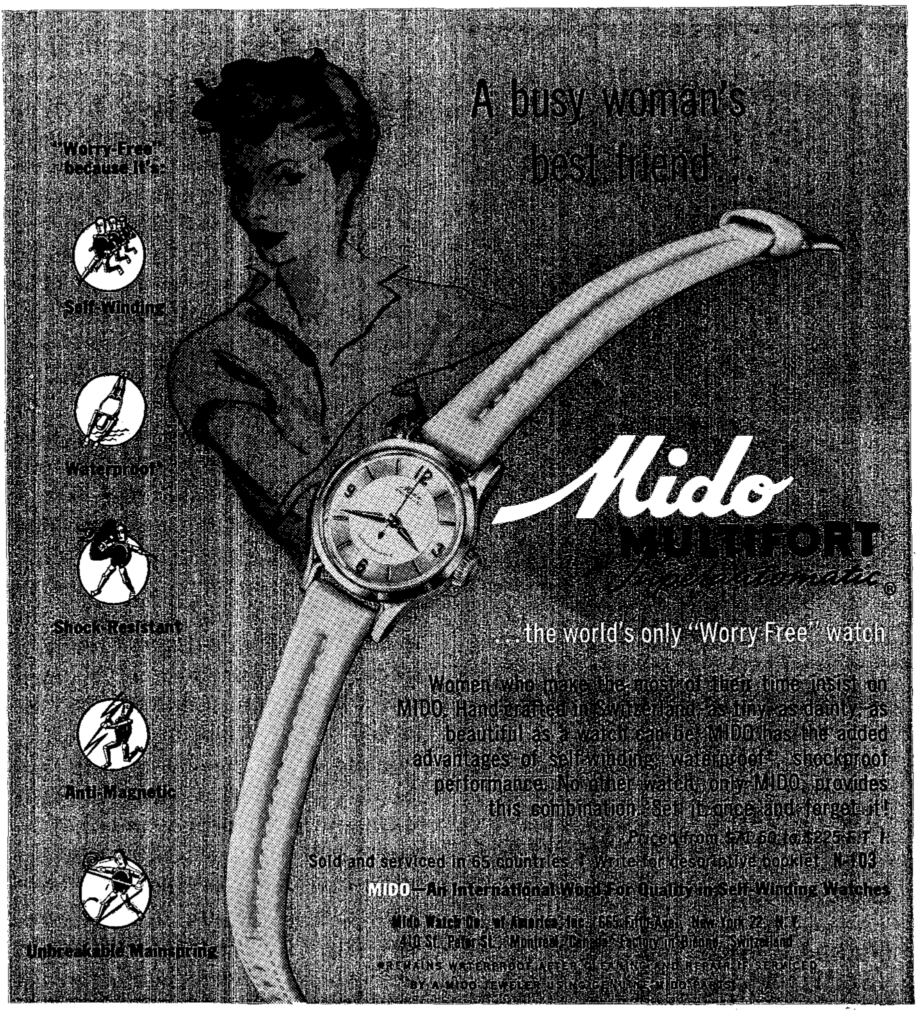
NORTON

tops Everest by five hundred and seventeen feet.

Realities of American Foreign Policy, by George F. Kennan (Princeton). Mr. Kennan has not greatly changed his views since, as "Mr. X," he first formulated the policy of containment in *Foreign Affairs*, but the fact that his program, which seemed somewhat aggressive and even incendiary then, now seems a very model of pacific good sense, is a melancholy sign of how far the world has hurtled down the greased slide since. These lectures, delivered at Princeton earlier this year, crisply summarize the constants and variables of international relations, and conclude moderately that "this Soviet problem, while a great one, is not suitably to be resolved by war."

The French Revolution, by Gaetano Salvemini (Holt). The first English translation of what has long been considered a classic in Europe. It was first published in 1905 in Italy, and the present text includes later revisions by the author. Professor Salvemini sees the Revolution less as a cataclysm than as the climactic act of a century-old process that destroyed medieval feudalism. (Feudalism was already moribund, he says, when the revolutionaries came onstage.) The first part of the book pays particular attention to the eighteenth-century *philosophes*, the men of the age of reason who created the intellectual climate for revolution by inventing a new attitude toward life—that men were born not to suffer, as Christian doctrine had long maintained, but to find happiness. The narrative sections that follow deal colorfully and excitingly with the great and doleful drama, and it is easy to see why the work has been held in such esteem abroad.

To Hidden Depths, by Captain Philippe Tailliez (Dutton). In the nineteen-thirties, as almost everyone must know by now, a small group of French midshipmen developed the art of "free diving" with undersea breathing apparatus, and thereby opened a new world for exploration. In this book, one of the group describes his submarine exploits and those of his friends—notably Dumas and Cousteau, who have already written a memorable work on the subject. Captain Tailliez tells of exploring wrecks in the Mediterranean, of how he and his friends managed to carry on their diving during the German



Women who make the most of their time insist on MIDO. Hand-crafted in Switzerland as tiny, as dainty, as beautiful as a watch can be! MIDO has the added advantages of self-winding, waterproof*, shockproof performance. No other watch, only MIDO, provides this combination. Set it once and forget it!

Priced from $71.50 to $225 F.T.I.

Sold and serviced in 65 countries. Write for descriptive booklet N-103

MIDO—An International Word For Quality in Self-Winding Watches

Mido Watch Co. of America, Inc. 665 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.
410 St. Peter St., Montreal, Canada. Factory in Bienne, Switzerland

*REMAINS WATERPROOF AFTER CLEANING AND REPAIR IF SERVICED BY A MIDO JEWELER USING GENUINE MIDO PARTS

WIDDICOMB

AMERICA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED CONTEMPORARY FURNITURE

DESIGNED BY T. H. ROBSJOHN-GIBBINGS

FOR BROCHURE SEND 10¢ • WIDDICOMB FURNITURE CO., GRAND RAPIDS
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES

MIRACLE VALUE!

New 1955

Olympic

First to Break $100!

Ideal second TV set for your home. See your nearest Olympic dealer for Miracle Value TV, or write—

Olympic Radio & Television, Inc.
Olympic Building
Long Island City 1, New York

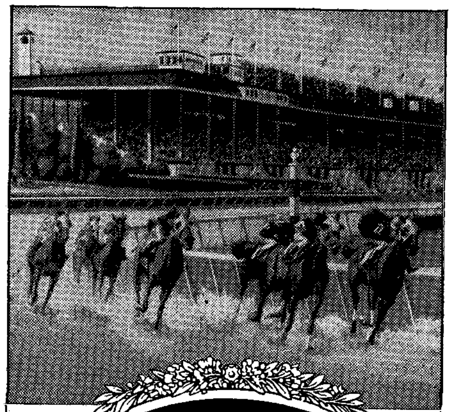
THE GENTLEMAN'S The KNIZE TEN AFTER SHAVING LOTION
The Essence of Good Grooming

After Shaving Lotion for the Most Sensitive Skin
6 oz. $3.75
plus tax

THE GENTLEMAN'S The KNIZE TEN TOILETRIES

At fine stores

Mauvel Ltd. N. Y. C. Distr.



BELMONT PARK

NEW YORK'S WORLD-RENOWNED RACE COURSE

America's Greatest Racing

THROUGH OCTOBER 20

WEEK'S FEATURES:
Saturday, Oct. 9
THE FUTURITY
THE MANHATTAN
Tuesday, Oct. 12
LADIES HANDICAP
Thursday, Oct. 14
GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE

Rain or Shine
8 Races Daily
Daily Double Closes 1:05 P.M.
First Race 1:15 P.M.
Special Trains leave Penn. Station.
By Car: a short drive via Triboro Bridge, Grand Central Parkway & Cross Island Parkway to Elmont.

EXTRA LARGE FURNISHED APARTMENTS
in the Lombardy Hotel

AIR-CONDITIONING AVAILABLE
MAID AND LINEN SERVICE
SERVING PANTRIES
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS
DECORATOR DESIGNED FURNITURE
THE LAURENT RESTAURANT
•
Several choice apartments available for immediate occupancy on annual lease. 2 room apartments from $475. 3 room apartments with 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, from $800 per month.

111 East 56 St.
off Park Ave. N.Y.C.
Please call Miss Taylor
PLaza 3-8600

Occupation, of the first descent of the French bathyscaphe, and of the exhilaration of moving about freely in three dimensions. His descriptions of the world under water, and the photographs that bear them out, are superb, but it is his enthusiasm and his reflective and poetic turn of mind that give the book its special quality. The sea, he says, is about to know the domination of man; one day it will have "its shepherds and peasants, its flocks and gardens."

SEA DEVILS, by J. Valerio Borghese (Regnery). Another kind of undersea adventure, and one that is a good deal less benign than that described by Captain Tailliez. Prince Borghese was an officer in the Italian Navy. During the war, he commanded the Tenth Light Flotilla, a special outfit composed of frogmen and "human torpedoes" who attacked enemy shipping by stealth, cunning, and incredible bravery. His flotilla's final score was 265,352 tons of enemy ships sunk or damaged. This was the flotilla that sank the British battleships Queen Elizabeth and Valiant at Alexandria in 1941, precipitating a secret Cabinet meeting in London. The book includes details of training, equipment, and technique, and could serve as a primer for other navies in this peculiar art. Many photographs.

REPORT ON AFRICA, by Oden Meeker (Scribner). Mr. Meeker, a journalist and amateur zoologist, spent a year skipping around Africa south of the Sahara, using his time well and later bolstering his observations with some solid reading. The tone of his book is flippant, and its emphasis is mostly on lively detail, but a considerable amount of information gets painlessly administered, and there are interviews with practically every African leader of note (except Dr. Malan) and some fine photographs. Two chapters have appeared in this magazine.

THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, by Stefan Lorant (McGraw-Hill). Another one. Mr. Lorant, a leading authority on Lincoln iconography (he has already produced two picture books on Lincoln), uses the anecdotal method, a very appropriate one, in this brief, breezy, illustrated biography, which covers the whole story. He specializes in factual sidelights, more piquant than important, such as the matter of the young Lincoln's marked lack of chivalry toward women, and his habit of filing letters

CAFE Nino

SPORTS AFIELD ROOM

Music
At Luncheon, Cocktails,
Dinner and After-theater Supper
. . . to 1:30 A.M.

Closed Sundays

10 East 52nd Street • PLaza 3-9014

Build a Collection by Renting Original Paintings

One can build a personal art collection by renting, then purchasing, if one wishes, through our unique rental service. Our collection consists of the finest original works of recognized American and European masters.
Rentals from $5.00 to $80.00 per month may be applied toward purchase price.
For details, write or phone.

NEW YORK CIRCULATING LIBRARY OF PAINTINGS
640 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. • PLaza 9-7754

Dale Carnegie Course

teaches poise and confidence. It's good fun too. Why not arrange to see a class in action? No obligation of course. Phone Mrs. Pridgen at—JU 2-4560 or write 22 W. 55th St.

JAZZ IN TIMES SQUARE
TURK MURPHY
and his Band
Childs
PARAMOUNT

in his hat. Except for the pictures, the sources are not cited, so one must take the book simply as an entertaining and fairly useful handbook on Lincoln. In view of the many unusual pictures, it's a pity that such a lot of them have been so miserably reproduced.

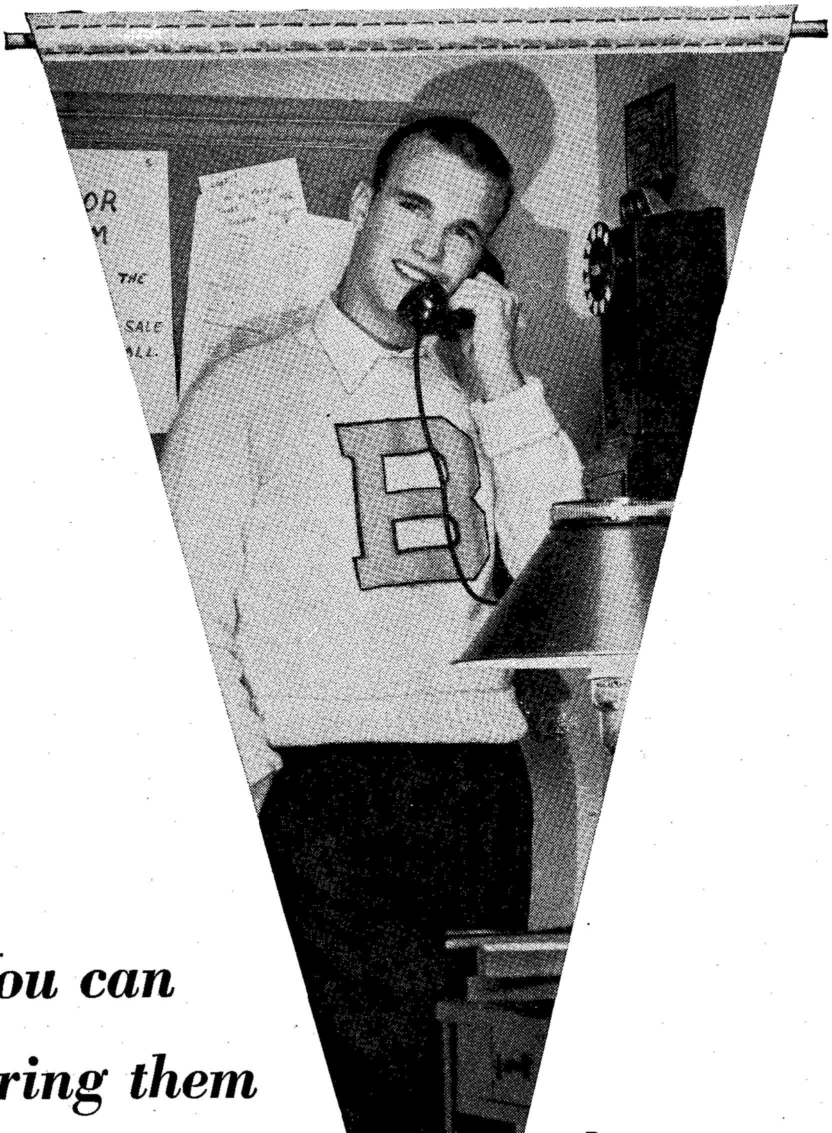
Ideas and Opinions, by Albert Einstein (Crown). A sort of Einstein scrapbook, gleaned from his occasional writings and speeches over many years. People have asked Einstein questions on almost every conceivable subject, and it may surprise many readers to learn how often he answers. Here are his opinions on friendship, freedom, Jews, politics, education, Nazis, atoms, Russia, American customs, pacifism, women, war, and, of course, science. He is stimulating when he lets off steam, but sometimes there is a deadly quiet about his anger, unmistakable in an exchange of letters, dated 1933, with the Prussian Academy of Sciences. He is a master of irony, he can be witty, and he can sting. (When he visited America in 1933 and a women's organization protested against his presence, he remarked that we should be proud of our lady patriots; remember, he said, "that the Capitol of mighty Rome was once saved by the cackling of its faithful geese.") Whether or not one agrees with all his conclusions, there is no denying that his political philosophy, as expressed here, is enlightened, humane, and consistent.

Note: "The Passport," a collection of drawings by Saul Steinberg, many of which first appeared in this magazine, has been published by Harper.

VERSE

Collected Poems, by Oliver St. John Gogarty, with prefaces by W. B. Yeats, Æ, and Horace Reynolds (Devin-Adair). Dr. Gogarty has seen fit to emphasize his more official poems by putting them in the front of the book, but his lyrics and satires follow, as delightful and as memorable as ever—the happy results of a thorough classical education imposed upon a high-spirited Anglo-Irish temperament. Portrait of the poet in his youth by Augustus John.

Jubilate Agno, by Christopher Smart (Harvard). This remarkable fragmentary work, written by Smart during his seven years' stay in an asylum (1756-1763), directly antedates his great "A Song to David" (1763). The fragments were dis-



You can bring them home often... by Long Distance

Whether it's the first year or the fourth year away at school, they miss you as much as you miss them.

You can be with them in minutes by Long Distance, assure yourself that all is well, bring news and happiness both ways.

Arrange now with your son or daughter away at school for regular telephone voice-visits at convenient times.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

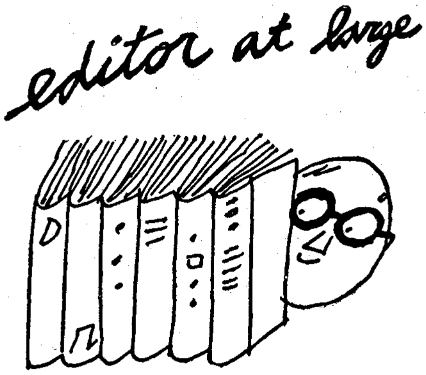
Here are some examples:

New York to Philadelphia	40¢
Cleveland to Pittsburgh	45¢
St. Louis to Des Moines	70¢
Baltimore to Chicago	$1.05
Atlanta to Dallas	$1.20
Washington to Los Angeles	$2.00

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the federal excise tax.

You save time when you Call by Number

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



There is a man, not an editor, in my office, who is a firm believer in signs. He keeps off the grass, moves to the rear of the bus, pays when served and never feeds the animals.

When he sees a THINK sign, he stops dead in his tracks. For he can never THINK what to THINK about. And his problem is made more serious by the fact that his office is directly across Madison Avenue from a building with THINK signs in almost every window.

His secretary can recognize the symptoms, and when he starts staring blankly out the window, she flashes a little card in his face. "See your bookseller," it reads, and it brings him around at once.

She's an inventive girl, this secretary, and she's getting some signs for her windows. READ, they will say, and she's promised to report what happens across the street.

For those who READ and for those who THINK, and especially for those who READ *and* THINK, I have good news. There are eight new Anchor Books, the paper volumes for the permanent library of the serious reader.

The new titles are "Aesthetics and History," by Bernard Berenson; "Eight Essays," by Edmund Wilson; "Greek Tragedy," by H. D. F. Kitto; "Sea and Sardinia," by D. H. Lawrence; "The Great Tradition," by F. R. Leavis; "The Metaphysical Foundations of Modern Physical Science," by E. A. Burtt; "The Waning of the Middle Ages," by J. Huizinga; and "What Maisie Knew," by Henry James.

Your bookseller has them. GO.

L L Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

There are now 43 Doubleday Anchor Books, at prices ranging from 65¢ to $1.25. For a complete list of all titles, send a card to Doubleday & Company, Dept. NY, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. If your favorite bookseller doesn't carry Anchor Books, send me his name and I will tell you where or how you may obtain copies.

(*Advertisement*)

covered by W. F. Stead in the nineteen-thirties and, after he had edited them, were published in 1939 under the title "Rejoice in the Lamb: A Song from Bedlam." Mr. W. H. Bond, curator of manuscripts at the Houghton Library at Harvard, which now owns the manuscript, has dealt most carefully with the material in the present edition and has contributed an introduction and notes. Written in an antiphonal form borrowed from the Hebrew, it has moments of power and beauty, and it includes the poet's charming description of his cat, Jeoffry.

Selections from "Les Amours Jaunes," by Tristan Corbière, translated by C. F. MacIntyre, who has contributed an introduction and notes (University of California). Corbière's poetry, first published in 1873, went unnoticed until Verlaine included a selection in "Les Poètes Maudits" (1884). Laforgue later praised Corbière's stripped style and harsh, scornful tone, and modern taste has come to relish the originality of this eccentric young Breton, who died in 1875, at the age of twenty-nine. Mr. MacIntyre's versions keep close to the difficult language and compressed form of the originals (which are included), and he adds sympathetic commentary and a bibliography.

Collected Poems, by James Stephens (Macmillan). Born in Dublin in 1882, Stephens, although not an innovator, had a hand in enlivening and breaking through Georgian dullness with his wit and lyricism. The present collection, revised by him before his death, in 1950, contains nine unpublished poems and a characteristic preface by the poet.

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ YOUR FRENCH PROVERBS IN?

"Il n'est ferre, qui ne glice," explained Police Commissioner Adams Monday afternoon after admitting he was "wrong" in demoting Detective James McShane for posing in a photo with Rocky Marciano.
—*The Mirror, September 28th.*

His closing comment about the case of the hero detective was that he felt himself justified in "referring to the ancient French adage, which says, 'Il n'est ferré qui ne glissé.' " . . . —*The Times, same day.*

The commissioner concluded . . . "Finally I think I might be justified in referring to the ancient French adage which says: 'Il n'est fer qui ne glisse.' "
—*The Herald Tribune, same day.*

Adams wound up his statement to reporters with the French proverb:
"Il n'est ferre, qui ne glisse." . . .
—*The Post, same day.*

Supreme OF CHICKEN UNDER GLASS

is just what the name implies: the finest parts of roast chicken . . . garnished with ham and a fabulous sauce of whipped cream and hollandaise . . . served in a setting of luxury. Perhaps you've heard about the wonderful violin music of Henri Gold. Phone CI 6-5800.

Café Louis XIV
15 West 49th Street
IN ROCKEFELLER CENTER
Operated by The Louis Hum Company Est. 1864

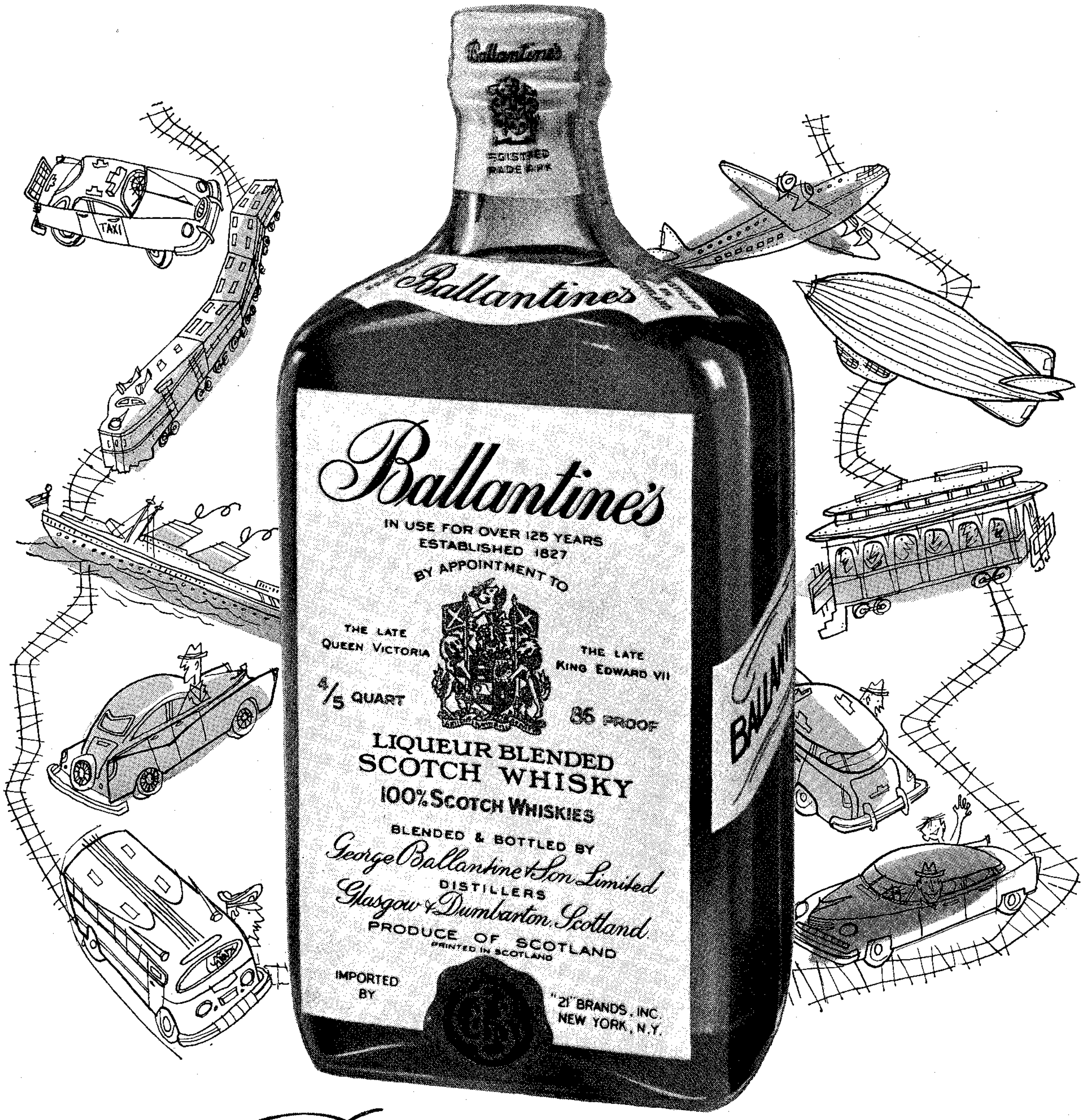
New York's TAVERN ON THE GREEN in Central Park
DINNERS from $2.75
2 ORCHESTRAS
NO COVER EVER
BANQUETS & PARTIES
FREE PARKING
W. 67th St. entr.
Reservations: SC 4-8100

MANNY WOLF'S
49TH ST. AT 3RD AVENUE
SINCE 1896

Make Your Next Luncheon Date At—
TONY'S WIFE
Luncheon Cocktails Dinner
150 East 55th Street Tel. EL 5-4506

FOR YOUR DINING PLEASURE . . . . . .
Baccara
A DISTINCTIVE RESTAURANT
203 E. 45th Street MU 2-4505

The Gift Acclaimed Wherever It Goes


Ballantine's
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
Ballantine's
TAXI
Ballantine's
IN USE FOR OVER 125 YEARS
ESTABLISHED 1827
BY APPOINTMENT TO
THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA
THE LATE KING EDWARD VII
4/5 QUART
86 PROOF
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
George Ballantine & Son Limited
DISTILLERS
Glasgow & Dumbarton, Scotland
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
PRINTED IN SCOTLAND
IMPORTED BY
"21" BRANDS, INC. NEW YORK, N.Y.
BALLANTINE'S

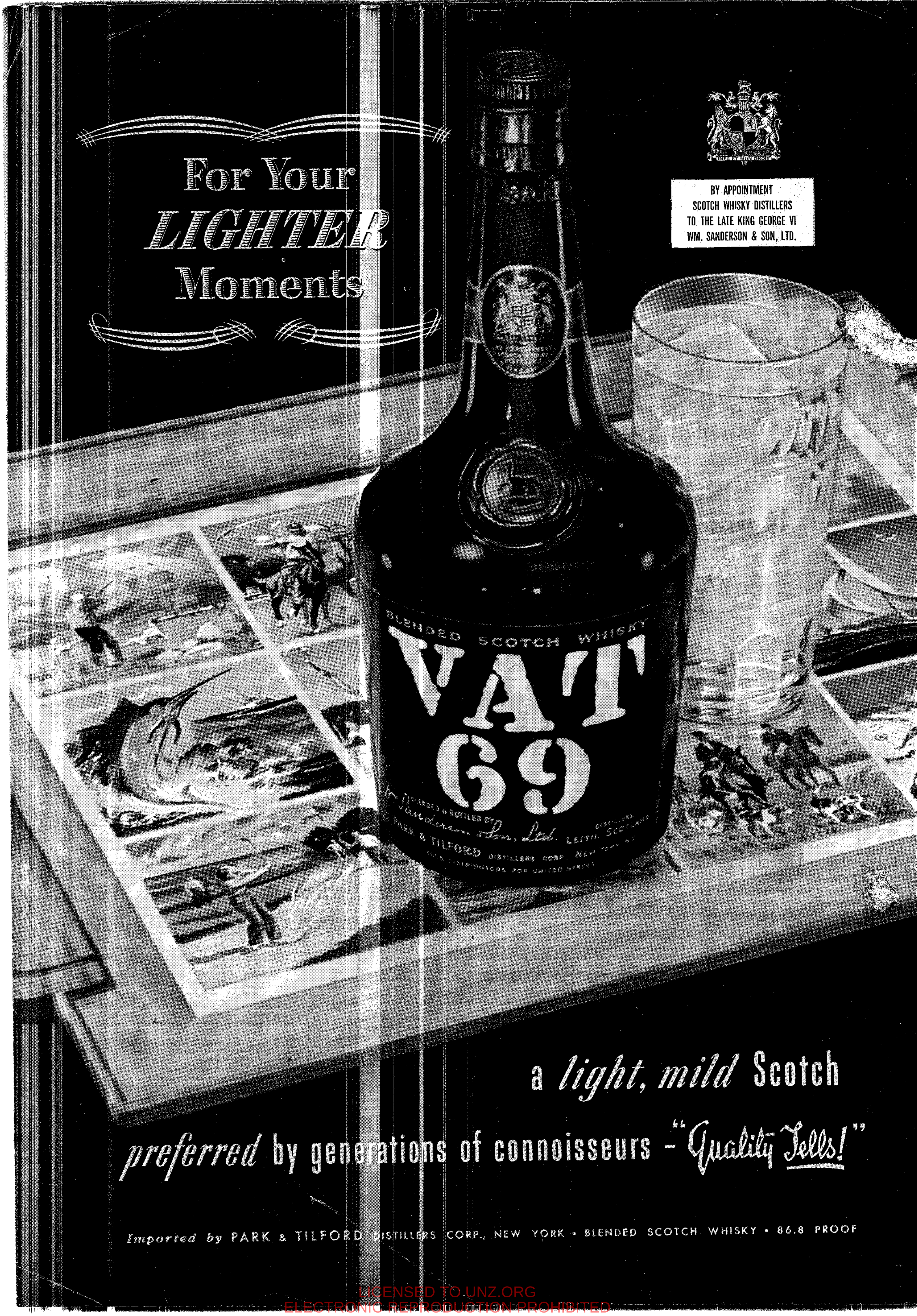
Ballantine's

LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

86 PROOF

For The Best of Quality The Crest of Quality

"21" Brands, Inc. NEW YORK CITY · SOLE DISTRIBUTORS IN THE U. S. A.


BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd.
DISTILLERS
LEITH, SCOTLAND
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP. NEW YORK N.Y.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR UNITED STATES
DIEU ET MON DROIT

For Your *LIGHTER* Moments

BY APPOINTMENT
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI
WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD.

a *light, mild* Scotch

preferred by generations of connoisseurs – "*Quality Tells!*"

Imported by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF